

fts
IT
AS
ons
N

too
em

will
in-
ay's

our
ing
the
and
ect

ifts
ves,
ers
nd

y

/

"She brought forth her firstborn
son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes,
and laid him in a manger"

DECEMBER 1961—35¢

THE SIGN

NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



1262 726550 A 58
LIBRARY SERIAL RECORD
UNIV OF NOTRE DAME LIBR
NOTRE DAME IND

your gift reflects . . .

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS



THIS ATTRACTIVE CARD lithographed in four colors (shown here only in black) contains a beautiful reproduction of the famed Nativity Scene painting you see here . . . and will announce each of your SIGN gift subscriptions.

You may prefer to hand sign and mail these attractive announcement cards yourself, making your gifts even more personal . . . or we can hand inscribe your name and mail them for you.

May Our Blessed Lady
and
Her Divine Child
Give You Peace . . .

. . . That Is the Wish of

Your Name Here
in Sending You
This Subscription to
THE SIGN
as a Gift at Christmas



May It Gladden and Brighten
for You
Each Coming Month of
A Blessed New Year

Your Christmas Gift Subscription begins with the current issue, unless you are already receiving THE SIGN - in that case it will begin at the expiration of your present subscription.

THE MESSAGE on the inside of the card, which is reproduced here greatly reduced in size, tells your friends of your gifts in wording that fits so well into the real spirit of Christmas.

A GIFT SUBSCRIPTION TO THE SIGN IS 12 GIFTS IN ONE



...when you give subscriptions to

THE SIGN
NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



YOUR GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS to **THE SIGN** are inspiring reminders of the true meaning of Christmas because each issue of **THE SIGN** brings readers new inspiration in the Catholic Faith and the vital part it is playing in the world around them. **THE SIGN** offsets the lurid and confusing influence of the secular press by putting today's events into clear focus from the Catholic viewpoint . . . and at the same time provides the entire family with interesting and entertaining reading.

IT COSTS SO LITTLE to give subscriptions to America's most interesting Catholic magazine . . . and your friends get so much. Here is the perfect gift for: **FRIENDS . . . RELATIVES . . . NEIGHBORS . . . PRIESTS . . . NUNS . . . BROTHERS.**

YOU NEED SEND NO MONEY NOW to enter gift subscriptions . . . merely list names on the handy coupon below (use a sheet of paper for additional names) and mail today . . . **YOU CAN PAY FOR THESE SUBSCRIPTIONS AFTER CHRISTMAS** if you prefer.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT RATES

TWO subscriptions for one year each \$ 7.00
you SAVE \$1.00

ONE subscription for two full years \$ 7.00
you SAVE \$1.00

ONE subscription for 3 full years \$10.00
you SAVE \$2.00

EACH additional subscription after the first one \$ 3.00
you SAVE \$1.00

ONE subscription for one year \$ 4.00

ADD 50¢ each year for foreign postage

You may enter your own new, renewal or extension subscription at these low Christmas rates.

PLEASE send THE SIGN as my gift to . . .

NAME _____
(Please PRINT—it prevents errors)

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

- ☐ One Year
☐ Two Years
☐ Three Years

☐ New or
☐ RENEWAL

NAME _____
(Please PRINT—it prevents errors)

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

- ☐ One Year
☐ Two Years
☐ Three Years

☐ New or
☐ RENEWAL

NAME _____
(Please PRINT—it prevents errors)

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

- ☐ One Year
☐ Two Years
☐ Three Years

☐ New or
☐ RENEWAL

MY NAME

- ☐ I enclose \$ _____ ☐ Please bill me
☐ Also please enter my own subscription for _____ years.
It is ☐ New ☐ Renewal ☐ Extension
(extension subscriptions start when your present subscription expires)

NAME _____
(Please PRINT—it prevents errors)

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Mail this form to:

THE SIGN

Room 112, Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.
PUBLISHED BY THE PASSIONIST FATHERS

UNIVERSITY
NOTRE DAME
NOV 27 1961
HUMANITIES
LIBRARY

SIGN

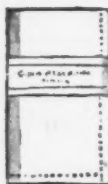
a gift of Chartreuse

Chartreuse Liqueur is one of the most appreciated gifts you can select for any friend with a taste for good living. This rare liqueur has a colorful history dating back to 1605 when the Marshal d'Estrées gave the recipe to the Carthusian Friars. Today, this secret recipe is known only by 4 Monks at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse in France, but connoisseurs the world-over know its distinctive taste.

Chartreuse is available in both bottles and half bottles in gift cartons.

CHARTREUSE

Yellow 86 Proof • Green 110 Proof
For an illustrated booklet on the story of Chartreuse, write: Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Square, N. Y. Dept. H



SPECIAL CONVENT HANDKERCHIEFS

All White Linen Handkerchiefs for Nuns! Especially fine quality, all white linen with 3/4 inch hemstitched hem. Regulation size. Imported Irish. Gift box of 3. \$3.00. Send check or money order. We pay postage. No COD's. Money back guarantee.

P. O. Box 272, Dept. 12 S
Forest Hills 75, New York

FASHION FINDS

If You Are Under 80 You Are Not Too Old For Life Insurance

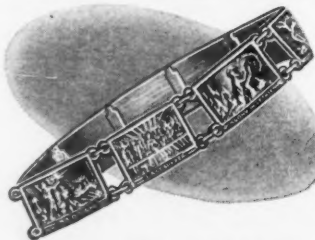
Let us tell you how you can still apply for a \$1,000 life insurance policy to help take care of final expenses without burdening your family.

You handle the entire transaction by mail with OLD AMERICAN OF KANSAS CITY, the company which helped pioneer the idea of insurance for people past 60. No obligation. No one will call on you!

Tear out this ad and mail it today with your name, address and year of birth to Old American Insurance Co., 4900 Oak, Dept. L1236M, Kansas City, Missouri.

IF & WHEN You Move
Please Remember to Send
Your Old AND New Address
to THE SIGN

THE GIFT SHE'LL ADORE!



STERLING SILVER CHRIST BRACELET

8 Tablets Depicting The Life Of Christ As Portrayed By Such Great Religious Artists As Da Vinci And Giotto!

Give the inspiring Story of Christ . . . etched for eternity in the splendor of Solid Sterling Silver . . . impressed from molds hand-carved in Jerusalem, the Holy City. This beautiful Bracelet depicts with startling clarity 8 scenes from the Life of Christ:

• Annunciation • Nativity • Flight to Egypt • Baptism • Last Supper • Agony in Gethsemane • Crucifixion • Resurrection

The combination of priceless elegance and spirituality makes this gift a most cherished possession for women of all ages. Sturdy linkage. Attractively gift boxed. 8 tablets, each 3/4" x 1/2", in Solid Sterling Silver . . .

\$15

Also Available: 14K Gold Plate Bracelet—\$9.50
Prices Include Federal Tax And Postage.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Rush Check Or M.O. (No C.O.D.'s Please) To:

S & Z CREATIONS

545 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK 17, N.Y.
EXCLUSIVE DISTRIBUTORS

LETTERS

WHAT LAY PEOPLE WANT

Your article "What Lay People Want in the Church" (October) really hit home. I have been feeling guilty about my own complaints, not realizing that I am entitled to them. Many of my Catholic friends feel the same way.

Our biggest complaint is the change in the Mass. Our Church is no longer universal. . . .

DONNA M. AILSTOCK
LEWISTON, NEW YORK

. . . I wish to congratulate Donald J. Thorman for his excellent article. Although I am not in absolute agreement, I consider the quality very good.

DARREL BURCH
PHOENIX, ARIZONA

I have read with a great deal of interest Mr. Hyde's reference to the need for well-trained, Christian leaders and his hope that a consequence of the Vatican Ecumenical Council may be "at least one leadership training school in every continent."

I am wholeheartedly in accord with his view.

I thought you would be interested in knowing, if you do not already, that there is in the United States a leadership training school that has made some significant progress. It is known as the Leadership Course of Gabriel Richard Institute and was founded in Detroit, Michigan, about ten years ago by Father Thomas J. Bresnahan, with the inspiration and encouragement of Father James Keller, head of the Christophers.

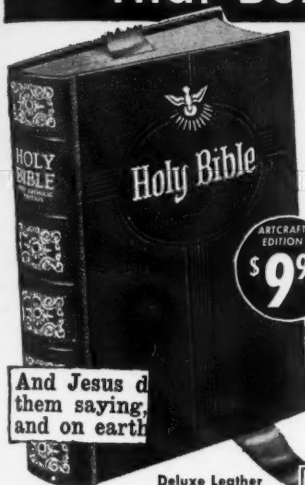
During the past ten-year-period, this Leadership Course has trained upward of 5,000 adults, mostly Catholic, in a nine-session course devoted largely to confidence-building, using public speaking as a basic medium. An advanced nine-session action course is also part of the program.

FRANK H. GILLE
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Donald Thorman's article was excellent. I can't comment on all of it, but
(Continued on page 4)

THE SIGN, a monthly publication, is owned, edited and published at Union City, N. J., by the Passionist Fathers. (Legal Title—Passionist Missions, Inc.) Subscription price \$4.00 per year, two years for \$7.00; three years for \$10.00 in the U.S., its possessions, and Canada. For foreign subscriptions add 50¢ a year. Second Class Postage paid at Union City, N. J., and at additional mailing offices, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Accepted for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Par. 4—Sec. 438, Act of May 28, 1925, Vol. 41, No. 5.

New Magnificent Editions That Belong in Every Catholic Home!



NEW CATHOLIC EDITION of the Holy Bible



ARTCRAFT
EDITION
\$9.95

And Jesus did
them saying,
and on earth

Deluxe Leather
Edition \$19.95

With Imprimatur of His Eminence
FRANCIS CARDINAL SPELLMAN
Archbishop of New York

NOW EVERY CATHOLIC should have this most modern, up-to-date Catholic Bible. Painsstaking scholarship and skilled craftsmanship have combined to produce this masterpiece — editorially accurate and typographically excellent.

Truly the most readable Catholic Family Bible ever published . . . a source of inspiration and spiritual strength for every member of your family. Exclusive features make it the most useful, valuable book you can possess.

Size 5 1/2 x 8

1550 Pages

MOST UP-TO-DATE!

Confraternity Text of the New Testament and All 15 Books of the Old Testament Translated to Date.

80 Full Color Pictures Including 15 Mysteries of the Rosary. Finest Sacred Works of Great Masters With Appropriate Text.

VALUABLE FEATURES

- CONFRATERNITY Version of the New Testament.
- DOUAY Version of the Old Testament.
- Large, clear, EASY-TO-READ TYPE.
- Colorful, Complete Family Record Pages.
- New Biblical Maps in full color.
- Simplified Cross References.
- Page Numbers in footnotes for quick reference.
- Sense Paragraphs for easier understanding.
- Paragraph Headings for easier reading.
- Book and Chapter on each page for quick reference.
- Bishop Challoner's annotations are newly edited.
- Two excellent Bible Reading Guides.

Reads like an
Ordinary Book!

SAINT JOSEPH Continuous SUNDAY MISSAL

THE distinctive new Sunday Missal that lets you follow the Holy Mass without having to turn back and forth. Yes, each Mass is complete . . . and continuous . . . word for word! Ideal for all ages!

Think how much richer your participation will be when you can stop worrying about losing your place. Imagine the pleasure of owning a beautifully bound and printed Missal, with 58 full color . . . plus 70 black and white illustrations . . . all by world-famous artists. 1346 pages.

On each Sunday you read continuously only one part of the Missal (as shown).



ARTCRAFT
EDITION
\$5.95

ST. JOSEPH DAILY MISSAL

By REV. H. HOEVER, S.O.Cist., Ph.D.

HERE . . . is your chance to use the most beautifully illustrated, world-famous "St. Joseph Daily Missal" for 10 days without cost. It is by far the most modern, complete, and easy-to-use Missal published . . . and your constant guide to a fuller participation in Holy Mass.

Experience the great joy of really taking part in every step of Holy Mass with the Priest . . . be in the right place at the right time.

P. May the
grant you
mission of

(Actual Size of Type)

Beautifully Illustrated
in FULL COLOR.



ARTCRAFT
EDITION
\$5.95

ST. JOSEPH CHILDREN'S MISSAL

New, magnificently illustrated Children's Missal, especially designed for children of grammar school age. With FULL COLOR illustrations of the Actions of the Priest at Mass, all Sunday Gospels, Stations of the Cross and the Holy Rosary. 140 pages. . . only \$3.50

(Send Full Payment with Order)



MAGNIFICENT BINDINGS — That Last a Lifetime

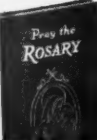
ARTCRAFT EDITION — Durable Maroon cloth with embossed scroll design, gold stamped, red edges.

SPECIAL DELUXE EDITION — Maroon flexible genuine leather, gold stamped, genuine gold edges

FREE GIFT

With Every . . .
St. Joseph Daily Missal,
Continuous Sunday Missal
and Holy Bible.

"Pray the Rosary" . . . richly illustrated in full color and with inspiring thoughts for each Mystery. Ideal for Rosary Novenas, private or for Family Rosary devotions. Sent absolutely FREE with your order. No other obligation!



FREE For 10 Days

Select any one of these magnificent new editions and use it for 10 days without charge. Then if not completely satisfied, return it at once and the entire transaction will have cost you nothing. Also, the "Free Gift" will remain yours to keep. If you wish to keep the edition, just send \$2.00 per month until the full price plus postage is paid.

IF YOU WISH TO SAVE — Send full payment now. Enclose only \$5.00 for either Artcraft Missal Edition (worth \$5.95) or, \$10.00 for either Deluxe Missal Edition (worth \$12.50). Only \$9.00 for Artcraft Bible (worth \$9.95) or \$18.00 for Deluxe Bible (worth \$19.95). Full Money back guarantee if not completely satisfied.

CATHOLIC CRAFTSMEN GUILD, INC., Dept. S-12
225 W. 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.

Please rush me the book checked below

Check this Column to
SAVE, and enclose
payment, as shown be-
low. Includes post-
age. Full Refund
Privilege.

Check this Column if
you wish to pay only
\$2.00 a month until
full price plus post-
age and carrying
charge is paid.

<input type="checkbox"/> \$ 5.00	DAILY MISSAL	<input type="checkbox"/> \$ 5.95
<input type="checkbox"/> \$10.00	Artcraft Edition	<input type="checkbox"/> \$12.50
<input type="checkbox"/> \$ 9.00	Deluxe Edition	<input type="checkbox"/> \$12.50
<input type="checkbox"/> \$18.00	HOLY BIBLE	<input type="checkbox"/> \$19.95
<input type="checkbox"/> \$ 5.00	Artcraft Edition	<input type="checkbox"/> \$19.95
<input type="checkbox"/> \$10.00	Deluxe Edition	<input type="checkbox"/> \$19.95
<input type="checkbox"/> \$ 3.00	CHILDREN'S MISSAL	<input type="checkbox"/> \$ 3.50
	Artcraft Edition	<input type="checkbox"/> \$ 3.50

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____



California Ruby Port

Year after year, the highest awards go to the wines of The Christian Brothers

From 1955 to 1961, the wines of The Christian Brothers have won more awards than those of any other winery at the official California wine judgments.* This is your assurance of consistently superb quality and flavor.

*Sacramento State Fair and Los Angeles County Fair

Produced and bottled by The Christian Brothers of California, makers of fine wines, sparkling wines, vermouths and brandy. Sole Distributors: Fromm and Sichel, Inc., New York, N. Y.



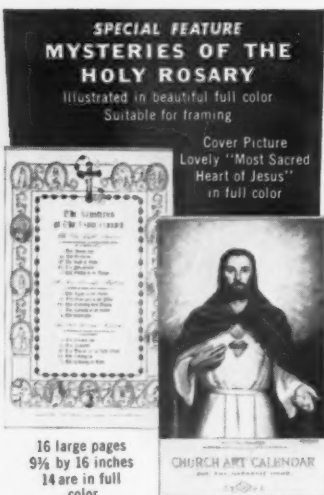
BEAUTIFUL PICTURE of famous BLACK MADONNA

Our Lady of Csestochowa In full color 8 1/2" x 11" with medal, history and novena. Send \$1.25 to:
FRANCISCAN MISSIONARY BROTHERS
ST. FRANCIS MONASTERY
EUREKA, MISSOURI

FREE CATALOG SHOWS YOU HOW TO MAKE ROSARIES AS GIFTS OR FOR RE-SALE.

Write Today For Catalog and Introductory Offer.

LEWIS & COMPANY
401 3rd AVE. TROY, N. Y.



Church imprint at slight additional cost. Minimum of 50 calendars. No business imprints accepted.

Also, ask to see Messenger's "Cathedral Classics" outstanding lines of Christmas and All Occasion cards.

1962 Messenger Church Art Calendar DAILY GUIDE FOR FULFILLING OUR CATHOLIC OBLIGATIONS

... provides spiritual enlightenment and inspiring messages of faith for each day's needs ...

Prominently shown are Holydays of Obligation and other important days, church laws, fast and abstinence guide... 13 full color Catholic pictures... commemoration of saints... gospel references for Sundays and Holydays... choice scripture verses for daily meditation. **Officially approved.**

Single copy 45c—3 copies \$1.25—12 copies \$4.50—25 copies \$7.75—50 copies \$15.00—100 copies \$27.00. Prices on larger quantities upon request.

Mail Coupon Today!

Order from your local Church Goods Store, Distributor or **MESSANGER CORPORATION**

Auburn, Indiana Dept. TS

Send me _____ Messenger Church Art Calendars for 1962, _____ Catholic Christmas 21 Card Assortments @ \$1.00.

Enclosed please find remittance for \$_____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

No C.O.D. please. Cash with order except to Clergy.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 2)

I wish to express my delight on what he said about the opinion on more vernacular in the liturgy. . . .

FLORIAN JOHN MAC
BEAVER DAM, WISCONSIN

I wish to thank you for the publication of this timely and encouraging article. At least one basic point in the article is the fact that laymen want to express their opinions to the clergy. In my diocesan paper a few weeks ago there appeared a suggestion for the benefit of those who would care to voice their opinions on the matter of English in the Mass. The address to which to write is below. Might I suggest that it be printed so that at least in this one area (English in the Mass) the layman may in a real way help the Church by letting her know what he thinks? . . .

R. Mo. P. Annibale Bugnini, C.M.
Segretario, Commissioni della
Sacra Liturgia, Piazza Pio XII,
Rome, Italy.

MICHAEL R. COOK
COLLINGSWOOD, NEW JERSEY

"Many of the new problems arising in the area of lay-clergy relations are centered in the field of the parish school . . ." ("What Lay People Want in the Church," October).

Yes, and I hope the forthcoming Council will devote some time to the problem as to how far the authority of the school extends. I have in mind, specifically, the growing practice of parochial school authorities to prescribe uniform dress for children attending parochial schools.

In "The Christian Education of Youth," Pius XI went to great lengths to emphasize the subordinate nature of the school in relation to the rights of the family and insisted that the school has its reason for being only to assist the family in doing what, by circumstances of modern life, it could not do for itself. The prescription of uniform clothing is a gravely questionable extension of that authority. It robs me, as a parent, of a right that is mine by nature and one which, even in the circumstances of modern life, I am quite competent to exercise. . . .

LEO G. BYRNE
NEWARK, OHIO

THE SIGN's feature "What Lay People Want in the Church" is splendid! All this, and more, is earnestly desired by sincere laymen who are concerned not only about their own spiritual lives but about the spread of the Church throughout the whole world . . .

MARTHA KENNEDY
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

WOMAN TO WOMAN

I enjoy "Woman to Woman," Katherine Burton's page, and especially so this month (October). My family also was "addicted to the gentler forms of games." Mrs. Burton has "the gentle

art of being nostalgic charmingly,"
down to perfection.

MRS. J. CHALLY

MORRIS, ILLINOIS

OCTOBER SIGN

Heartiest congratulations on the October issue, which contains so much courageous, constructive criticism of the deficiencies of many Catholics in race relations and Catholic school practices.

However much it may make some wince, such self-criticism is a sign of that Catholic maturity which is so necessary at this critical period of history.

REV. VINCENT A. BROWN
CHAPLAIN, NEWMAN CLUB OF QUEENS
COLLEGE, ST. ALBANS, NEW YORK

For a number of years, I have read your magazine with interest.

I think that your most recent issue (October) is the zenith of Catholic periodical writing.

You demonstrate that the prefix Catholic on a magazine or newspaper is not necessarily synonymous with mediocre.

RALPH G. RYAN, M.D.
ELMHURST, ILLINOIS

DRAUGHT AT CU

As graduates of the Catholic University of America, we want to thank you for your splendid article on the University. (October) The author has, we believe, caught the true flavor of life at CU, except for one small item. As we recall, CU students order draught, not bottled, beer at "Haps."

SAMUEL B. LEE
SHIRLEY S. LEE
WAPPINGERS FALLS, NEW YORK

THE LIFE AFTER

From the "Seal of Confession—Episodes from Our Past" (October), I quote: "In 1842, he (Father Kohlmann) was sent to Rome, serving there as a distinguished theologian and Vatican consultant. He spent his last few years . . . dying in 1836. . . ."

Now, we know; now we know!
UNA GAVIN
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Change 1842 to 1824, and Father Kohlmann's life at Rome is not as strange as the printer made it seem.

THE MOOD OF AMERICA

A bouquet of American Roses to Douglas Roche on his September article on the mood of America.

Time and hope, we have been told, are with the Christian. Mr. Roche not only shows us many of America's problems, but he also labels the seeds from which the answers can grow.

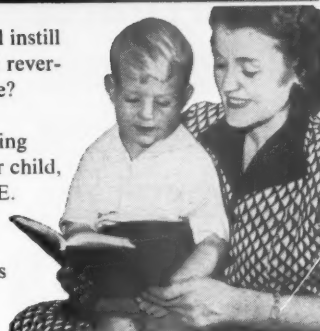
Unfortunately, he failed to see (or look for) a life-spark among America's young people. Many authors, such as the Father Greeley mentioned in the article, are very negative about the

MOTHER, WHERE DO BABIES COME FROM?

Can YOU answer that question in a way that will instill in your child a deep respect for parenthood and reverence for God for designing a beautiful plan of life?

That's what "The Story of Life" by Ellis W. Whiting does for you as you read it, word for word to your child, truthfully giving him or her the FACTS OF LIFE.

No hesitating or groping for words because EXACT WORDS are provided with FATHER as well as MOTHER in the picture.



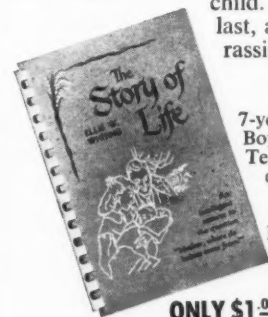
WRITTEN TO SERVE A REAL NEED

The author, a former High School teacher, wrote first as a labor-of-love to answer his little six year old daughter, and used it later with his three other children. Their beautiful reactions to his story sent it to the publishers.

NOW OVER 300,000 COPIES SOLD

The book is UNIQUE. With your child's name read into the blank spaces provided, the facts, as he gave them to his children, now become a warm personal message from you. It does the work for you, and gives the child the RIGHT START.

The book teaches that sex is God's plan for the perpetuation of life. This results in the proper attitude toward sex in the child's early years, a vital influence throughout life. It is PURPOSELY BRIEF (48 Pages) so as not to tire the child. There are two sections—first, for the young child; the last, answers teen-agers' delicate questions, saving embarrassing moments for both youth and parent.



ONLY \$1.00
plus 10¢, postage and handling

Story Makes Children THINK

7-year-old girl: "God didn't forget anything, did He, Mommy?"—
Boy of 6: "Daddy, I'll never be cross to Mommy again."—
Teenage girl: "Mother, I never thought as much of you as I do now."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS ARE LASTING ONES

Better early than late—if too early, the child simply will not grasp it all; if too late, he may get a tainted "first impression" which could warp his life. With this help, you get there first. MOTHERS have remarked, "Who but this author would have thought of SUCH an approach to this delicate subject?" Even GRANDMA eagerly orders for the little ones to beat the playmate to it.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Low price, only \$1.00 plus 10¢ for postage and handling. If not highly pleased, return it in ten days for prompt refund. Use coupon, or wrap a dollar bill and dime in sheet of paper on which please PRINT your name and address—stamp, address to us, and mail in nearest mailbox. No C.O.D.'s because of time involved.

{Declared duty and tax free by the Canadian gov't., the same price applies in Canada—also in U. S. possessions.}

MAIL COUPON TODAY

STORY OF LIFE PUBLISHING CO. Dept. A-12
912 W. Loran St., Appleton, Wis. U.S.A.

Please send me copies of "The Story of Life" each at \$1.00 plus 10¢ for postage and handling.
I enclose \$..... (Our Money Back Guarantee Protects You)

Name
(Please Print)

Address

City..... Zone..... State.....
(Please print your name and address on envelope ALSO)

HIGHLY ENDORSED BY PRIESTS

Excerpts from endorsements follow

"I certainly concur with your booklet's reverential approach."

The Rev. Fr. Francis L. Filas, S.J.
Associate Professor of Theology
Loyola University, Chicago

"We believe that the hopes of the author will be realized, and that the children of those parents who study the book will be spared the pitiful experience which invariably comes to them when information of this type is obtained from the usual questionable sources."

The Rt. Rev. Msgr. E. J. Westenberger, Ph.D.
Pastor, St. John's Parish, Green Bay, Wis.

Excerpts from the Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. D. Conway's review of this book in the Catholic Messenger are as follows: "I don't mind giving him (the author) a free assist because this book well deserves a boost. It will prevent the curious little mind from experiment, shame, and a feeling of guilt. And above all, it will establish that confidence and frankness which is going to be so necessary 10 or 12 years later when real problems arise, and thus will save teen-agers from coming to me or some other priest with questions they wouldn't dare ask mother."

Invest your savings in

CATHOLIC

CHURCH

SCHOOL

HOSPITAL

BONDS

EARN

5½%

INTEREST

America's Largest
Exclusive Underwriter

of
Church—School—Hospital
Bonds

Dean W. Clausen, Resident Manager
B. C. ZIEGLER AND COMPANY
135 East Forty-Second St.
New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me information regarding
Catholic Church, School and Hospital Bonds.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

SIG

ELECTRIC SHAVER SALE

Brand new, latest models, fully guaranteed. All orders mailed in 24 hours.

MEN'S MODELS	LIST PRICE	OUR PRICE
Schick—compact	\$12.95	\$ 8.85
Rolson—C-F-L—Mark II	23.50	11.95
Norelco—Speedshaver	24.95	12.65
Remington—Roll-A-Matic	26.95	14.45
Norelco—Floating Head—Speedshaver	29.95	15.75
Schick—3 Speed Model #10-66	31.50	17.95
Sunbeam "955" Shavemaster	32.50	18.85

Please include \$1.00 extra for postage & handling. Complete refund will be made, if you are not fully satisfied. Send check or M.O. to:
JOHN BROOKS, DEPT. 144, BOX 212, ST. LOUIS 66, MO.

SAVE STAMPS for the Missions

Most Valued—commemorative

But all stamps worthwhile

Fill a box or large envelope and send to:

PASSIONIST FATHERS

Holy Cross Seminary

Dunkirk, N. Y.

THE HEAD SCARF \$1.75

Look pretty and stay warm with the ideal head covering. Perfect for work, travel or sport.

Made of fine 'Aerilan' Jersey. Choice of black, white, red, royal blue, beige, orange and gray. Only \$1.75. Add 25¢ for postage and handling. Send check or money order. No C.O.D.'s. Money-back guarantee. Dept. 12H

FASHION FINDS P. O. Box 272,
Forest Hills 75, N. Y.



young people of today and, consequently, the godliness of tomorrow. We are not.

KENAN HEISE

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN WORKERS
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

OUR BROTHERS' KEEPERS

Your recent editorial (September) "We ARE Our Brothers' Keepers" states: "Americans have a duty to help our brothers everywhere, but especially our neighbors in Latin America." You are partially correct—since the latter have been strangely overlooked. Yet I think we must begin to look after ourselves with a national debt of 390 billion dollars, which is a mortgage on our children. The notion that our cornucopia is of unlimited proportion is based on ignorance. . . .

ROBERT FAIRBANK

MORRO BAY, CALIFORNIA

I hope we are not Catholics lacking in knowledge of Catholic social principles, and yet we cannot agree with your editorial on the foreign aid program.

Certainly we must share our wealth and good fortune with the souls on this earth—not many people would deny a deserving person; however, this giveaway, hidden under the guise of 'humanitarianism,' has been completely distorted into something ugly. We must give our financial and moral aid to deserving countries willing to aid themselves, not to every left-wing dictator who cries 'give-or-else.' . . .

MR. & MRS. GENE STECKER

CEDARBURG, WISCONSIN

. . . Foreign aid deserves the design-

nation "Operation Rat Hole" so long as such a major part of our contribution is: (1) stuffed off in graft and corruption, as in Laos; (2) spent in unnecessary and unwanted projects, as in Afghanistan; and (3) distributed on a preferential basis to good Marxists and Communists as in Ghana, Poland, and Yugoslavia. These are important objections to "Operation Rat Hole." . . .

To object to these factors which defeat the purpose of foreign aid does not imply an unwillingness to help hungry, sick, and unsheltered humans. . . .

Your editorial indicates that you would object to aid without strings attached in the area of Latin American property owners without social conscience. May I also assume that you would equally oppose graft, waste, and maldistribution? . . .

FRANK J. McLAUGHLIN

JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY

I agree with foreign aid in principle and am willing to share with others who need help. The problem is how to be sure that those needing it will receive it.

If the governments of Latin American countries cannot, and apparently will not, help their own countrymen, how can we? . . .

MRS. M. A. KERNAN

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

Rather than shed tears for foreign nationals, victims of their own governments and bloated rich, your editorials were better devoted to unmasking a tyranny which holds all peoples in its grasp—the financial system.

JAMES T. LAPPAN

VALENCIA, PENNSYLVANIA



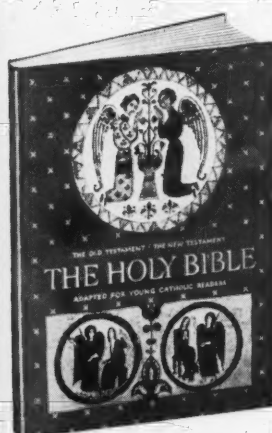
"I'm glad you asked that question!"

CHRISTMAS
GIFTS
WHOSE MEANING
AND
INSPIRATION
WILL LAST
THROUGH
THE YEARS



GUILD PRESS INC.

In every home, in every family, in every Catholic heart these Guild books will find a warm welcome. Superbly illustrated, with clear, easy to understand type and language, they are written and edited to inform and delight young minds with the beauty and joy of the Catholic religion and its history. The Holy Bible and all the books listed are designed to stimulate the child to read alone and to join with the family in treasured, meaningful readings and discussions. Guild Press offers a wonderful opportunity to give the youngsters you know and love these handsome, low cost gifts to inspire years of personal and family pleasure. If your bookseller does not have the selections you wish, simply fill in the coupon and your copies will be sent to you directly. Books ordered immediately will be received in ample time for Christmas.



30690

THE HOLY BIBLE

\$4.95

Adapted and illustrated for Young Catholic Readers. Imprimatur: Francis Cardinal Spellman, Archbishop of New York. Selected by Elsa Jane Werner and Charles Hartman; illustrated by Feodor Rojankovsky and Alice and Martin Provensen. Superbly illustrated adaptation of the Bible for children. Contains many of the great stories of the Old and New Testaments, skillfully adapted for young readers retaining the full flavor of Biblical language. More than 300 illustrations, most in full color. Also contains a section on the Mass with color photographs and explanatory text following the actions of the priest as he offers the Holy Sacrifice.

"I cannot think of a lovelier gift for a child."

—Father A. M. Fitzgerald, *Catholic Universe Bulletin*

SPECIAL FEATURES—Presentation plate • Personal record • Family record. Size: 8 7/8" x 10 3/4", 252 pages. **DELUXE EDITION:** Simulated leather, gold edges, 2 ribbons, gift box (Specify number and color) 80100 Black, 80101 Red, 80102 White. \$7.95

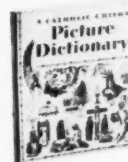
NEW! Special gift edition: White antique padded simulated leather, polished gold edges, round corners, two ribbons in papal colors, presentation box lined in gold foil. \$14.95



30683 • THE LORD'S PRAYER—\$1.95. A Catholic Child's Book. Written by *Esther Wilkin*; illustrated by *Eloise Wilkin*. A gorgeous gift book illustrating each phrase of the Our Father with a full color plate by the internationally famous children's artist, *Eloise Wilkin*. Commentary by *Esther Wilkin*. Imprimatur: Francis Cardinal Spellman.



30676 • A CATHOLIC CHILD'S PRAYER BOOK—58 pp.—\$1.95. Interpreted by *Mary W. Stromwall*; illustrated by *William De J. Rutherford*. Contains the most necessary prayers, the Mass, and the Rosary. A simply written and beautifully illustrated book.



30679 • A CATHOLIC CHILD'S PICTURE DICTIONARY—56 pp.—\$1.95. Compiled by *Ruth Hannon*; illustrated by *Ted Chaiko*. A colorful presentation of everyday words and words from the Catholic faith, interpreted with special meaning for the Catholic child.



30686 • A CATHOLIC CHILD'S BOOK ABOUT THE MASS—58 pp.—\$1.95. Written by *Father Louis Gales*; illustrated by *William De J. Rutherford*. Exquisite pictures in full color of a priest saying Mass accompanied by a simple, very understandable text are secrets of this book's success.

READ-WITH-ME BOOKS... \$1.00

A new, delightful pathway to hours of family enjoyment.



30150 • THE HOLY FAMILY—the story of the child Jesus.

30151 • A CATHOLIC CHILD'S BOOK OF POEMS—Catholic poems whose lyrics and rhythms appeal to the very young.

30152 • A CATHOLIC CHILD'S BOOK OF PRAYERS—Beautiful illustrations help the child to understand the meaning of each prayer as he learns the words.

To your bookseller or: Guild Press, Inc.
North Road
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Please send books as marked. — 30683
— 30690 — 30676
Deluxe Edition: — 30679
— 80100 Black — 30686
— 80101 Red — 30150
— 80102 White — 30151
— Special Gift Edition — 30152

Name _____
PLEASE PRINT

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ \$ _____ Check ☐ \$ _____ Money Order

Please do not send cash or stamps.

Please enclose the retail price of the book. We pay postage. If you wish books sent to addresses other than your own, attach a separate sheet with your name at the top followed by additional orders and addresses in sequence. Enclose money as described above.



GUILD PRESS, INC., North Road, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

PERFECT



GIFTS....



THE WHOLE STORY

Tells of God's pursuit of man down through the ages. Reveals the moving Finger of God in human affairs. Unfolds the Wills of God, Man and Satan as they meet on the field of human history. The story of God speaking to man through the Prophets, Christ and the Church.

704 Pages **\$1.10 to \$4.13**

MY WAY OF LIFE

For the first time, the Summa of St. Thomas, simplified — in one handy pocket-size volume.

640 Pages **\$1.56 to \$4.13**

MY IMITATION OF CHRIST

The most popular spiritual book of all time by Thomas à Kempis, second only to the Scriptures. A revised edition with 117 original, inspiring illustrations.

480 Pages **90¢ to \$2.48**

THE NEW TESTAMENT

The popular, pocket sized edition of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine's Revision of the New Testament. Ideal for School and Confraternity use.

704 Pages **\$1.14 to \$5.90**

MY MASS—Explained and Illustrated

A dramatically illustrated presentation of the Mass designed for those who desire a fuller knowledge of the meaning and significance of the Holy Sacrifice.

256 Pages **84¢ and \$1.48**



MY SUNDAY MISSAL

World's most popular Missal. Many features including an easy-to-use number system as a means of self instruction, Latin-English Ordinary and Dialogue Mass. Millions now in use.

Regular Type Edition 384 Pages **66¢ to \$7.48**

Large Type Edition 512 Pages **82¢ to \$7.66**

MY DAILY BREAD

A Summary of the Spiritual Life. Simplified and arranged for Daily Reading, Reflection and Prayer.

448 Pages **90¢ and \$1.50**

CHRIST IN THE GOSPEL

The Life of Christ in word and picture. The inspired words of the Four Evangelists woven into one complete story. 170 illustrations. With Study Guide and Daily Practice.

448 Pages **75¢ to \$5.26**

MY DAILY PSALM BOOK

The Perfect Prayer Book for all times, circumstances and needs. Arranged for daily reading. Over 200 inspiring pictures. New English Translation from the New Latin Version.

384 Pages **70¢ to \$5.26**

MY DAILY PRAYER

A Different Kind of Prayer Book for the many laymen who desire to pray with the Church in the spirit of the Breviary.

512 Pages **92¢ to \$2.48**

THE CONFRATERNITY of the PRECIOUS BLOOD

RT. REV. MSGR. JOSEPH B. FREY, DIRECTOR

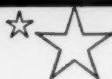
5300 Fort Hamilton Parkway • Brooklyn 19, N. Y.



FOR THAT EXTRA SPECIAL GIFT

give a complete set of these Confraternity Books as a personal spiritual library for as little as

\$9.47



We surely don't need to introduce that fine gentleman on the right; but you might find out a few new facts about him by turning to "The Wonderful Symbols of Christmas," p. 24. Here at *The Sign*, we've had the Christmas spirit ever since we began putting this issue together: we think you'll like "Going Home for Christmas" (p. 18) and "To David," a short story on p. 40. There are many more Christmas features. Our cover, "The Adoration," is by Gherardo della Notti (1590-1656), a Dutch painter



DECEMBER 1961 VOL. 41 NO. 5

THE SIGN

NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



THE AMERICAN SCENE

- 11 Lighted Mirror of the Arts, *A Picture Story*
- 21 "Mr. and Mrs. Marriage," by Richard P. Frisbie
- 32 St. John's: Midwest Campus for the Whole Man, by Edward Wakin

THE WORLD SCENE

- 26 Life in Outer Space?, an Interview with Rev. L.C. McHugh, S.J.
- 30 To the Hungry: U. S. Food for Peace, by John C. O'Brien

VARIOUS

- 18 Going Home for Christmas, by Margy Wyvill Ecclesine
- 24 The Wonderful Symbols of Christmas, by Lillian S. Kaiser
- 54 Nursing the Sick at Home, by Katherine Brégy
- 36 Look to the Stars, a Cluster of Christmas Poems

SHORT STORY

- 40 To David, by Millie McWhirter

EDITORIALS

- 10 "Let us go over to Bethlehem," by Ralph Gorman, C.P.
- 37 Current Fact and Comment

ENTERTAINMENT

- 46 Stage and Screen, by Jerry Cotter
- 50 It's Tough Being Funny, by John P. Shanley

READING GUIDE

- 58 Winter Journal of Junior Books, by Mary Louise Hector
- 61 Books That Radiate the Christmas Message, by William and Mary Holub
- 62 Book Reviews

FEATURES

- 2 Letters
- 45 Woman to Woman, by Katherine Burton
- 49 Christmas, by Robert W. Gleason, S.J.
- 52 My Bedraggled Salmon Fly, by Red Smith
- 55 Sign Post, by Adrian Lynch, C.P.



EDITOR: Rev. Ralph Gorman, C.P.; ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Rev. Gerard Rooney, C.P., Rev. Jeremiah Kennedy, C.P., Douglas J. Roche, ART DIRECTOR: Frank Rossi; CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Jerry Cotter, Drama; Red Smith, Sports; Katherine Burton, Women's Interests; Rev. Adrian Lynch, C.P., The Sign Post; John P. Shanley, Television and Radio; Clifford Laube, Poetry. BUSINESS MANAGER: Rev. Donald Nealis, C.P.; CIRCULATION MANAGER: S.F. Maffia; ADVERTISING MANAGER: Frank R. Maguin. FIELD DIRECTOR: Rev. Pius Trevoy, C.P.; FIELD REPRESENTATIVES: Rev. Brian Mahedy, C.P.; Rev. Adrian Poletti, C.P.

Address all correspondence to THE SIGN, Monastery Place, Union City, New Jersey

ADVERTISING and subscription inquiries should be addressed to the Business Manager. Advertising rates furnished on request. EDITORIAL manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor. They should be typewritten and accompanied by return postage. Manuscripts accepted are paid for on acceptance and without regard to publication date. THE SIGN is owned, edited and published monthly at Union City, N. J., by the Passionist Fathers (Legal Title: Passionist Missions, Inc.) Copyright © by the Passionist Missions, Inc., 1961. Written permission of the editor must be obtained for reproducing any portion of the contents. SUBSCRIPTION: \$4.00 per year, two years for \$7.00; three years for \$10.00 in the U. S., its possessions, and Canada. For foreign subscriptions add 50¢ per year. Checks or money orders should be made payable to THE SIGN. Orders for renewals or changes of address should be received at least four weeks before they are to go into effect. Both the old and new addresses should be given. THE SIGN is indexed in the Catholic Periodical Index. Second Class postage paid at Union City, N. J., and at additional mailing offices.

"Let Us Go Over to Bethlehem"

Great events belong in the domain of kings and presidents and premiers and foreign ministers. They are the business of big countries, of military alliances, and of ideological struggles. They are not associated with the poor and humble. That is, unless it is a matter of the greatest event of all—the Incarnation and Birth of Jesus Christ.

We have often read about the decree of Caesar Augustus ordering all in the Empire to go to their native towns to be enrolled. Caesar Augustus had no idea that he and his decree would be remembered in succeeding ages chiefly because of a poor carpenter and his wife in Nazareth, a small town on the outermost fringes of the Empire.

Mary and Joseph were subject to the decree. Mary was with child by the supernatural action of the Holy Spirit. She was due to deliver the Child within a few days, but the decree was urgent and it demanded that she and Joseph proceed immediately to Bethlehem, the town of their ancestors, eighty miles to the south, to be enrolled.

Mary and Joseph packed their few necessities on an ass, barred and locked the doors of their combination home and carpenter shop, exchanged a few quiet words, and then set out on their journey.

They passed along the cobblestone streets of Nazareth and out onto the road leading to one of the main highways on the Plain of Esdrelon. Turning eastward, they descended slowly toward the Jordan, and by nightfall they had reached the floor of the valley.

Day by day they continued their journey. To passers-by they were quite an ordinary sight, forgotten as soon as they had passed. They were just a bearded young man leading an ass on which was seated his young wife, surrounded by saddlebags and the necessities for their long journey. There was nothing to betray the fact that the story of this young couple that plodded wearily along would be told and retold for all ages.

After about three days of travel, they turned westward near Jericho and began to climb slowly the steep Judean hills. On the last day of their

journey, they passed by Jerusalem and headed toward Bethlehem, five miles to the south, and arrived in sight of the town toward nightfall.

In those days, Bethlehem was so small it was hardly a town. Its main building was an inn or caravansary to accommodate travelers going southward to Hebron and Egypt. It offered protection and warmth for man and beast.

The moment of their arrival was critical. Mary was about to give birth to her child. Joseph's voice asking for room at the inn revealed the urgency of their need. But he was rebuffed. The inn was filled to overflowing. Somebody, perhaps the innkeeper, perhaps a sympathetic bystander, told them there was a cave just outside the town toward the east used by shepherds and their flocks. At least it would provide shelter and privacy.

It was here that Jesus Christ, the Son of God and the Son of Mary, was born: "And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger."

There appeared to be nothing extraordinary in this happening. There was a momentary breakthrough of the supernatural when angels announced the event to shepherds tending their flocks in the fields below. For the rest, time went on as usual, and the day beginning to break in the east was just as any other for Caesar Augustus and Herod the Great, for the chief priests in Jerusalem, and for the people of Bethlehem.

That is the way of God's dealings with man. And it is well for us to recall this fact now in a time of threat and fear. God works His will quietly and unobtrusively. His providence still watches over us. The fear-inspiring great of the world are no longer Caesar and Herod but the rulers of the Kremlin. But in God's good time, Khrushchev and Mao-tse-Tung will go the way of Caesar and Herod.

The angelic message was not a promise of universal peace, of peace for all. It was a conditional promise—of peace to men of good will. Our best guarantee of peace is in fulfillment of that condition. Without our good will there can be no peace.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.

-
d

as
or
n-
nd

ry
ce
of
ed
er,
as
ed
uld

nd
rth
ing

in
ak-
ced
elds
the
any
for
e of

And
e of
and
us.
nger
nlin.
-tse-

iver-
ional
best
tion.

P

LIGHTED MIRROR OF THE ARTS

Man is a relentless artist, forever casting his best aspirations in sensible forms. He was painting in his caves before he invented the wheel. The sense of beauty is unique in him of all earth's creatures. "Art," said Chesterton, "is the signature of man."

But if art is sired by man, then it is also the "grandchild of God," as Dante said, and it is beholden to a sublime lineage. Its function, said Pope Pius XII, is "to open windows on the infinite," or as Maritain has written: "Art prepares the human race for contemplation."

Portrayed on the following pages are six eminent practitioners of the arts, fine and applied. Much of their work has to do with what are called the sacred arts, but to them anything beautiful is as sacred as anything true. They are altogether contemporary in their crafts, escaping cant, stereotype, and the superficial. But the daily miracle of the creative intuition has also made them reverent. "All great art," said Ruskin, "is the expression of man's delight in God's work, not his own. It is one soul talking to another, and it is precious according to the greatness of the soul that utters it."

These six vital persons have been admitted to the charisma of the arts through self-discipline, courage, and a certain detachment. They work with the pigments and clays of the earth, but they must also stand a little removed from the world, in tension with the unutterable. They are of that Christian tradition of craftsmen like Michelangelo, who regarded his painting and sculpture as "lighted mirrors" and prayed that his vision be pure:

*O rash and blind the judgment that diverts
To sense the Beauty which in secret moves;
No eye infirm the interval may pass
From mortal to divine.*



André Girard at work in his studio at Nyack, New York

...andré girard

André Girard has developed a technique for etching directly on film for mural presentation of paintings on television, uniting man's oldest visual art with the newest. This School-of-Paris painter who now lives in Nyack, New York, noticed several years ago that attempts to exhibit his widely acclaimed religious paintings on TV were dull and inadequate. Donning glasses two inches thick, he began painting his "Passion and Resurrection" and "Sermon on the Mount" directly on 100-foot film strips mounted over a powerful light. He can vary the speed at which the picture moves so that something new happens in the fine arts. "It is the introduction of time, musically composed, into the domain of painting," he says. In color or black-and-white, Girard's paintings leap into the viewer's presence and, as millions have noticed on his National Council of Catholic Men telecasts, his work carries a moving spiritual intensity.

... william congdon

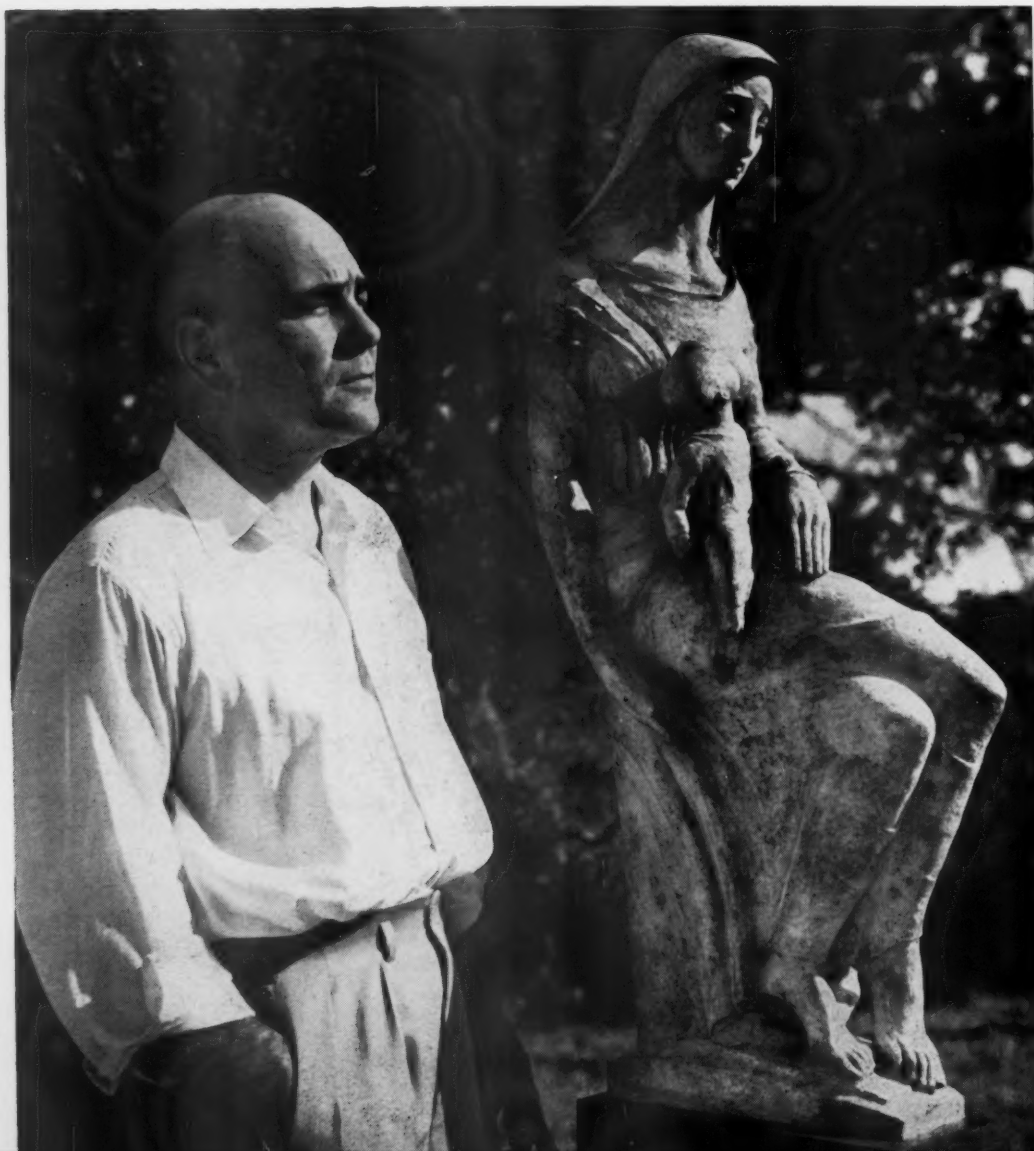
At forty-nine, William Congdon has attained two things rarely enjoyed by a painter: serious recognition in his own lifetime and praise from both modernists and classicists. At his canvas, he is likely to use a bread knife or a nail as well as either end of a brush. "You can't trace technique to its source," he says. "It's a miracle." The Rhode Island born Congdon lives in Italy between his world travels. In 1959 he returned to Assisi discouraged. "In my spirit there was no longer an image. I lacked the will to paint." But the deeply Christian life he found in Father Giovanni Rossi's Pro Civitate Christiana drew him to the revitalizing waters of baptism—and a new image. He is now splashing away at what he hopes to be "a new and true sacred art." His "Crucifixion" won the Novara Award at the First International Sacred Art Exhibit at Trieste, and twenty "new" Congdons are due for New York showing in February.

William Congdon in Assisi, Italy, with his prize-winning modern work, "Crucifixion"



Charles Umlauf, one of America's leading sculptors, says a piece of sculpture begins first of all with a deeply held conviction: "The artist's own conviction; he can express it with any subject." Umlauf's subjects are usually religious: a Madonna, a Lazarus, a St. Francis. But critics note an abiding spirituality in anything he does. He points to the lean, gawky, stone figure of a donkey on his Texas lawn: "The ass carried Christ into Jerusalem." Ever since Umlauf swept floors to work his way through the Chicago Art Institute in depression days, he has been consumed by the problem of making Christian themes plastically real in the vigorous expressionist sculpture of today. The fifty-year-old Texas University professor's sculptures now adorn the Western world, from San Francisco to Salzburg. Three of his six children aspire to art careers.

...charles umlauf



*Charles Umlauf
with his
"Madonna" on
lawn of his
home in
Austin, Texas*

... sister mary corita

The radiant, joyous, silk-screen prints of Sister Mary Corita smile from the walls of the Museum of Modern Art, the Metropolitan, the Library of Congress, and about forty other important art collections in America and Europe. Despite her thirty-five national and international awards and a prolific record of seventy one-man shows (the latest soon to open in New York), she turned to serigraphy only ten years ago, works at it only during summer vacations, enjoys the teaching of art even more. Her classes at Immaculate Heart College, Los Angeles, are rated among the most progressive in the nation. Here she is given to demolishing preconceptions, setting hands at liberty, intimating the ineffable. "Somehow," she says, "making good things is a kind of human response, a turning to, maybe toward, the Holy . . ." Everything Sister Corita does, as one critic has noted, is "a celebration of love."





Mario Ciampi with model for St. Peter's Church, Pacifica, California

... mario ciampi

An architect like Mario Ciampi is an artist who conceives forms that will pattern the lives and movements of people for hundreds of years. For instance, the new circular St. Peter's Church for Pacifica, California, will bring generations of Catholics into visual harmony with their most cherished idea, that Christ in the altar is the center of their faith. It's all part of a widespread awakening in liturgical architecture which Ciampi has noted, particularly in the five years since his Corpus Christi Church for San Francisco brought him world acclaim. Too, San Francisco is reputed among urban planners as the most distinctive of American cities, and Ciampi, a native, has been busy at that: promoting civic art, re-fashioning whole neighborhoods. Architecture, he maintains, requires more than a knowledge of line and function. "An architect has to reach inside of people and bring out the best in them," says this master.



Harold Rambusch in his studio-of-many-arts in Greenwich Village, New York

.. harold rambusch

Interior designer Harold Rambusch is like the conductor of a symphony orchestra. It is his special art to bring the work of his 150 painters, sculptors, and other artists into meaningful harmony, whether in a cathedral, a senate chamber, or a World's Fair. For most of his seventy years, Rambusch has been principally engaged at making church interiors into fitting places for worship, and he is rated a foremost authority on the sacred arts. The white-haired, bow-tied Rambusch darts about his seven-story Greenwich Village shop, correcting, leading, reconciling. Opposed to decoration for decoration's sake, Rambusch chooses to be guided by Church art canons ("They are my rules of grammar.") and the functional purpose of everything he makes. Hence, in the Rambusch studios, a window, a lamp, a candlestick become sacramental things, all joined in choir around a central mystery.

TEXT BY EDWARD SULLIVAN

Going Home for Christmas

BY MARGY WYVILL ECCLESINE

About thirty-five miles south of Baltimore, I begin to recognize every house and turn in the road. The country opens out, fertile, rolling, tobacco country. Houses are set back on hills, large, spacious homes, with barns and outbuildings clustered by. Long, tree-lined approaches from the state road punctuate the fields and pastures stretching out between farms.

We are almost there.

Here is the big ditch where we used to pick blackberries and got chased by the bull one summer afternoon. And there is the dirt road leading back to the river where Fanny ran away with me one time—lathered and soaked with sweat and paying no attention to my puny pulls on the bridle.

One more hill and "There it is—home."

We turn in between the gateposts and wind up the driveway past the garden, give it a little gas to make the circle, and stop right at the front steps.

Before we can even blow the horn, mom and daddy are on the front porch, wonderful, warm smiles on their faces. Daddy gives me a kiss and whacks Joe on the back, and there's a flurry of hugs for each of the children: Peter, Tracy, Kim, Stevie, Johnny, Amy, and little Michele.

"Come on in. It's cold." We're all shivering and happy.

There's a big wreath on the front door.

"Did you make it yourself, mom?" She did, at her Garden Club. It's beautiful. Pine cones and dusty blueberries set like jewels in the boughs, Della Robia style. I touch it, marveling at the skill with which she does everything.

We bound into the house, fragrant with a perfume that should be bottled—turkey and mince pie and hot biscuits, mingled with Christmas greens.

The living room is ablaze with lights—a long-needled, pine Christmas tree in one corner, the walnut baby grand in another, familiar chairs and pictures and wallpaper in the high-ceilinged room. The southern end is banked with flowers—poinsettia and spectacular plants that mamma grows with no effort.

I am filled with envy of her green thumb, thinking how I kill even philodendron.

We sink on the couches and start removing coats and boots.

"Anybody hungry?"

Are we? Dinner is ready. Most likely rock fish that daddy caught in the Chesapeake last summer and stashed in the freezer. Oyster stew, or something wonderful. Strawberries from the garden, also out of the freezer. And over on a side table in the kitchen, a hickory-smoked ham, homemade cakes dotted with black walnuts, fruit—a bounty that we will feast on during the holidays.

Daddy calls for volunteers to help him make a final round of egg-gathering and latching the stable and seeing that all the living creatures outside have food and water. He has plenty of takers.

Mom glances at the clock and asks if anybody has to go to confession. She is delighted that we have been foresighted enough to manage this before we left Rye, New York, where we live. We all know what is going on at the church. Endless lines on Christmas Eve, with three priests hearing and the self-replenishing crowds moving at a snail's pace. That is, until Father Loughran, our pastor, sets up his little stall at the front and begins railroading them through. "How long? Yes, yes. Five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys. Bzz bzz. God bless you. Next. How long? Yes, yes, etc." You can hear him all over church, and the brave strike out for his line first, followed by the weary, who are willing to forego privacy for a chance to get home and finish preparations before coming back to Midnight Mass.

But we can skip this ordeal, so we do the supper dishes, put the little ones to bed, and bring down the decorations from the attic to start trimming the tree.

Somewhere along here the rest of the family will start arriving—Cele and Roland and some of their ten; Emily and Gil and perhaps their whole dozen; Andy and Rae and their five; Fred and Polly and their three.

Soon the place will be ringing with music. Somebody will sit down at the piano. "Jingle Bells" and "Joy to the World" will start us all singing, working gradually into the more hushed "Silent Night" and "Adeste."

They will leave some mysterious packages and say they have to rush now as there are a million things to be done in their own homes before Santa can come. Of course. We don't know how they managed to slip away this long. But how good it is to see them, and good-by for a little while.

We have plenty to do, too. Unpack our bags, tiptoe around, try to settle the children in strange beds after all the excitement. Grab a little rest, if possible.

But it's not possible. Time to get dressed now for Midnight Mass. The music begins at eleven-thirty, and we'd better get there before that.

Out into the star-filled night, a two-mile drive to the church. Just long enough to think of Mary and Joseph and the shepherds and the wise men, who studied the very same stars.

Up steep, winding stairs to the choir loft, and our glance sweeps down over the heads of the people. The altar is banked by cedar trees and giant wreaths with red ribbons. Poinsettias everywhere.

The right side altar is completely hidden by the crèche, the large wooden stable that we used to help put together every Christmas Eve when the boys were serving on the altar and we were school children. Familiar statues of the Virgin, and St. Joseph, and the Infant, and the chipped shepherd with the dashing, brown hat, turned up on one side and down on the other, like a Rembrandt cavalier.

This is our church, where we were all baptized, and confirmed, and the three of us girls married. I have played for close to a hundred funerals here, and many weddings, and sung here every Christmas and Easter of my life since I was five, except the Christmas after Stevie was born and we didn't make it down.

Now it is nearly filled up, and we begin. My brother Fred, the director, is not here yet, so we warm up on "Angels We Have Heard on High," "Oh Dear Little Children," and "Hark What Mean Those Angel Voices." Now he is here, loosening his tie, and unbuttoning his top button for his solo, "O Holy Night."

There are about fifteen girls and two boys in the choir now, mostly cousins of ours, and they sit down on the benches over to the left to wait for the solo. If Cele is playing, Emily and I sit close together and



"Jingle Bells" and "Joy to the World" will start us all singing

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LAWN

bow our heads and cover our eyes for this thing, which is a genuine emotional experience. Fred's voice is untrained, but it is very beautiful, strong, and sweet, with a quality I have seldom heard.

So now he has come to his high note, and we tense, yes he has made it, right on pitch; we all relax.

THE CHURCH is packed, with people standing in the back, Catholic and non-Catholic. Father (pardon me, Monsignor) Loughran has been parading up and down the aisles. He is a big man, with white hair and a red face, and looks very handsome in the purple, monsignor touches which he has just acquired.

He wants to be sure that everybody has an envelope, he is waving them around, and saying "hello" to people out loud. This is a big night for him; he has brought down three priests (usually Franciscans or Dominicans) from Catholic University to sing the high Mass. He knows he is giving us the best the Church has to offer and he is proud of himself.

Now he disappears into the sacristy, his job done for a while. The priests and altar boys file out onto the altar, and the beautiful Mass begins.

The Introit, *Laetentur Coeli*, in four parts, a capella; the Kyrie, the Gloria, the responses. Then the congregation stands for the simple, touching, St. Luke's Gospel and sits for the sermon. This never fails to be a masterpiece. These priests are young and earnest, and they have been preparing for Christmas a long time. The sermon is usually well thought out, almost always a retelling of The Story, with the man's own particular emphasis and inspiration. Sometimes it is a young priest's first sermon, and it is so holy and moving you could cry.

Now it is over, and he walks in his sandals to the side of the altar and sits, drained. There is always dead silence in the church. Then Father Loughran comes out from the sacristy, and the spell is broken. He reads the names of those for whom relatives have requested Masses, he reminds people to come up by the main aisle and leave by the side ones at Communion time (which always produces bedlam), he thanks them for their generosity, and then he begins: "My friends of Southern Maryland—when I was sent here to Upper Marlboro as a young priest forty-five years ago, or forty-six, forty-seven, etc.," and he goes on about the great faith of the people planted in this soil by the Jesuits. All this is interesting to hear, even though we know it by heart. He ends up by wishing us a Merry Christmas and, thanking the choir ("Cecilia, Fred, Emily") by name, then fades off into the sacristy murmuring "yes, yes."

Now the *Credo*. And for the Offertory, we always save the *Adeste Fideles*, a magnificent arrangement that Cele came upon years ago when she was studying the organ. By now there is only one copy left, and some of the kids are not too sure of the four parts, but they always come through. We put everything we have into it, the triumphant Gloria, gloria in excelsis Deo, the worshipful *Venite adoremus*'s, the final swinging "*Venite Adoremus, Dominum*," and we look at each other with our insides aching.

The priest has usually finished offering up the bread and wine now, with all the beautiful prayers that Christ will accept our offering, that it will please Him, the prayers for all those present, those deceased, the sick, suffering, our rulers, leaders, and youth. Everyone senses that we are getting into the most solemn and awesome part of the Mass.

The priest sings out "*Per omnia saecula saeculorum*," and we are ready with the responses. "*Sursum corda*"—lift up your hearts. We have lifted them up unto the Lord. Let us give thanks to the Lord our God. It is truly meet and just.

Then the *Sanctus*, and we kneel down for the Consecration.

"My Lord and My God."

Then follow the words by which the wine becomes the Blood of Christ.

We hurry down to the Communion rail with our coats off, the *Benedictus* over but the *Agnus Dei* still to be sung. We have hardly a moment to worship before we are on our feet again, music in hand. If it has been a good year—that is, one in which we have been close to Him, perhaps brought forth a baby, and all that means, suffered, accomplished something worthwhile—then we feel closer than if it has been a nondescript year, in which we have neither improved ourselves very much nor done much to please Him.

Everyone is tired, but they stand at attention as we conclude with Cesar Franck's exquisite "When Blossoms Flowered Mid the Snow."

The Mass is over and we relax. Hastily gathering up the music, putting on our coats and saying "Merry Christmas" to each other, we hurry outside, perhaps taking a minute first for a sprint up the side aisle and a few moments' visit at the crib.

Now the outside is pandemonium—greetings, handshakes, hearty relatives descending upon us. It is the best feeling in the world to know that you are remembered.

At home, after a breakfast of Canadian bacon, scrambled eggs, and cinnamon toast, which has become a tradition, daddy will say to tease mom, "Bobby, let's open the presents now so we can sleep in the morning." We will all feel called upon to protest vigorously, "No, no. It wouldn't be Christmas if we opened them now."

Dawn will come all too soon. The children will be at our bedsides, clamoring to see what Santa has brought, if they haven't sneaked down already. There will be a general tearing of wrappings for a couple of hours, pictures taken, tryouts of games, and arrival and departure of family groups with shining eyes and favorite toys clutched dazedly.

There will be the traditional distribution of silver dollars to the grandchildren and bonds to the grown-ups from daddy. There will be a mammoth dinner and a poker game beginning about four and lasting well into the night. There will be sleepy, tired children and much entertainment in the homes of my brothers and sisters in the next few days before we leave.

OR AT LEAST, this is the way it used to be—and can never really be again.

I won't be going home for Christmas this year. Everything is different. My mother is gone, the church has been remodeled and there is a new pastor.

Like so many others with children, I must concentrate on making Christmas memorable for them where we live. I know it is important to build traditions that they, too, can remember fondly, always. The details may be different, but the foundation will be the same—music, love of family, the Mass, and love of the Christ Child. These will always be the same no matter where we are.



Mr. and Mrs. Marriage

By Richard P. Frisbie

From the outside, the home of the Patrick F. Crowleys appears to blend harmoniously into one of the more elegant sections of a Chicago North Shore suburb. What goes on inside, however, is anything but typical of the carefully manicured neighborhood. As I started up the front walk, I could hear excited voices in the dining room engaged in

a lively discussion of African culture. A student from Southern Rhodesia had just arrived to stay with the Crowleys, and two American Negroes had dropped in to meet him. Also participating in the animated, table-thumping conversation were a Japanese student only ten days from Tokyo, the chairman of the Christian Family Movement in an Eastern diocese, and Pat Crowley, a big, genial corporation lawyer who probably pays the biggest grocery bills in the United States west of the Pentagon. ("I never look at the bills," he says. "It would give you the creeps.")

Otherwise engaged at the moment were the Crowley children and six girl students from Trinidad, Haiti, Panama, Kenya, and Thailand. Mrs. Crowley, after letting me in, was immediately called to the telephone. (The telephone is so busy at the Crowleys' that Pat had an extra line installed with the number unlisted so he can call home from the office without hearing the busy signal.) Theresa, a sweetly sober five-year-old who is the fourteenth foster child to live with the Crowleys, was playing with a coloring book. Obviously quite accustomed to guests of assorted colors from remote parts of the world, she ignored the uproar and crayoned blue eyes for a brown cocker spaniel. For some reason, she had removed her shoes and stockings.

This was the beginning of a quiet evening at home for Pat and Patty Crowley, who are known to couples throughout the world as the indefatigable secretary couple of the Co-ordinating Committee of the Christian Family Movement. Soon they joined me in their living room. It was beautifully furnished, but the tables were stacked with books five and six high and part of the floor covered with boxes of CFM records.

A man who has known the Crowleys intimately for twenty years told me that they are utterly unable to turn their backs on a problem. "Their house is always full of people, because there's always somebody who needs something," said Peter Fitzpatrick, himself one of the Chicago CFM pioneers. "The Crowleys don't know how to say 'no.'" Father Louis J. Putz, C.S.C., Notre Dame professor who has inspired the launching of many Catholic Action enterprises, added, "If you could observe them as they extend themselves, the way they demonstrate hospitality, the way they are big-hearted to embrace all the nationalities and races of this world, you would have an idea of the ideals of the Christian Family Movement."

[A SENSE OF SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY, broadly interpreted, is perhaps the chief characteristic of CFM, with which the Crowleys have been identified from the beginning.] During the early forties, many couples in all parts of the country were thinking deeply about the layman's responsibility in the Church and in society. Small discussion groups formed in various cities, including Chicago, where the Crowleys came under the influence of Msgr. Reynold Hillenbrand, one of the first Catholic Action leaders in the United States. The Crowleys became president couple of the Chicago group.

Pat's law practice has always required considerable travel. This gave him and Patty the chance to contact the other groups from San Francisco to New York. "There was quite a variety of approaches in those days," Pat recalls. "Some of the groups talked as if all the world's problems could be solved by homemade, whole wheat bread."

As a national organization, CFM can be dated from 1949. In that year, couples representing groups from many dioceses met at Childerley, a retreat center near Chicago. They settled on the name "Christian Family Movement," formed a national co-ordinating committee with one couple from each diocese, and elected the Crowleys secretary couple of the committee.

The Crowleys have filled this office ever since, spending



PHOTOS BY MIKE SHEA

The Crowleys' dining room table is seldom empty: either a dozen guests surround it for dinner, or it's the base of operations for CFM work

their own money and their time lavishly, with great benefit to CFM. As the movement grew, paid help became necessary. Today, CFM pays three secretaries, who work in the Crowleys' home, mostly on the huge dining room table, under Patty's supervision. Pat tends to his law practice on week days and devotes most of every night and week ends to CFM.

One secretary handles circulation for *Act*, the official CFM newspaper, which goes to more than thirty thousand homes each month. Another handles correspondence, fills orders for CFM publications, and attends to other office details. The third is kept busy nearly full time typing letters that Pat and Patty dictate to a tape recorder at odd hours of the day and night. At crucial times when there is extra work, such as a special mailing, volunteers join the group at the dining room table.

With workers, foreign students, and family, the Crowleys have averaged fifteen for lunch and twelve for dinner for years. One year they checked their guest book and found they had entertained 650 different persons at dinner, not counting those who forgot to sign. Patty, an attractively graying woman with a brisk air of efficiency, denies that the cooking is much of a task. "I have plenty of help. Some of our foreign students are studying home economics." The Crowleys privately publish a family newsletter. It goes to their eldest daughter, Patsy, now Sister Mary Patrick, O.S.B., an elementary-school teacher, and everyone else who has lived with them a month or more. The circulation is now about fifty.

Still at home are the Crowleys' three younger children: Mary Ann, eighteen; Patrick, sixteen; and Cathy, fourteen. Far from being neglected because of their parents' activities, the junior Crowleys are active members of the team. Mary Ann, for instance, was in charge of organizing a staff of eighty-five baby-sitters for the children of couples attending the CFM national convention in August at the University of Notre Dame. This involved responsibility for the safety and entertainment of more than five hundred children for a week end. Whenever possible, one or more of the Crowley children accompany Pat and Patty on their out-of-town trips.

Most people meeting the Crowleys are immediately attracted to them. Cheerful, friendly, outgoing, they run their apostolic enterprise with a light touch. You might think they were selling tickets to a country club dance instead of engaging in an important work of the Church, for which Pope Pius XII awarded them the *Pro Ecclesia* medal. (The scrolls hang in their den above the shelf that holds the office copying machine.)

Pat and Patty first met in church. They were attending Tre Ore services in St. Ignatius Church in Chicago. Since all the pews were filled, during the sermons they took seats in the confessional—with the doors open. Friends have cited this as evidence of their early development of a practical piety. "All the climbing in and out of the confessional naturally attracted a certain amount of attention, and that's when we noticed each other," Patty recalls. They were married in 1937.

Both were born in Chicago, Pat on September 23, 1911, and Patty on July 24, 1913. Pat attended Loyola Academy and the University of Notre Dame. Patty attended Sacred Heart Academy in Chicago and Trinity College in Washington, D.C.

I asked the Crowleys if they could remember what influences had caused them to take up a life of dedication. It was an embarrassing question, to which they offered the only possible response—changing the subject. But as they talked about the ideals and aspirations of CFM, I could see how these same principles applied to their own lives.

CFM proceeds according to the traditional, three-part, Catholic Action formula: 1) Observe, 2) Judge, 3) Act. This means that members study the problems of society around them (or, in other terms, the needs of the Mystical Body), judge the situation in the light of the Church's teachings, and take whatever constructive action is possible at the moment. There is a basic meeting outline that takes new CFM groups through their first year and helps them understand their responsibilities. After that, the groups follow the social inquiry program developed each year by CFM's national program committee.

In 1953-54, the national program touched on students who come overseas to study in the United States and are shown little hospitality. The Crowleys responded by finding some Filipino students at Northwestern University to invite for Christmas dinner. They were shocked to discover that, although the Catholic islanders had been at Northwestern for two and a half years, they had never before been invited to an American Catholic home. The Crowleys rarely have been without foreign students in their home since. (And most of these Filipinos now are active in CFM back in the Philippines.)

Following the same pattern of "observe, judge, and act," the whole Christian Family Movement involved itself in foreign relations, when the 1960-61 national program concentrated on the subject. CFM furnished the U.S. State Department a list of couples in every city who could be depended on to show hospitality to visiting foreigners. In Buffalo, New York, for instance, this meant arranging Thanksgiving dinner—on short notice, of course—and sightseeing tours for thirty dental students from Uruguay. CFM has recorded extending hospitality to five thousand foreign students, sending letters to four thousand families overseas, and entertaining thousands of others in members' homes.

Because CFM is a grass-roots organization, many of its accomplishments never become known. However, State De-

partment officials have said that the government depends heavily on the co-operation of CFM for the success of its various programs bringing groups here from other countries.

No one yet knows how many Cuban refugees have been resettled through CFM families, but the number is expected to be large. When Dutch refugees from Indonesia needed help, a single notice in *Act* resulted in the resettlement of three hundred families, with the aid of CFM volunteers throughout the country.

Couples report that entertaining foreign visitors is a rewarding experience. "One Christmas we had a call to take in a student from India," Pat said. "He'd been sick and needed a place to recuperate. He looked terrible, and we almost turned him down. It seemed like too much, especially at Christmas." After a moment of discouragement, they found a bed for him anyway. He quickly recovered his health and gained fifteen pounds. "He was a wonderful person and looked sharp enough to become prime minister someday. Since then, we haven't been able to quit taking in foreign students."

FOR THE CURRENT YEAR the CFM national program has shifted emphasis to family life "presented as the family thrust into the world, affected by the culture and environment which it helps to create, obliged to build a social order within which Christian families can flourish." But foreign relations will not be forgotten. CFM has launched a new organization, the Foundation for International Co-operation, to continue assistance for students and visitors from overseas and to support lay volunteer work abroad. Initial projects include trying to find jobs for needy foreign students and opening a family life center in a low-income section of Mexico City in co-operation with the CFM of Mexico.

Is it possible to oversell CFM? At the 1961 CFM convention, Msgr. George A. Kelly, chaplain of the New York CFM, reminded the delegates that the couple-centered structure of CFM imposes certain limitations. "The clean-up of labor unions, the establishment of the industry-council system, the veto power at the United Nations, and other abstract economic or political questions are not proper actions for a family movement as such. . . . Many YCW-trained married couples do not enter CFM; they arrange their lives so that the husband is free to assume his civic responsibilities, while the wife keeps the home fires burning."

The Crowleys would not claim that the couple-centered approach fits all circumstances. Pat, as a man, is president of Chicago's Catholic Council on Working Life. Patty, as a woman, is active in the League of Women Voters, local politics, and the school mother's club. "The important job that CFM does is formation," Pat says. "We've picked up a tremendous number of young couples just looking for something to do. All over the world, there is a yearning for an activity like CFM that's open to couples, together. After two or three years, couples who haven't learned to practice the corporal works of mercy may drop out. But often, we find that the 'dropouts' have become involved in doing something that needs to be done, and it takes up all their time."

Patty attributes part of the success of CFM in the United States to the transient nature of our society, and the separation of so many families from their kin and old friends. Every month six hundred change-of-address notices from CFM members who have moved pass across the Crowleys' dining room table. Before buying a house in a new town, they often write to the Crowleys to find out in which parishes CFM is well established. One man telephoned long distance to inquire which of two cities had the stronger

(Continued on page 77)

RICHARD P. FRISBIE, a copywriter for a Chicago advertising agency, is a widely published freelance writer.

The Wonderful Symbols of

CHRISTMAS

BY LILLIAN S. KAISER



On the night before Christmas, the tree is in place. Whether it be a noble spruce with blue-green needles or a limber, dark-green pine, the tree is now an almost universal symbol of the holy day. The lights and decorations remind us that Christ is the Light of the World and the Tree of Life. In its earliest form, the ornamented evergreen was part of an ancient mystery play centering on the story of Adam and Eve in the Garden. In the drama, the "tree of Paradise" was usually a fir adorned with apples. Shining, red fruit nestling on the branches cheered many a hut in the forest when the custom of bringing the "Paradise Tree" home developed in western Germany. It is said that the first Christmas trees in the United States were those samplings with makeshift tinsel put up in Revolutionary army barracks by homesick Hessian mercenaries. Queen Victoria had a tree in Buckingham Palace one year, probably to please Albert and the German cousins. From that royal impetus, the practice spread widely throughout the British Isles. Community trees owe their popularity to the people of Pasadena, California, who, in 1909, set up an illuminated tree on Mount Wilson.

And all through the house, greenery has its place at Christmas time. A favorite is the Advent wreath with four candles lit on succeeding Sundays of the season. At first, this was an East German Protestant observance. A venerable symbol of victory and glory, the wreath in Christian tradition suggests eternity and life everlasting. Significantly, it is hung at doors or windows, rather than on walls, to emphasize the idea of opening hearts and souls as well as homes in a holiday gesture.

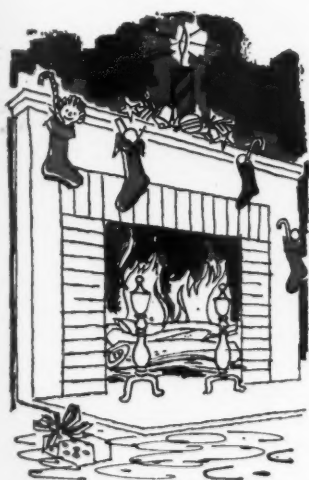
Another green, mistletoe, is a more secular than religious symbol. Once known as the "golden bough," its association with the winter solstice descends from druidical times. In pre-Christian England, mistletoe in the shape of intersecting circles hung over the lintel, and beneath it a kiss of peace was customarily given. But today, evergreens are not the only door-and-window décor. The incredible influx of Christmas cards finds us hard put to display them. So they are taped to door jambs and around window frames. They cascade over the hearth or are precariously stacked in ever-growing heaps on the coffee table, the desk top, or anything else that's handy.

The greeting card craze is little over a hundred years old. In 1844, lithographed greetings were sent out by the Reverend Edward Bradley of Newcastle, England. That same year, one W. A. Dobson of Birmingham posted hand-painted cards to his friends and business associates. There are earlier claims to the greeting card innovation, but they are not too well substantiated. By 1870, cards were booming in Britain, and by 1890, the people in the United States had caught up. It has been estimated that the present annual mailing runs to something over two and a half billion.



Not a creature is stirring, not even a mouse, when the gifts are placed beneath the tree. So intimate is the connection between God's divine gift of His only begotten Son and our pitifully human giving of neckties and nutcrackers that the custom hardly requires further explanation. The gifts of the Magi to the Christ Child certainly seem to seal in our minds the appropriateness of this tradition. Some authorities feel, however, that gift-giving may be pre-Christmas in origin, since the Romans habitually pre-

sented *strenae* or evergreen boughs at the New Year festivities. Along with the gaily wrapped and beribboned packages beneath the tree, a *crèche* is often found. On December 24, 1223, in the tiny hamlet of Greccio, Italy, a sandaled friar invited the townspeople to a surprise. In a cave, St. Francis had recreated the Nativity scene: a tiny, delicately carved Infant reposed in a manger while shepherds watched and villagers dressed as the wise men knelt in adoration. Francis, the lover of all beasts, made sure the cattle were there to low a cradle song. In many homes today, and in parochial schools too, the exciting passage of the season is marked by having each child move his sheep or goat or shepherd figure one step closer to the crib at the end of each day of Advent. Indirectly, the good friar was also responsible for another Christmas custom. The great Franciscan revival brought new life to the Church and with it a lay participation generally unknown before. The magnificent Latin hymns of the Church were not widely known among the peasantry, but carols, chants, and festival songs were. Many of the now standard carols were composed in the first half of the fifteenth century.



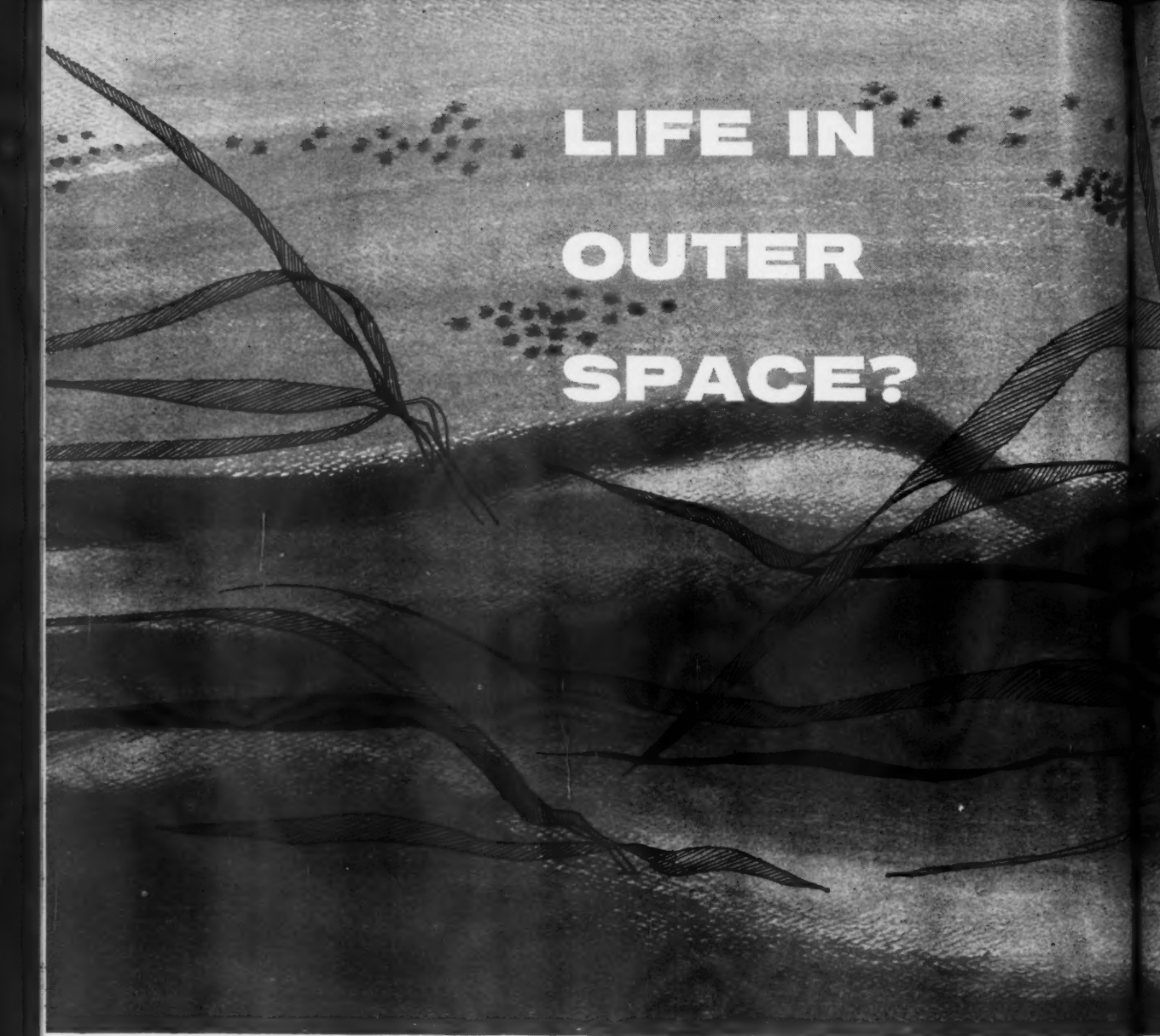
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,

and not a father flinches as the thumbtack goes into the mantelpiece. Hanging the stocking goes back to one legend of the good bishop Nicholas, patron saint of children in many European countries, who is supposed to have thrown gold down the chimney of a poor family. After a weary day of searching for nuts and berries in the wet woods, the children had hung their clothing to dry by the fire. As the gold fell, it went into the footwear and the grateful family found it the next day. Rather than gold pieces, children today find their stretch socks stuffed with tiny toys, apples, oranges, nuts, and the ever-present candy cane. The red-and-white striped sweet carries through the fire-and-snow motif of Santa's garb, but the candy's form has a deeper meaning. Its shape recalls the crook a shepherd may have dropped on the floor of that stable in Bethlehem. With as much care as the stockings are hung, the Christmas candle is lit. This is an Irish custom dating from the days when priests were persecuted by English soldiers. Catholics secretly sheltered the clergy and kept a lighted taper in the window as a kind of underground sign to fleeing priests who needed shelter. When interrogated about the many lights on Christmas Eve, the people had a ready answer: they signaled an old belief that Mary and Joseph would be seeking a place to stay. Vast waves of Irish immigrants brought the custom to American shores.

In the hope that St. Nicholas soon would be there, children snuggle into bed early on Christmas Eve, if not on any other night. The saint visits on his feast day of December 6 in Europe but is generally unknown in the United States. Children here, of course, await Santa Claus rather than the bishop and his helper. Santa, hoary with frost and ashes, comes to us from the mists of Nordic mythology. He is an old man who was once known as Odin riding over the world on an eight-footed horse (now on eight tiny reindeer). As Thor, he was also the pagan god who rode thundering through stormy skies on a chariot pulled by goats named Cracker and Gnasher. In its present form, the Santa-Odin-Thor myth is closely associated with ice (the white trimming still recalling the snows of his northland birthplace) and flame (his red suit and his habit of descending chimneys).

Francis X. Weiser, a Jesuit scholar who has written many books on holiday customs, points out that the name of Santa Claus derives from the New Amsterdam Dutch translation of Saint Nicholas into "Sinter Klaas." The two legends stem, however, from different roots and ought to be kept distinct in the minds of our children. The confusion between Santa and Saint Nick coming down the flue on December 24 spread rapidly after the publication of Clement Moore's "The Night Before Christmas" in 1822. Moore called his "jolly old elf" after the kind-hearted bishop, and widespread, enthusiastic reception of his poem perpetuated the idea that the two figures were one and the same. The ancient durability of its symbols proves that Christmas in all its trappings is not merely a date in time or an immovable feast. Christmas is an "experience of the human heart," old in years, richly decked with tradition, yet as eternally new, bright, and strong as the hope, joy, and love it represents.





LIFE IN OUTER SPACE?

An interview with Father L. C. McHugh, S.J.— “I believe that rational life is co

The editors of THE SIGN interviewed Father L. C. McHugh, S.J., on the subject of life in outer space because of his research into the physical and theological aspects of this fascinating subject. An associate editor of America, Father McHugh has been a physics instructor and professor in the philosophy department at Georgetown University. He was a member of the 1947 Army Air Forces—National Geographic Expedition.

Why are you, as a priest, so much interested in the conquest of space?

Simply because the heavens declare the glory of God, as the Psalmist says. The deeper science probes the mysteries of the skies, the better the priest can appreciate the

goodness of the Creator and bring men to know and love Him.

Before we discuss life in the universe, let's get our bearings. Everybody knows, of course, that the earth is a globe and that it is not the center of the universe. But just where does the earth fit into the physical scheme of things?

The earth is one of nine planets that are known to revolve about the sun. It's the fifth planet in size and the third in order as you move outward from the sun. The average distance between the earth and the sun is a bit more than ninety million miles. The sun itself is a star of average size, located about 30,000 light years from the center of a gigantic, rotating cluster of stars called the Milky Way galaxy. Since a ray of light travels some six trillion miles in a year, simple multiplication will convince you of the enormous extent of our local galaxy or “island universe.”



life is common in the cosmos. Would God have left His image only on one planet?"

Do our scientists have any idea of the size and make-up of this local galaxy?

Yes. It is a disklike system of stars, dust, and gas. It is so vast that it takes light fully 100,000 years to cross it from side to side. If you could get far enough above it, our galaxy would look like a flat spiral with a bright central core and trailing arms that revolve just once in the course of several hundred million years. If you could put the whole system on a scale, you might find it weighed 200 billion times as much as the sun. That's a lot of weight, when you reflect that the sun weighs 332,000 times as much as our little earth.

When you talk about our local galaxy, do you mean that even the center of the Milky Way is not the center of the universe? Are there other galaxies beside our own?

Our Milky Way galaxy is just one average galaxy among an

uncountable host of galaxies that populate outer space in all directions. Most of them are isolated from one another by stretches of emptiness that span a million light years or more. There are probably several billion galaxies that are within photographic range of our largest telescopes.

Then just how big is the cosmos? Don't we see all of it when we peer through our telescopes?

We simply don't know how much of it we see. The simple fact is that as our telescopes increase in size, we see ever more galaxies at ever greater distances, with no apparent thinning out in any direction. Astronomers estimate that the most distant galaxies so far observed are about six billion light years away.

In our current state of knowledge, the only safe statement is that the physical universe is indefinitely large and we cannot point to anything that can be called the center of the whole magnificent assembly.

Despite the splendor of this great cosmos, scientists say that it is made of the same ninety-two chemical elements, such as carbon and iron, that we find on earth. How do we know this to be true?

It is surely true that the observable cosmos is made of the same atomic building blocks we find at home. The proof is based on the analysis of the light that enables us to see stars and galaxies. The analysis is done with the spectroscopic, which is often regarded as the most valuable, single tool ever made available for work in the laboratory.

If the same elements exist everywhere, then the chemicals that make up living things are spread throughout the cosmos. Does that mean that conditions favorable for life also exist everywhere?

Not at all. Living things are not simply mixtures of hydrogen, oxygen, and so on. Our daily experience on earth, as well as careful laboratory work, show convincingly that life, at least as we know it, cannot arise or develop unless certain basic conditions are satisfied.

No doubt there are many such conditions. Can you describe some of them briefly?

Well, for instance, matter seems unable to manifest any of the characteristics of life except within a narrow temperature range. You don't find life in environments where the thermometer constantly reads above 175°F. or below -90°F. And as for the higher forms of life, you never find them except in an environment that contains water in liquid form as well as an atmosphere containing free oxygen. Just these few essential conditions show that when you look for life in other parts of the universe, you can't expect to verify its existence when the physical conditions are too unlike those we know right on the surface of the earth.

Do scientists have any proof that the necessary conditions for life really exist anywhere outside the earth?

They have no direct proof at all. Let me put it this way. There is no reasonable probability that life can arise or develop anywhere in the cosmos except on planetary bodies that circle around hot stars. Now, although we can see billions of stars, no astronomer has ever seen a planet orbiting around any star except our sun. Our instruments are just not powerful enough as yet. As for our own solar system, there are very solid reasons for asserting that life, as we know it, cannot exist on any planet save the earth. We can make a possible exception for Mars. There are a few probable indications that its physical conditions may allow very low forms of vegetable life to flourish there. We should have a fairly clear answer as soon as our space probes penetrate its atmosphere.

And so, lacking genuine evidence, it would seem that we have nothing more than a probability that life exists in any other part of the universe. Is the probability high?

Today many astronomers and biochemists think the probability is very high, even with regard to rational men like ourselves. Why? Let me summarize the argument in a much oversimplified form. First, according to current astronomical theories, there comes a time in the evolution of many stars when, like the sun, they throw off a family of planets. This makes it seem likely that in the whole observable universe there may be many millions of planets which satisfy the essential conditions for maintaining life, just as the earth does. Secondly, biochemists today feel that wherever the right conditions for life persist over long vistas of time,

life will spring up and differentiate itself into myriad varieties, just as it has on earth.

I find no insurmountable difficulty in this general view, so long as we acknowledge that where life seems to be arising out of the right combinations of materials by mere chance, it is really manifesting and realizing a basic power and thrust that was put into it by God in His design of the world. By His creative power, as we know, God surely gave matter an inward tendency to organize itself. Is it not possible that this tendency includes a thrust toward life also? In that case we would say that life arises as an event in the natural order without the need of a miraculous intervention of God's omnipotence. Thus it would not seem opposed to our faith to theorize that life may arise in many parts of the cosmos in the course of God's ordinary providence and so develop through evolution that, when it is sufficiently organized, God infuses in it an immortal soul and makes it into the creature called man.

Do you think that we will soon have real evidence of any kind regarding life elsewhere in our solar system or in the cosmos at large?

I would not be greatly surprised to see such evidence forthcoming in a very few years. Interplanetary probes may find such evidence within the atmosphere of Mars or Venus in the next five years. Man himself may land on the moon by 1967. In the meantime, there is always the chance that we may uncover undoubted traces of life in some meteorite that falls to earth from the depths of space. Scientists are already checking the claim that bacteria-like particles have been found in a stone that fell from the skies over Kentucky in 1950.

So much for lowly forms of life. As for rational beings like ourselves, there is always the exciting possibility that we may pick up intelligent signals from the cosmos with our big new radio telescopes.

You must be referring to Project Ozma. Isn't that truly a cosmic waste of time and money?

I don't think so. Just suppose that there are planets orbiting some of the nearer stars that are very similar to our sun. Suppose further that life has arisen on one of those planets and developed into rational forms that are our equals or superiors in technology. Then isn't it conceivable that the inhabitants of that planet, just as curious as we are about space, are trying to send out signals via radio and thus find out if they are alone in the cosmos? That was the theory behind Project Ozma. For many hours in 1960, a big radio telescope in West Virginia was beamed at several stars much like the sun. All of them were within a distance of twelve light years and theory indicated that they might have small families of planets. Unfortunately, no intelligent code was readable in all the static Ozma picked up from space. But radio astronomy is still in its infancy. The story may be very different when a big telescope, six hundred feet in diameter, begins to sort out signals from a far greater volume of space than we can penetrate today. Such a big radio dish is being built in West Virginia right now.

I understand that many biologists think that it took life several billion years to develop into its present form on earth. Wouldn't that imply that the universe is very old? For presumably, evolution would be a slow process elsewhere, just as it is here. How old is the universe?

Our own sun seems to be at least five billion years old, and some stars seem to be far older. Galaxies, too, seem to have various ages. As for the observable cosmos, the latest

theories of conservative astronomers use a time-scale that stretches over ten or twelve billion years. Proponents of the so-called "steady state" theory talk about the universe as though it were infinite both in size and duration. This last position, of course, runs into serious philosophical and theological difficulties. On balance, I think, we are not in a position to say anything definite about the age of the universe. Let's say that its duration, like its dimensions, is indefinitely great. And in any event, it is so old that there is ample time for life to have arisen in many parts of it, run through its course of history, and finally disappeared.

If there are rational beings throughout the universe, do you suppose they would look like us?

That's anybody's guess. Some recent speculations encourage the thought that rational creatures on any planetary surface might not look too much different from ourselves. After all, the human body is a pretty efficient biological plan for the achievement of intelligent purposes.

Let me ask a truly theological question about possible men that may inhabit far corners of the cosmos. What would be their relation to Jesus Christ, the Incarnate Word?

Such men would fall under the universal dominion of Christ the King, just as we and even angels do. Beyond that, I would leave speculation to those theologians whose special field of study is the Incarnation. And most of them would regard such speculation as idle, until we have more evidence that there really are men elsewhere. The theology of outer space, or exotheology, as we might term it, is a subject whose implications have not really been explored by hard-headed Catholic theologians.

But surely, if there are other races of men, some of them might have been elevated to grace and never fallen. If our space ships ever land on a world where sin is unknown, would earthmen corrupt such innocent beings?

We could not corrupt them in the moral sense, any more than Satan corrupted Adam and Eve. Our first parents sinned because they wanted to, and so it would be with any innocent beings to whom spacemen from earth became a source of grave temptation. But let us hope that sinful man, in God's providence, is not destined to play the role of the primeval serpent in Edens that are still far beyond our reach.

When you think about man's plunge into space, do you imagine that the conquest of space will proceed so rapidly that man will be able to explore far-off worlds in the foreseeable future?

If our present rate of technological progress continues indefinitely, I think that there is an excellent chance for men to reach the known boundaries of our solar system within a few centuries. As for even the very nearest stars, reaching their neighborhood is a problem of a wholly different magnitude. Thus, for example, Sirius, one of the closest of all stars, is 500,000 times as far away as the sun. It takes even a light ray 8.6 years to cover that distance, and remember that a light ray travels at about 35,000 times the highest speed Yuri Gagarin attained when he orbited the earth.

You grant that we have no genuine evidence for the existence of rational men in other parts of the universe. Isn't it quite possible that we are actually alone amid all the stars? Apart from the persuasive probabilities of our men of

science, is there any reason why you think it likely that there are other rational creatures out in space?

I grant that we may never discover other material beings like the men of earth, and it may be quite true that the whole universe is empty apart from this globe. But in a very personal way, I am inclined to favor the view that rational life is common in the cosmos. After all, God made this gigantic material fabric for His glory, not for His glory as a benefit to be gained by Himself, but as one to be spread abroad, especially among beings capable of knowing and loving Him. We often say that God has shown His beauty and power and goodness everywhere in the world. It strikes me as odd that He should display these attributes so lavishly through unimaginable reaches of space and time, if, at the same moment, the intellectual knowledge and love that alone give meaning to all this splendor are confined to the surface of this tiny globe where self-conscious life arose only with the latest tick of the geological clock. To me, the cosmos looks faceless and puzzling, instead of rich with meaning, if God has stamped His footprints everywhere amid countless stars and galaxies, but has left His image nowhere except on this speck of rock where a few billions of souls feebly mirror forth His wisdom, freedom, and holiness.

What do you think of Colin Clark's idea, expressed in THE SIGN in February, 1960, that "man may be destined to populate the universe"?

Once again, given the rate of technical progress, I would not be surprised to find man exercising real dominion over much of the solar system. His engineering genius may enable him to modify other planets to suit his colonizing needs. Man may even begin to populate giant space ships throughout the solar environment and thus create artificial planets of his own on a large scale. But frankly, when I reflect how far away the stars are, I can imagine no way in which man can advance triumphantly beyond the sun's rather narrow bailiwick. In the estimation of scientists, there is no way in which man can journey even to the nearest stars in a human lifetime, unless we can discover some method of transforming matter to sheer energy on a massive scale and thereby accelerate our space ships to within about 98 per cent of the speed of light. It looks to me that man, despite his ambitions and his triumphs, is forever confined to a narrow region of space. Most of the great universe is forever closed to his personal exploration.

Does the Church have any attitude on man's desire to explore outer space?

The Church has no official attitude on this matter. But I am sure Pope Pius XII tended to look favorably on man's desire to move among the heavenly bodies. Speaking to a congress of "space buffs" in 1956, the late pontiff noted that God, who put in the heart of man an insatiable thirst for knowledge, did not intend to limit man's conquests when he directed him to "subdue the earth." Certainly the pope did not charge man with unseemly daring or arrogance, just because man aspires to the stars. After all, as I hinted at the start, God has spread His truth throughout the physical world. If men of courage and genius leave the earth in order to uncover that truth in spirit of genuine humility, the knowledge that is gained will redound to God's glory in the end.

Space is man's newest and largest frontier. The conquest of that alien environment will prove to be man's greatest adventure. And who knows? The challenge of the unknown may someday lead all men to sing the praises of the Lord as He is made manifest in His handiwork.

The U.S. Food for Peace Program
tries to narrow the gap between abundance
at home and starvation abroad

BY JOHN C. O'BRIEN



To the HUNGRY.

ONE OF THE GLARING PARADOXES of our time is that, while in some areas, notably the United States, more food is produced than can be consumed, in other areas millions of people go to bed hungry every night. While Americans battle against bulging waistlines, children in many other countries die before they are old enough to walk, and those who survive are maimed by rickets and have nothing to look forward to but a grim battle for existence and an early grave.

Even in areas where rice and other staples are grown in sufficient quantities to feed the population, the lack of proteins contributes to low resistance—particularly among children—to simple diseases that seldom are fatal in the United States. In the Congo, for example, an epidemic of chicken pox and measles in a school at Mutato took a frightful toll of lives.

The best-fed regions of the world are the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and Western Europe. The diet in these countries is more than adequate in calories and in protein content. The regions with the most inadequate diets, deficient in both calories and proteins, are Western Asia, Africa, the Far East, including mainland China, and parts of South America. In these areas, the millions at the bottom of the economic scale literally have a struggle to keep alive.

It is the hungry people in these areas that the United States is helping with its Food for Peace program, which, since it began in 1954, has shipped

abroad nearly fourteen billion dollars' worth of food.

What does this huge sum of money mean? Take the Puno region of Peru as an example. There, 30,000 school children, most of whom had never previously known a full meal every day, are receiving hot lunches through the Food for Peace program. Every month, the United States ships 184 tons of bread, flour, corn meal, shortening, and powdered milk to this poverty-stricken area to be distributed among the schools by Maryknoll missionaries, who have been designated by the Peruvian government to supervise the program.

The Kennedy Administration, emphasizing that sharing our abundance with the world's hungry people is a humanitarian duty, stepped up the program; Congress authorized an additional two billion dollars' worth of food for this year's program. As President Kennedy said in his inaugural address: we have pledged our best efforts to help the people in the huts and villages of half the globe to break the bonds of mass misery "not because the Communists may be doing it, not because we seek their votes, but because it is right."

It should be noted, however, that it was not until our crop surpluses became embarrassing that the idea of sharing our abundance with less fortunate people was conceived. The original purpose of the sharing program was mainly to get rid of a part of the surplus commodities in our bulging storehouses.

In almost every year of the past decade, American farm production has

increased and the percentage of the output that we could not consume or sell for dollars abroad has mounted. In 1952, surplus production was 6.3 per cent of the total; by 1959, it was 11 per cent. To keep the surplus off the market, the government, through the Commodity Credit Corporation (CCC), had to buy it up and store it. As the years passed, the cost of doing this rose to a fantastic figure—eight and a half billion dollars.

Faced with the alternative of building new storehouses and tying up additional millions of dollars or sharing the surplus with the world's hungry millions, Congress decided in favor of the latter course.

Although the primary aim of the Food for Peace program is now to relieve hunger, the food surplus program is also used as an instrument of foreign policy, to generate good will toward the United States in areas where the Communists are trying to exert influence.

"American agricultural abundance offers a great opportunity for the United States to promote the interests of peace in a significant way and to play an important role in helping to provide a more adequate diet for peoples around the world," President Kennedy wrote in a memorandum to the heads of the executive agencies. "We must make the most vigorous and constructive use possible of this opportunity. We must narrow the gap between abundance here at home and near starvation abroad."



Workers in Tunisia receive payment for their work in bags of wheat shipped by U.S. Arabic inscription on bags reads: "A gift of the American people"

U. S. Food For Peace

In the early years of the food-sharing program, shipments from the United States were unmarked and beneficiaries were left in the dark as to the identity of their benefactor. A few of the local governments took advantage of this opening to sell American food to their people at exorbitant prices. Today, every shipment is clearly marked, "Gift of the United States," and to make sure that the food gets into the hands of the people who need it most, supervision is entrusted to American relief agencies.

One of the largest of these is the Catholic Relief Services—National Catholic Welfare Conference. Others are Caritas, Care, American Friends Service Committee, the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, Church World Service, the American Red Cross, and the like.

Among African tribes, the starving masses of India, and other recipients of the American surpluses, even the metal containers are preserved and used as cooking utensils. Workers in the field report that a common sight is a meal of rice being boiled in a gallon container bearing the stamp "Gift of the United States."

To make sure that in the future emphasis would be shifted from mere surplus disposal to helping underdeveloped countries feed themselves, President Kennedy created a Food for Peace Administration to plan and execute the food-sharing program. As director, he named George McGovern, a former Congressman from North Dakota.

Under McGovern, the program has

been thrown into high gear. From January 20 to May 1, approximately three million tons of surplus agricultural commodities have been shipped abroad. Twenty-eight agreements with eighteen countries for participation in the program have been negotiated.

Instead of waiting for the governments of underdeveloped countries to seek American surplus foods, McGovern is sending out missions to find out where the food is most needed and what kind of relief program is best suited to local needs. He himself, along with Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., a special assistant to the President, visited South America early in the spring.

In BOLIVIA, McGovern saw an urgent need for school lunches for the children of unemployed miners and for supplementing the diet of workers on public projects. In northeastern Brazil, an area where Communist agitators are extremely active, he found "stark evidence of hunger—boys and girls, men and women near starvation." An emergency shipment of 30,000 tons of wheat was arranged for this area.

In a score of other countries in Africa and Asia, the story is the same. Millions go to bed hungry in India, Pakistan, Korea, Vietnam, Egypt, Morocco, Dahomey, Eritrea, Indonesia, Kenya, Tanganyika, Yemen, Jordan, and Libya, to mention but a few of the areas receiving or scheduled to receive American food. Crop failures, droughts, and floods are often responsible for famine in these countries

For the next twelve months, the Food for Peace Administration has scheduled two and a half billion pounds of emergency food grants to be distributed by American voluntary agencies among some fifty million persons in ninety-three countries and territories. The shipments will include non-fat dried milk, fats and oils, flour, corn meal, wheat, and corn.

Food grants also are made to encourage economic development in countries short of local currencies, such as Tunisia, Korea, and Afghanistan. The most comprehensive of such programs is that carried out in Tunisia. In that country, half the wages of some 120,000 workers employed on a variety of projects, such as small dams, canals, roads, soil conservation, reclamation and reforestation, is in the form of food provided by the United States.

Not all the food sent abroad is an outright gift. Some underdeveloped countries, while they lack dollars, are able and willing to pay for food in their own currencies. Countries which do pay in local currencies, however, are encouraged by the United States to borrow back the money at low interest rates so that they may use the money to develop their own industries and improve their agriculture. The credits are extended for long terms and in some instances they may never be repaid.

JOHN C. O'BRIEN is head of the Washington Bureau of the Philadelphia Inquirer.



In front of St. John's daring new church: Robert Gavin, student president; Msgr. William Renner, rector, diocesan seminary; Father Godfrey Diekmann, O.S.B., editor, *Worship*; Father Arno Gustin, O.S.B., St. John's president; Abbot Baldwin Dworschak, O.S.B., chancellor; Dr. Edward Henry, assistant to president

Between
eight
has b
Bene
rangl
wood
world
of C
"com
Ye
these
Bene
speci
"The
the
is str
colle
Co
but t
of fi
ther
play
in an
in th
cent
litur
tion
ador
scen
desig
exec
gran
T
men
Som
resid
grad
facu
In s
grad

St. John's: midwest campus for the whole man

BY EDWARD WAKIN

Between the Sagatagan and the Watab, two obscure lakes eighty miles northwest of Minneapolis, a very special college has been huddled for a hundred years against the side of a Benedictine monastery. Grouped around the Main Quadrangle, as if Indians were still in the surrounding 2,000 wooded acres, are the largest Benedictine monastery in the world, probably the country's most revolutionary example of Catholic church architecture, and one of America's most "completely-on-campus" boarding colleges.

Yet at St. John's University in Collegeville, Minnesota, these are shocking superlatives, for nothing can make a Benedictine frown faster than a reference to St. John's as a special place. As the leading historian on campus noted: "The Benedictines shrink from institutional pride." While the monks are imbued with this spirit of humility, which is stressed to the "twelfth degree" in St. Benedict's Rule, the college students, lay faculty, and alumni can't be restrained.

Certainly, there are other first-rate, liberal arts colleges, but few, if any, where life is lived so whole, from the aroma of freshly-baked monastery bread seeping into a class on thermodynamics or Dante to the family style of learning, playing, and worshipping. Isolated, self-contained, situated in an area with the largest proportion of practicing Catholics in the country, St. John's is ruled by a tradition fourteen centuries old and dominated by the spirit of the Catholic liturgy. Each St. John's day is marked off by group participation in the liturgy, each season enriched by its liturgical adornment. Nevertheless, the mood is not medieval, for the scene at St. John's is dominated by a daring new church designed by Marcel Breuer, the world-famous architect who executed the UNESCO building at Paris. It is a reminder in granite that the accent is modern at St. John's.

The Johnnies, as the students are called, tend to accept membership in the St. John's family as a lifetime affair. Some never leave this home. Arriving as students in the residential prep school, they go on to the college, leave for graduate study, and then eagerly accept a chance to join the faculty, frequently at less salary than they can get elsewhere. In some instances, the college pays the way of a promising graduate at Yale or Harvard so he can come back to teach

with a prestigious Ph.D. About half the lay faculty of thirty-five are St. John's products, though even the outsiders become so thoroughly converted that it is difficult to tell them apart.

The Benedictines, of course, are the main source of continuity. The overwhelming majority of the seventy-five Benedictine Fathers on the faculty are St. John's graduates. The abbot of the monastery entered as a prep-school freshman; the president, a North Dakota farm boy, started in the college. Father Walter Reger, the alumni secretary often called "Mr. St. John's," has been there since 1908.

The all-male family at St. John's includes 1300 college students who live on campus, except for 140 day students residing within twenty-five miles. Also living in are 169 seminarians at the School of Divinity and 320 prep-school students. The abbey's ninety Benedictine priests in residence are part of a total monastery membership of 254 priests, 57 clerics, and 61 Brothers. The absent members are on assignment in parish churches or in missions in Mexico, Puerto Rico, Kentucky, the Bahamas, and Japan.

No doubt, St. John's has its prodigal sons, but its typical product is a citizen with a sense of social responsibility and a strong commitment to the Catholic Church that are shaped by the sense of belonging achieved at St. John's. After leaving a college where his life has been so unified and where he has counted as an individual, a Johnny has the community habit; he relates easily to his community and to his parish, though he is more doer than joiner, more likely to set an example than beat a drum. While the St. John's man is not likely to become rich or famous, one example does personify the St. John's type nationally. He is Eugene McCarthy, former faculty member and now the Democratic senator from Minnesota who projects an image of intelligence, idealism, and social responsibility. (Though, of course, many faculty members and students would disagree with him politically.)

In reflecting on the special quality of St. John's, Professor William L. Cofell, who has specialized in education and psychology and is close to the students as both teacher and counselor, notes: "Speaking from experience, the one very noticeable thing that is learned during an educational experience at a Benedictine institution is the development within oneself of a love and respect for fellow men."

The Benedictines consciously set the style. They offer education with a very personal touch, standing side by side with the students but avoiding the impression that they are always looking over their shoulders. At St. John's, the prefect

This is the second in a series examining Catholic higher education in the United States. The next article, on St. Louis University, will be published in February. EDWARD WAKIN, author of the series, is assistant professor of Communication Arts at Fordham University, New York.



The spirit of the Catholic liturgy dominates the campus life at St. John's

is a Benedictine Everyman—priest, monk, friend, adviser, a living example, a teacher, and a taskmaster—and the embodiment of the St. John's approach. From the prefect's room on every dormitory floor emanates the campus spirit; between one monk and fifty to a hundred students in his charge, a unique personal relationship develops from partnership in the dual Benedictine theme of Worship and Work. To devote himself to this partnership, the monk-prefect is freed from some duties so that he shares his life with the students, from bowling on their team in the intramural league to leading them in Compline at the end of the day. At those crucial periods during the school year when students receive their academic grades, they receive them personally from the hand of their prefect.

For at least two reasons, living with a monastic prefect requires a considerable adjustment for many St. John's students. About 45 per cent come from secular schools where they had no contact with religious; even for the others, living with monks is a far cry from being taught by nuns or Brothers. For students coming from mother-dominated homes where the father is diverted from family life by the pressures of earning a living, the adjustment has an additional dimension. One student advisor commented: "For possibly 30 to 40 per cent of the students, the prefect provides the first consistent contact with male authority; the prefect assumes a father role."

Besides his prefect, each student has a personal advisor from the lay or religious faculty. Also available are the chaplains, Dean, the Dean of Men, professional counselors on campus, and any faculty member at almost any time at all. From intramural sports to participation in the liturgy, the St. John's life is enclosed by the family partnership. Just as students have both spiritual and intellectual guidance at their doorstep, they are likely to play tennis with a Benedictine, cheer him on in the bowling league, or sit next to him



A respect for fellow men is fostered by friendship of Benedictines and Johnnies

in the university orchestra. At one orchestra rehearsal, two Benedictines were found among the first violins, three among the violas, one on the flute, while lay faculty members turned up on the bassoon and the horn. A seminarian was puffing on the oboe as a prep-school student created a fuss in percussion.

It's inevitable that the campus atmosphere is casual, Mid-western, and rural. One professor pointed to a dent in his rear fender and said: "Deer!" He was referring to the deer that roam the state reserve surrounding the campus; recently, when the students went on a deer-counting march through the woods, about 125 neighboring deer were counted. Until 1958, St. John's had its own herd of cattle, but the business office pointed to the red ink on the ledger and the aesthetes held their noses; finally, they were auctioned off. The barn is now a stained-glass workshop, but there are traditionalists who bemoan the loss of the herd, because it is not like St. John's to worry either about money or the smell of the farm. For the students, the simple life means hitchhiking to town for a night out, cars being limited by school regulations to second-semester juniors, who also must be on the honor roll, and seniors.

Well over half the college students come from Minnesota, fully in the tradition of a school chartered March 6, 1857, so "that the youths of this new but flourishing territory be not only instructed in the elementary sciences, but, moreover, be educated in sound moral principles." Now that St. John's reputation reaches far from the shores of the Sagatagan, the students come from about thirty states and a variety of foreign places, like Germany, Chile, Hungary, Israel, Puerto Rico, Peru, and the Netherlands Antilles.

As might be expected, even the admissions procedure has an individual touch. Some way is usually found to accommodate a deserving applicant with money problems or to accept the son of a faithful alumnus, though his marks



St. John's is more than a place to go to college; it's joining a new family with strong ties

could be better. About one out of three students gets financial assistance from the college.

An estimated 35 per cent of the student body would be able to get into any college in the country, while most are conscientious, average students. Of those who flunk out, practically all suffer from lack of motivation rather than ability, a study by the college showed. If a high-school graduate finishes in the top 50 per cent of his high-school class and works hard in college, he is regarded as likely to survive academically.

To offer additional stimulation for superior students, St. John's added, three years ago, an honors program to supplement the regular curriculum. Beginning with sophomore year, specially selected students do extra reading, take part in seminars, and, in their senior year, prepare and defend an honors thesis. The range of authors covered in this program includes John Dewey and St. Thomas, Riesman, Veblen, and Lippmann, as well as Dostoyevsky, Dante, Koestler, Toynbee, and St. Augustine.

For the average student, adjustment to the self-contained life at St. John's and performance up to its academic standards take their toll, especially during freshman year. One hundred of the 385 freshmen who entered in September, 1959, were gone by the following September. Twenty-four flunked out; the rest dropped out. The 297 sophomores of that September dropped to 230 by junior year; the 224 juniors became 200 seniors. One student advisor noted that some were pre-professional students leaving for professional training, but two predominating factors were undoubtedly at work: the St. John's family requires affection shared voluntarily by its students, and the St. John's college demands academic performance. Those who graduate merge successfully the stress on belonging and the demands of scholastic achievement. The result is a St. John's man.

The quality of education is reflected in a study of the

1955, 1956, and 1957 graduates by the sociology department. Forty-five per cent went to graduate school, and if the seminarians are included, the total is 63 per cent. An informal report on the football team, an unlikely incubator for graduate students, shows that seven of the eleven starters in 1959 went to graduate school. (One faculty rooter said of football, the No. 1 sport: "Sure, the school is out to get good players, if they are model young men, honor students, sons of alumni, and, incidentally, know how to tackle.")

Of the college majors ranging from philosophy, history, and English through the natural and social sciences to fine arts, the most popular is economics or its variation, economics and business. Father Martin Schirber, head of the economics department and a Harvard Ph.D., makes it clear that the school's liberal arts emphasis is not strained to a breaking point by training young men for the business world. Some of his students are aiming at research and graduate skill, others at a post-college job, and his department, in characteristic St. John's style, "has taken a special interest in equipping the student for intelligent participation in the political, cultural, and economic life of his community."

Within their own college careers, the current seniors have seen many signs of change. The honor system has been dropped, ending student courts for penalizing infractions of the rules. The family style of eating at tables served by waiters has been replaced by the cafeteria line. Under the pressure of administrative duties, the abbot had to relinquish his position as college president, becoming chancellor in 1958, and a full time president was appointed.

The abbot, who looks back with nostalgia upon his days as a prefect with only thirty-five students on his dormitory floor, is determined to maintain the personal touch. "The students come to know how we have put the worship of God first. They actually see us leave off our work and go to

(Continued on page 79)

Look to the Stars ★ a cluster of Christmas poems

A CHANT FOR ADVENT

In a loneliness of purple cloaks,
and slow white woolen days,
beneath the slanted brittle slate
of cold unworthy roofs,
we wait for You.

In the yellow flicker of the smoking
grottoes, in the awed faces
of the dumbstruck images, rigid
in the stable straw,
we look for You,

until the night of Your soft coming,
when You blaze again
in the green gold branches, igniting
the dryness of our adoration,
to light our year.

JAMES BONK

RECIPROCALS: AT CHRISTMAS

Pajama clad, they file in,
bearing their gifts like magi
(names beyond my wit).
Their "frankincense" and "myrrh," in Hallmark
chrysalis, are tagged in gold:
"To Grandpa from us three."

And palsied fingers solve the clever twists
of string and bring to light: wool-lined boots
soft like the ears of sheep;
a walnut cane without the shepherd's crook;
a meerschaum pipe intent to wreathe
his sanctum with a cloud akin
to breath of oxen in the gusty stalls.
Though his open lips are mute,
most eloquent is the bedtime snack—
quaint stars of marzipan and Wrigley sticks.
With thanks like these, they slipper off
each to his bed, evading ban
on crumbs in sheets and gum in hair,
from Mother on the stair.

While midnight ravel, memories dip
low into eighty years of faith and love
and hope, mature in reciprocity.

Three facets click
(graphic as yuletide cards)
a roguish pre-school lad
beneath a family-candled pine:
he hooks upon the Mother's arm
a cane of candy peppermint;
and in St. Joseph's hand entrusts
a pipe for blowing bubbles;
the knitted moccasin, now limp,
he tucks about the Child in straw . . .

Outside the flakes, gifting the firs,
look to the stars. They glow with glory.

SISTER MARY HONORA, O.S.F.

CHRISTMAS OF A DEPORTEE

Christmas again. Once again, far from home,
By alien wastes of ice surrounded.
There, at my church, the bells ring out—
Bells for the Christmas morning Mass.

And soon, figures from near and far
Will dot the homeland roads.
Luminous, crystalline, a carol
Soars through distance to pierce my heart.

I wade through snow, walk to my dream
(The bells, the candlelight and Matins):
"Do not move! Halt!" The sentries shout.
I wake: again, barbed wire and guns.

And slowly, slowly, I turn back.
I find the work-camp white with frost.
Gray silences enshroud the barracks.
I kneel on the snow and cross myself.

And I pray, pray for all, and each
Who suffers and must die homeless.
O Man, find new birth and new light!
And find rebirth, O land, land of my own!

(From an anthology of Lithuanian poems from behind the Iron Curtain. The anonymous author is a labor camp inmate in Siberia.)

HUMANITY REGAINED

Keats saw eternity upon a vase
But I must analyze its shred;
The hero falters in the race,
His golden countenance is dead.
Flaked from each colonnaded tier
All intellectual veneer,
And Venus, too, is limited
Without a head.

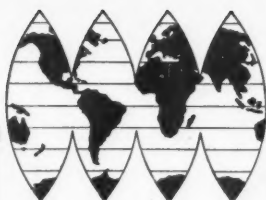
Beyond the accidental beauty of our sin
(As from dismembered heart and brain
Fluorescent fern pokes out again)
The wound itself shall predicate a gain
Beyond unburdened and subjective vein,
For hope lifts up an empty stem
Into the green and supernatural rain.

Thus do the spirit's powers return
As dancers drop in place—
Blest wings at rest.
Intelligence transfixed in grace
Holds silken temples in a close embrace
And sends the throb of peace through us at last.

Come forth, Beloved of God, most Beautiful One,
In Thee, the Bethlehem of all creation,
Our wooden bodies live within Thy Body's plan
And minds of straw shine adoration.

SISTER MARY AGNES, O.P.

CURRENT FACT & COMMENT



BOMB PROTEST. Holding black flag of mourning, a Norwegian mother stands outside Soviet embassy to protest atom bomb testing. The Vatican radio said that such a test "shows the true face of communism—a face without the light of love and reflecting the tension of hatred"

Between Peace and War

"Between peace and war," remarked Pope John last September, "are entwined the anguish and the hopes of the world, the anxieties and the joys of individual and social life." Though fully aware that a chance spark struck at Brandenburg Gate might simultaneously ignite the multi-megaton bombs of Soviet Russia and the United States and fuse the whole world in one horrible holocaust, yet His Holiness calmly continued: "By the mercy of God, we are persuaded that up until the present time there is no serious threat of either immediate or remote war."

In directing our attention to "the mercy of God," Pope John sets the whole problem of human survival in proper perspective. We deplore the lack of this perspective, quite common among Western leaders when they discuss the deepest questions of man's destiny. Western statesmen, in their public utterances, seem to view the problem of survival as if God did not exist. Why such strange silence on the part of many men of deep, Christian conviction? Is it subservience to the sensibilities of our atheistic countrymen? Or unreasonable fear that their words will fail to get on the wave length of materialistic masses? Or is it because they have lost sight of the Christian view of history?

The Christian view of history is realistic and optimistic. Christians, like everyone else, stand in awe at the destructive terror of megaton bombs. The whole history of the Church teaches us how God, at times, permits terrible persecutions by tyrants drunk with their own egoism. We have a healthy respect for the wide orbit of freedom of action which God allows to men, even when they abuse their gift of freedom.

But if abuse of freedom is our shame, proper use of freedom is our glory. Made in God's image, we are asked to be co-workers with God in bringing the universe to completion. The sublime meaning of God's mandate to men to "rule and subdue the earth" has never been more vividly shown than in the fabulous achievements of modern science and technology. The magic of modern chemistry and nuclear physics accent the fact that men, too, are creators.

But our use of freedom is still subject to divine control. To keep intact the everlasting line of division between heaven and hell, God rewards our good actions and punishes our evil deeds. Just as our government places a built-in mechanism of self-destruction into the powerful missiles in case they go astray, so God has placed a built-in mechanism of self destruction in all our evil deeds. The debt of our evil accumulates, and periodically God "balances the books." Then we have a divine judgment in history. Such is the present moment.

But God's power remains over all. His goodness and wisdom measure the evil, and He never permits any evil except in view of a greater good. So no matter how much our backsliding, no matter how many Neros and Attilas, Hitlers and Khrushchevs arise as "scourges of God," the Christian knows that God will have His way in the end.

Optimism of the Pope

In these days of anxiety, when crisis piles on crisis, we could all learn a lesson from the popes. They head up the largest and greatest institution in the world. The Church they guide has been through two thousand years of history. The children of the Church have lived under every conceivable kind of ruler and government and learned to survive every kind of social situation. The popes are accustomed to gazing on the human condition in the light of eternity, with the wisdom of Christ tempered by the experiences of ages. We could all learn a lesson from their deep faith in mankind's glorious destiny and from their steadying calm amidst turbulent seas of social upheaval.

Pope Pius XII ruled the Church for twenty years, during the hot war of World War II and during many years of the deadly Cold War. During that time, he delivered 2,300 addresses, an average of one every three days. His intense preoccupation was to show modern men the relevance of God to man and man to God—and to point out clearly the way the Church was to follow in the new age of mankind now opening up. He was fascinated by modern science and technology. He saw in this development a tremendous gift of God, with new powers and energies given to men to war against disease, poverty, slavery, ignorance, and moral evil. And a year before he died, he addressed an enthusiastic crowd of 100,000 young men and women in Saint Peter's square. He told them a thousand errors had already been punished—we were now coming forth from a hard winter of suffering, and a more benign springtime of human achievement was dawning—that even now God was preparing for mankind a brilliant summer of well-being, with greater leisure for spiritual and cultural achievement.

Good Pope John is equally optimistic. His deep, steady confidence in mankind's future is shown by the way he is pushing the monumental work of issuing a new Code of Canon Law to govern the world-wide organization of a half billion Catholics in the new age. It is shown in the energetic way he is preparing for a general Church Council to promote Christian unity and to increase the efficiency and vitality of the Church in this new age. It is shown in the practical social encyclical, *Christianity and Social Progress*, which he issued last July to give mankind a basic blueprint for social progress with freedom and justice to all. And the effect of all this papal activity is graphically seen in the steady rise of an ever-increasing, well-informed, dedicated Catholic laity, capable of extending the redeeming mission of Jesus Christ to the entire world.

If we live in an age of terrifying destruction, we also live in an age of magnificent creation. Not gloom, but hope and love for high adventure should be our dominant mood.

"The Sign" Cover Picture

On the cover of this issue of *THE SIGN* we have reproduced a favorite painting of many art lovers. It is the work of a seventeenth-century painter, Gerard Van Honthorst, dean of the painters' guild at Utrecht. He spent some time in Italy and was much influenced by the Italian painter Caravaggio. Because of his preference for painting night scenes, he was nicknamed "Gerard of the Nights" (Gerardo dalle Notti). In the painting we have reproduced, he has beautifully captured the meaning of the first Holy Night.

The painting provides good food for meditation for all of us today. In a paradoxical era that constantly speaks of "the dignity of man" and yet is noted for its irreverence (One American newspaper headlined the birth of Princess Margaret's son: "Jones boy and Meg doing well."), con-

templation of the scenes depicting the birth of Christ can help restore our sense of wonderment: for the dignity of motherhood, the joyous gift of life, the innocence of childhood, the beauty of simplicity; for the incomparable gift of God in the Incarnation and the eternal blessing God has thereby placed on everything truly human. Whenever we find ourselves getting into a mental rut, there's nothing like going back to the source of life and love to recapture our sense of wonderment and inspiration.

Repentance Befits Americans

The American people were justly irritated when the armies of the Kaiser invoked a special divine protection for their side in World War I. At a recent meeting of the Catholic Association for International Peace, a prominent Protestant theologian warned us of a similar error. Dr. John C. Bennett noted that the fact that we are fighting godless communism does not automatically sanction all our actions and policies.

In the Old Testament readings in the Lenten Masses, we are reminded again and again that God is not inclined to take notice of our prayer and sacrifice, if at the same time we continue to violate His law. Prayer is not a superstitious act, working in an automatic fashion. Its value is conditioned upon our sincerity and love in approaching God.

We do not have to accept the idea that the scourge of communism is exclusively a visitation of divine judgment upon Christians for their failure to do justice and love their neighbor. Yet, in many nominally Catholic countries, communism is thriving upon social injustice. There are areas in which the practice of Catholics is far removed from the standards of *Rerum Novarum*, even further removed from the more exacting demands of *Christianity and Social Progress* (*Mater et Magistra*). Before we point the finger of condemnation at others, we might do well to examine our own consciences.

A number of disturbing points can be noted in our own nation. Most important of these is the apparent increase of hatred in our midst, to the detriment of both Christian charity and national unity. There is hatred in the groups that preach suspicion and dissension in the name of anti-communism. By equating social reform with socialism and socialism with communism, they condemn millions of Americans as "Comsymps." Political and economic differences are equated with treason.

There is hatred in the vicious reactions to the effort of the Negro to obtain justice and equality in our nation. Economic boycotts and even murder have been visited upon those who sought to exercise voting rights. Hatred has been poured upon little children going to unsegregated schools. Those who seek homes in good neighborhoods have suffered mob violence.

The rise of crime and disorder has been accompanied by hatred. Teen-age groups have set upon policemen and turned whole resort cities into battlegrounds. We do not have the space here to note the causes of this growing trend. But certainly it does not show a society that can claim it is doing the work of God at all times.

The wave of sensuality and pornography in our publications and entertainment presentations is more reminiscent of pagan Rome than of a Christian culture. The moral decay that this implies is many times more dangerous than any degree of Communist subversion here.

Our churches and synagogues have heeded the President's call for prayer for peace. Should they not also be warning the nation, in tones of the ancient prophets, that true repentance must accompany worthy prayer?



HISTORIC FIRST. President Kennedy is awarded the Grand Cross and Insignia of the Order of the Holy Sepulcher. It is highest decoration of Greek Orthodox Church and one of oldest religious decorations in the world. He is first U.S. president and first Roman Catholic to get it



AMERICAN HELP. Maryknoll Father McLellan (left) knows million dollar loan from Inter-American Development Bank to Central Credit Union of Peru will help his people there



RUSSIAN TALK. Russia's Semyon Tsarapkin rages in UN when UN committee passed "solemn appeal" against Russian nuclear blast. Reason lost out; bomb went off

NEW RETREAT. Unusual twist for Spanish-speaking people on retreat is "Los Cursillos de Cristiandad." Ten or fifteen conferences are given by laymen. The movement started in Texas and has been very successful. Here, Leo Aponte lectures at retreat in Cleveland





ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO



TO DAVID

BY MELLE MCWHIRTER

AT LAST I FOUND THE PERFECT CHRISTMAS GIFT TO GIVE MY LOVE

Today, the spirit of Christmas returned to the big, old-fashioned home on Walnut Street. It came not in the grand manner, as I had expected it would, now that we have the crystal chandelier in the hallway, the new, red carpeting sweeping up the stairs, the silk drapes whispering against the dormer windows. It appeared simply in the dusty attic, in the guise of faded red letters on gold paper, there in the long-forgotten box of Christmas decorations. Decorations too out-

moded, too worn to use now on the ten-foot, silver tree in the sun room.

At first, I could not remember how long it had been—five years? six?—since the box of red paper bells and the twisted strings of tinsel had been shoved back behind the steamer trunk, to be replaced by the blinking, blue lights, the giant, silver ornaments. But today, I went up into the attic and discovered the crushed cardboard box, and, kneeling beside it, I opened it. And suddenly, it was as if the ghost of earlier Christmases returned, reminding me of that old saying: *Better be careful what you wish for, you might get it.*

Today, I remembered that first year, that first Christmas I had stood in this house with its high-ceilinged rooms, empty of everything but echoes, its bare floors scarred by the removal of family antiques, and I had said to David, "I wonder how it would feel to know that your loved one has everything!"

He had taken my face in his hands and smiled at me, but the shadows of strain and fatigue were dark beneath his eyes. "I wonder, too," he said. "I often wonder."

"Well, I wish I could know," I said, touching his dark hair, noticing that the frayed collar of his shirt should be turned. "Just once, I wish I could know how it feels!"

THAT was in the beginning, fourteen years ago, when David and I had nothing except the big, mortgaged house, the happiness of our new, gold wedding bands. That was the year I came here, the third generation of Stevenson women to live with her husband in the house set back from the traffic on Walnut Street.

The traffic has changed now, having been diverted by the freeway, and most of our friends have moved out to Sutter Heights, into those modern split-levels with the sweeping view of the growing city. But we have stayed on, David, the two boys, and I, restoring the house to its original charm. And now that the December snow has fallen, our house is like a Christmas card come to life.

The peaked roof is covered with a deep, sugary crust, the long, brick walk is iced with white crystals that crunch beneath the feet, and the wide, front porch has an ornate wood railing, brown as gingerbread.

And yet, today, I stood on the front porch and felt a kind of numbness that was not due to the cold. I felt a kind of lethargy toward the day which once was full of excitement and closeness between David and me. We are like people who have finally arrived at their destination, only to discover that something precious has been left behind.

The feeling began this morning with the arrival of the postman. I was standing, shivering, on the porch, when I saw him coming up the walk.

I had rushed out to call to David that this was absolutely the last time I'd ask him to bring home the list of names he wanted cards sent to. He pulled open the garage door and nodded to me, not smiling, as if his thoughts were already on work to be done at the office. I pulled my cardigan tighter around me and watched David back from the driveway, heard the tire chains grind against the snow. The children were coming out from the back yard, pulling their sleds, and I called to them to please put their caps on. But they ran on, bareheaded, laughing, through the falling snow, for they were warm with the thought of Christmas, wrapped with the promise of surprise. *Christmas is for children*, I thought, and then I took the mail and returned to the warmth of the hallway.

There were a stack of Christmas cards, three invitations to parties, which I tossed on the hall table; I finally opened what was obviously an ad.

It was one of those ads which begin, "Suggestions for the person who has everything!" and there was a list of such things as mink tooth brushes and jeweled can openers and trick ice cubes with flies inside. I put the ad into the pocket of my skirt, thinking that I might shop for some of these items, that here I might find something that would give David a laugh or a smile that would spread from his wide mouth into the deep blue of his eyes. For now he has all the things I once wished for him. Now he is a well-known architect; the new bank building is his own design. His dresser is filled with immaculate shirts and wool socks, and in his closet is the leather golf bag for the clubs he rarely has time to use. In his home is a woman who lacks for none of the necessities of life, except the urgency of his kiss.

But I'd promised the children I would search out the Christmas decorations and have them ready for the tree. So I climbed the stairs, went up into the attic and began my annual search.

One day, I'm going to write **CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS** on the big, cardboard box and put it in one specific place and chalk arrows along the eaves, pointing the way. But today, I pushed aside the steamer trunk, knocked over the old floor lamp, dug through boxes of photographs, and finally lifted a box that rattled slightly with the sound of broken glass, and I thought at last I had found it.

I dragged the box over to the window and knelt beside it, untying the string,

planning to lift out the blue lights, the silver ornaments, the sequined angel.

But when I opened the box, they were not there. Instead, there were two holly wreaths, dried and shattered, the twisted tinsel, the paper bells, folded flat, which, when opened out, became red, honey-combed decorations once hung from the window shades. Mementoes of Christmases gone by, sentimental as love letters, and at first I thought I must have come across something that once belonged to David's parents. Then I picked up a stack of Christmas mail, slightly yellowed and held together by a rubber band, and there on the top was a card that said "Merry Christmas, 1946." I realized that this was our mail, David's and mine, received during the Christmas season of our first year of marriage. I remembered now having put the cards there, planning to paste them on gift wrappings. Then I remembered that invitation to the surprise party at the Loring's, and I began thumbing rapidly through the cards.

And there it was. The square of gold paper and the red letters, faded now, but the poem, which once I knew by heart, was still visible.

A birthday in December
Is the hardest to remember.
So Friday night there'll be a surprise,
Let your gift be one that pin money buys.

Sue and Hal Loring, 7 P.M.

I HELD the paper in my hands, reading it again, remembering that party, that Christmas surprise, which David and I had promised ourselves never to forget. And then I leaned my back against the rough wall of the attic, and the snow fell against the diamond-paned window, shutting out the rest of the world. I no longer thought of looking for the decorations of this Christmas to come, but of looking back at one December night long past.

It was a cold, bitter winter in Huntsville, that year of 1946. Early in November, the oak trees were jeweled with ice, and snow drifts blew up against the porch of the big house. The water pipes were threatened by freezing temperature, and we nursed their naked elbows with wrappings of newspapers tied with strips of blankets.

This was the house in which David was born and, now that his parents were gone, it was our home. It still showed signs of early grandeur, with its dormer windows, its front door with the stained glass and the round, metal doorbell turned by a hand-crank. Though I never met David's parents, I could sense that they were proud people. I could understand their pain when David's father's

health failed, and then his business failed, and finally he laid down in the four-poster bed and never got up. His mother lived on a few years, mortgaging the house, selling her antiques one by one to pay off creditors, and finally joining her husband.

David was working his way through his senior year at the university, where we met and married and then returned to the mortgaged house in Huntsville. It was empty now, except for the downstairs bedroom, where the four-poster, the marble-topped dresser, the black rocker were still intact. And, as if his mother had known I would come some day, she had hung a sampler there, made in her neat cross-stitches: "May All Who Come Unto My Door, Sweet Welcome Find And Peace of Mind."

I had come here in September, and few brides ever had such a large kitchen in which to learn the scent of burning toast, the sizzle of a coffee pot boiling over. David began his work in the firm of architects, where he drew up the designs made by more experienced men, but it was a start, and it kept the house in the Stevenson name.

We were frequently invited to the homes of David's friends, but we rarely accepted. They belonged to what's known as the "leading families" in Huntsville, and we were a family in arrears. Since we could not repay their hospitality, we were too proud to accept any. We used such limp excuses as, "If only David didn't have to work so late . . ." or "As soon as our new furniture arrives and we can have you over . . ."

We contented ourselves with staying home, reading in the evenings beside the wood stove and making ice cream out of freshly fallen snow with a sprinkling of sugar and vanilla. And at first it didn't matter, for we were in love, and I could have walked with David across wooded hills and gathered berries and been nourished.

But then the Christmas season approached, and the stores displayed the joys of giving, and our mail brought an invitation to that surprise party at the Lorings'.

The morning had begun as most of our mornings did.

David got out of bed early, went to the kitchen, and started the fire in the wood stove. I moved over to his side, trying to keep his place in bed warm until he returned to wait while the kitchen heated up. He set the coffee pot on to boil and then dashed out to the front porch to bring in the milk. The milk was always frozen, protruding from the neck of the glass bottle, like a luscious, creamy popsicle. And though our bedroom was a high-ceilinged ice-



box, I sat up in bed, pulling the quilts around my shoulders, and ate the frozen cream my love brought in to me.

"You're a pampered woman," David grinned, his warm breath turning to fog as he spoke. "Ice cream in bed!" And then, laughing, he leaped into bed beside me, putting his cold feet against mine. "But you're my woman."

I finished the cream and slid back down between the cold sheets, where we waited until we could smell the coffee perking. Finally, David said, "Ready now? One . . . two . . . three . . ." and we threw back the covers, grabbed our flannel robes, and dashed through the hall toward the warmth of the kitchen.

We were finishing our second cup of coffee that morning, when we heard the whirring sound of the doorbell.

"Must be the postman," David said. Our town was still small enough that the postman kept up his habit of cranking the doorbell as he delivered our mail.

"This early?" I said.

"Probably," he said. "Early deliveries with the extra mail for—for Christmas."

He said the word Christmas very softly and took a gulp of coffee, as if to wash away the sound of it.

Now David set his cup down, and I noticed the leanness of his wrist, the unsteadiness of his long, slim fingers.

"I'll get suited up," he said, pulling his robe around him, "and make a run for the mail."

He returned quickly, kissed my face, said "Miss me?" and handed me a stack of cards stamped with Christmas seals. We sat at the table, reading them aloud, saving the prettiest envelope 'til last. The gold paper with the address written in red letters.

It was the invitation to the surprise party, with the final mention of a gift bought with "pin-money."

"But who's the surprise for?" I said, rereading the poem. "Is it Hal Loring's birthday?"

"I dunno," he said. "That's probably part of Sue's surprise. She always gives

different sorts of parties . . . always fun parties where . . ." His voice trailed off, and his expression was wistful as he folded the poem back into the envelope.

"We couldn't possibly go," I said. "To that crowd, 'pin money' is something you write out with a fountain pen. What could we take to those who already have everything!"

I hadn't realized the trace of bitterness in my voice, until I saw the shadows darken beneath David's eyes, until he said, "Yes, I guess you're right."

And though the kitchen had seemed a warm, friendly place, now I could feel the cold wind blowing beneath the door. The wood smoke seeped through the iron stove, clouding the room, making my eyes water.

WE said nothing more about it as the days went on. Each of us tried to pretend that we thought nothing more about the party at the Loring's. I got the red bells down from the attic and attached them to the window shades. Each night, I sat by David, watching him draw up our Christmas cards, admiring the Nativity scene of the manger, the star, the Wise Men. But the spirit of Christmas did not echo inside the big house, and I felt as if I were failing the Stevenson women, failing David at Christmas.

But it was not until the day of the party that I thought of the lovely sampler, hanging in our bedroom. I went in, looked again at it, and decided that here was our entré to the surprise party. I took it from the wall, carefully rubbed wax on its walnut frame, and, when I heard David's step on the front porch, I rushed into the drafty hallway.

"Look," I said, kissing his chin, "we can go to the party! Your mother's sampler would be prized by anyone!"

He hesitated only a moment, and then he hugged me to him. "Yes," he said. "I think mother would like that, too."

Now we were able to smile at each other, and David was whistling as I hurried to set out our supper of weiners with pork and beans.

That night, I wore my red, wool dress, and we warmed our coats by the stove before we went out into the night to walk, hand in hand, the mile out to the Loring's. We could see their tree, glowing with green lights, as we turned up the walk. Through the window, the open fire roared with friendliness.

Sue and Hal met us at the door, shouting "Merry Christmas!" and "It's been *much* too long since we've seen you!"

I followed Sue into the bedroom, removing my coat, handing her our gift. "Who's the surprise for?" I said, and she laughed. "Wait, you'll see."

We didn't have long to wait. Most of the crowd were already there, gathered by the buffet of hot, mulled wine and the delicacies of Christmas. Soon they had all arrived, bearing gifts in elegant wrappings. Finally, Sue said, "Everybody ready now? Has anyone guessed who the party's for?"

No one had learned the secret. We watched silently while Sue turned down all the lights except the candles glowing from the buffet, the shining bulbs on the tree. Then, at his wife's signal, Hal Loring sat down at the piano, and slowly, softly, he began playing "Away in a Manger," while Sue rolled in a crib piled high with the gifts we had brought.

She smiled at the faces there in the candlelight. "It's for the December birthday child!" And then she said, "Christmas-Mass," as if it were two words.

We waited, not fully understanding, and Sue went on. "We decided this year to give Christ a birthday party, instead of our usual cocktail party. Tonight, we're all going to surprise Him by taking these gifts out to the County Hospital."

There was a moment of stillness in the room, a moment of sentiment that tingled through my body, that brought tears to my eyes. Then we were all laughing joyously, rushing to the crib to take out the gifts we had brought.

Outside, there were two convertibles waiting. The convertibles had their tops down, with cardboard put up on the sides, making them look like sleighs. Bells jingled from the aerials, and, as we drove out to the hospital, we sang while the snow fell in delicious softness against our faces. David's arms were warm and strong about me as he touched the hair that blew across my forehead and smiled at me, and we shared the closeness of the night.

It was visiting hours at the hospital, and the nurses directed our group to those patients who most needed each gift. We were standing in the waiting room as the gifts were sorted out, when I said to David, "This is where our gift belongs." Proudly, David unwrapped the sampler and hung it there in the waiting room that all who came unto this door might "sweet welcome find and peace of mind."

The moon was bright on the snow as we walked home that night, and, as we turned up our long, brick walk, our silent house was like a Christmas card. "Oh David," I said, "how could I ever have thought that His birthday was just another holiday?"

He stopped there on the front porch and put his arms around me, his sweet, cool face against mine. And we had everything, David and I.

And now, today, I knelt there in the dusty attic, remembering all of it. Re-

membering how, during those first years, we had kept our promise to always give some special surprise to the Christ Child. During the second year, my timing was perfect, and I was able to give David a string of safety pins to herald the promise of his first son. We attended Christmas Mass, kneeling together, promising to bring up our son "in the way he should go."

But what of our recent years, our plentiful years, I thought now? Recently, we have made large contributions to all charity drives. I do volunteer work at the hospital. David participates in the Christmas basket distribution in the south side of town. Each year, we give the boys more tracks, more cars for their train, more of everything that runs on wheels. I give David more cuff links, more albums for his stereo, while he showers me with silks and satins.

But now I wondered if the lack of need is not the greatest need of all. Perhaps it was our drive to have everything that had somehow driven my love and me into the quick kiss, the hasty wave of good-bys. Now I held the gold paper in my hand and looked down at the faded red letters and wondered if there could be any surprise at all for this December time of the birthday.

It was then I left the attic and came down into the big kitchen. The wood stove has been replaced by a built-in oven, but the gate-leg table is still here. Here was the perfect place for me to get out my paper, fill my pen with red ink, and begin this chronicle for my love. Now I know what I shall give to David. I know how I will give it.

ON Christmas Eve, after we have coaxed the boys into bed, David will get out the tracks and the trains and begin setting them out under the ten-foot silver tree. I will slip out of the room, quietly climb the red carpeted stairs, and then I'll hang the old-fashioned paper bells all along the stair railing. And on David's pillow I shall lay my gift, written in red ink.

It will be late when we finish setting out the boys' gifts, and David may not notice the bells that night as we climb the stairs. He'll be pulling off his shirt before he sees the stack of paper, bound with a ribbon, there on his pillow. And he'll say, "Hey, what's all this?"

And I'll say, "This is to you, David. This is a kind of love letter."

Though I may blush with the sentiment of it, the gentle sound of the words, I will say, "I've always known of our love, David, but now at Christmas time, I wanted to speak of it, again and again and again . . ."

I have a feeling that it will come as a surprise to him. And to Him, too.

BY KATHERINE BURTON

Woman to Woman



• Christmas is coming again, the one day which can never be wholly sad even with rumors of war and news of false peace in our ears. It is a holiday of unselfishness which increasing commercialism has never really touched, a day which could make a Scrooge a giving man and prompt a crippled Tiny Tim to shout, "God bless us everyone!" And *everyone* is the important word, for Christmas is everybody's day. I learned that last year when I wrote about personal gifts for the old men and women of the homes of the Little Sisters of the Poor. Already I have received requests for names of people to be remembered this year.

The old people, the middle-aged, the young—all are a part of Christmas. But above it all, it is the children. We always come back to them on this day of Love Incarnate.

Three years ago, I wrote a page about the Madonna Plan, at that time just being launched by the National Council of Catholic Women in co-operation with Catholic Relief Services. At that time, its president was a warmhearted as well as a brilliant woman to whom this idea of a dollar from every Catholic woman in the United States to help the poorest mothers and children overseas was one she aided immediately. The Plan has grown greatly in these three years, but Mary Hannan Mahoney died almost two years ago, shortly after leaving office and after a lingering illness. Until it proved impossible, she continued her work and especially she spoke at meetings about the Madonna Plan, until at last she had to ask others to speak in her place. It was the first time many of them had known she was ill. And after she could do no more active work, she offered up all her sufferings and her prayers for the spiritual and physical welfare of the Tanganyika missions in Africa which had held her special interest. After her death, her husband expressed the hope that instead of flowers, people send an offering for the Madonna Plan. The five thousand dollars which flowed in were directed to Africa to help set up two clinics in Tanganyika named in her memory. The Maryknoll Sisters in charge hope that some day soon a Mary Mahoney Hospital will be built there.

The Madonna Plan has been a success in other places, too. Today there are seventy clinics and training centers helped by it in Algiers, Egypt, Uganda, Ethiopia, as well as in the Near East, Asia, and Latin America. The needs are large and also small—a new clinic or medicines, a new roof or food. The clinics give care to expectant mothers and new mothers, care for babies born in the clinics or at home, as well as for small orphans.

One can mention here only a few of the heroic women who head this work for mothers and babies. There is Sister Camilla, thirty years in the Cameroons in Africa; last year the ten thousandth baby was born in her St. Joseph's Hospital. Native Sisters, some of them born in the hospital, are her aids. I have snapshots of some of her charges—for one, Thomas, known more familiarly as Toto, a thin, sick baby in

A Christmas Rose for the Madonna

his first picture, somewhat improved in the second, and in the third, smiling and plump, thanks to good care—"en bonne santé," says the caption. Love has done a good deal for him, but it took money too. There is also Sister Hilary in Sierra Leone, to whose hospital in the jungle mothers bring their babies from as far away as two hundred miles and who is right now "desperate for a children's ward." There are many, many others, White Sisters and Grail teams among them, working there.

Recently I read a Manx fisherman's hymn which ends:

"Help us, O Lord, our little boats are frail.
Send us Your help—remember Galilee."

The last two words might well be a motto for the Madonna Plan—"Remember Galilee"—remember the healing hands of His love, the gift of health, of life itself. Remember with what affection our Lord insisted the children be brought to Him. In the clinics where the Madonna Plan helps mothers and babies, the workers very literally follow Him. They live Galilee every day by offering unselfish love to the abandoned, the hungry, the cold. They are missionaries in the basic meaning of the word, but we others who have families and work at home can in a way be missionaries, too, for we can fill their hands with the financial aid they need.

If you buy a single, long-stemmed American Beauty rose at the florist's, it will cost you about a dollar. What a wonderful idea it would be if my readers would this year send the dollar that represents a Christmas rose in Mary Mahoney's memory, to help into blossom the babies in whom she was so interested that she offered, first, her active aid in talks and appeals and, later, her sufferings and her prayers for them. Her hope was for a dollar a year from every Catholic woman in the United States—a small hope when viewed as coming from the individual, a large fulfillment if answered by even a part of them all. A dollar bill is not as romantic as an actual rose from the greenhouse, but to the workers in these clinics it represents bread and milk and medicine and beds—and hope.

In other years those who read this page—women and men both—have done more than this sometimes in answer to my Christmas plea. (I add "men" purposely, for they have often helped. I remember especially one large check to which was appended a note: "Penalty for reading a woman's column.") So this year, send a dollar bill—old or new, crisp or limp, faded or fresh from the mint—in the name of the Mother and Child whose day we celebrate.

Let us all "Remember Galilee" and, in memory of the great gift which God gave us on this day, send a Christmas rose—I mean a dollar—to this page in care of THE SIGN or to Madonna Plan, NCCW, 1312 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C.

And a very holy and happy Christmas to you all.



Last Supper scene from "The King of Kings." The film portrays our Lord as a pretender to political power rather than the Saviour of mankind

Spencer Tracy presides over American tribunal in "Judgment at Nuremberg"

STAGE &



SCREEN

BY JERRY COTTER

Above: Peggy McCay and Lad render a duet in "Lad: A Dog," based on Albert Payson Terhune's story of his collie, most famous of the world's canine tales

In "The Second Time Around," Debbie Reynolds is a young widow who goes West and gets herself elected sheriff



★ T

Philip
OF KI
on the
the mo
that th
of man
compet

This
the mi
overloo
and the
ing mo
Messiah
young
Judas i
change
throat."

In ad
offers a
Jerusalem
make ti
ground.
is but a

Jeffre
If he do
to his re
lacking
sion Pla
to create
be said
medium
Some
in force
that it v
Marcelin
overbur
tree for

★ Rev

Written
first prin
most fam
for the f
ture that
beloved
tations s
time out
well as a
An alert
title role,
and Alic

JUDGM
many res
It probes
and made
man judg
war-crim
and brut
Spencer T
millian S
principal
long, it d
from the
work and
vignettes,

★ The King of Kings

Philip Yordan is credited with the screenplay of **THE KING OF KINGS**, a gargantuan, Biblical drama presumably based on the life of Christ. Scholars may well be amazed, and even the most uninformed audience may be surprised, to discover that this Christ is more leader of a faction than the Saviour of mankind. In a sense, He is downgraded to a political competitor of Barabbas.

This concept of our Lord is one which blandly ignores the miracles and leaves the audience unmoved. It blithely overlooks the guilt of any but the Romans in the conviction and the Crucifixion. It presents a portrait of Jesus as nothing more than a pretender to political power. He is no Messiah in this presentation. He is nothing more than a young man dedicated to a racial or political purpose. His Judas is portrayed as a zealot who feels that Christ will change policy once he "feels the Roman sword at his throat." Thence the betrayal is for a worthy cause.

In addition to the inaccuracies, this is a dull movie. It offers a few pretty, postcard scenes, notably the entry into Jerusalem. It presents a striking Crucifixion scene. It does make timid genuflection, even if the knee never touches the ground. Based on the King James version of the Bible, this is but a sketchy, often inaccurate, "entertainment."

Jeffrey Hunter makes a valiant effort to portray the Christ. If he does not completely succeed, it should not be charged to his record as a player. He is presentable, though obviously lacking in vigor and force. As the juvenile in a college Passion Play, yes. As the star of a multi-million-dollar attempt to create the greatest story of mankind, no. The same may be said for Siobhan McKenna, a capable actress in several mediums but obviously miscast here as the Virgin Mary.

Some day, the life of Christ will be brought to the screen in forceful, overpowering fashion. It is this reviewer's belief that it will be done in the limitations of a picture like *Marcelino*, a simple, under-budgeted, Spanish film. The overburdened Biblical spectacles too often lose sight of the tree for the Technicolor forest.

★ Reviews in Brief

Written over forty years ago and currently in its seventy-first printing, Albert Payson Terhune's *Lad: A Dog* is the most famous of the world's canine tales. Now on the screen for the first time, it retains the warmth, humor, and adventure that Terhune brought to the original story of his own beloved collie, even though there have been a thousand imitations since. It is an ideal item for the family holiday-time outing but also deserves support for its own sake as well as a protest against the current parade of moronisms. An alert, handsome, and expertly trained collie plays the title role, with Peggy McCay, Peter Breck, Angela Cartwright, and Alice Pearce as the upright co-stars. (Warner Bros.)

JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG is the latest and, in many respects, the most effective of the anti-Nazi movies. It probes and analyzes those who lived with Nazi terror and made no protest for one reason or another. Four German judges are on trial in this fictionalized account of a war-crime trial. They are accused of "atrocity, murder, and brutality" before an American tribunal headed by Spencer Tracy, with Richard Widmark as prosecutor, Maximilian Schell as defense lawyer, and Burt Lancaster as the principal defendant. Although the picture is much too long, it does hold your attention continuously and is saved from the usual courtroom-drama tedium by adroit camera work and excursions outside the tribunal walls. In these vignettes, Marlene Dietrich, as the widow of a German

general, Montgomery Clift, as a victim of sterilization, and Judy Garland, as a woman accused of having relations with her Jewish landlord, all distinguish themselves. The message in this taut study is that the German people must bear responsibility for the crimes and atrocities committed under the Nazis. It ends on a noble and sobering thought, applicable to today's similar situation behind the Iron Curtain: "Let it now be noted in our decision here that this is what we stand for—justice, truth, and the value of a single human life." (United Artists)

Debbie Reynolds heads for the wide-open spaces in **THE SECOND TIME AROUND**, and the result is an amusing comedy satirizing the clichés of the Western formula. As a young widow with two youngsters, she leaves New York to earn a living in the Arizona of 1911. The comedy angles are often predictable and the outcome is in no doubt, but there are several well-played and highly amusing scenes as Debbie tames the ornery West, even going so far as to get herself elected sheriff. Andy Griffith, Thelma Ritter, and Steve Forrest add to the whiz-bang doings in this enjoyable, family comedy. (20th Century-Fox)

ONCE A THIEF, based on Richard Condon's novel *The Oldest Confession*, has the ingredients of a strong melodrama but never quite comes off convincingly. Rex Harrison portrays a modern Jolly Roger who devotes his talents and energies to a career as art thief. Madrid is his center of operation, which he carries on with the aid of his wife (Rita Hayworth) and an artist friend. Masterpieces by Goya and Velasquez are the targets, but there is an absence of artistry in the telling, a fault compounded by the generally inept performances. This is indeed no masterpiece. (United Artists)

SUSAN SLADE has been around before, or at least a thousand counterparts have passed this way. This is a glossy, artificial account of a young girl "in trouble," whose parents take her to Guatemala to escape the prying neighbors and then adopt her baby as their own. There are several other soap-opera complications, and if there is a moral, it is unrecognizable in the oozing sentimentality. Such usually reliable players as Dorothy McGuire, Lloyd Nolan, and Brian Aherne are helpless against the flood of clichés. Connie Stevens, Troy Donahue, and Grant Williams, being newcomers to acting, are even less equipped to survive. (Warner Bros.)

In **TOWN WITHOUT PITY**, four GI's are charged with attacking a young German girl. Their grim trial is the basis of a film that was obviously made for sensational impact. It is an unpleasant, unjustified probe, and the implications are wide and distasteful at this stage of international relations. The German girl, victim of American rapacity, is also a pawn in the cross-currents of brutality that fleck the story. Kirk Douglas appears as a U.S. Army officer assigned to defend the four, three of whom are merely brutes, while the fourth is a psychological misfit. His job, which he accomplishes, is to destroy the girl on the witness stand. Finally, she and her sweetheart commit suicide, which is ridiculous, whether judged from a story or moral standpoint. This is an ugly movie about an ugly subject, and there are no mitigating factors to recommend. (United Artists)

In **SEASON OF PASSION**, an Australian-made version of the play *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll*, there is much talk, a thin, dull plot, and no utilization of the natural backgrounds. Each summer, two husky cane-cutters spend their layoff period in Sydney with the same girls. The story

is set in their seventeenth and crucial summer together, when the quartet has been broken up, middle-age has arrived, and the future looks bleak. Much of the humor is indigenous, which further handicaps the audience in enjoying or sympathizing with an unattractive tale. Ernest Borgnine, Anne Baxter, Angela Lansbury, and John Mills are the principals in this study of delayed maturity and drab lives. (United Artists)

★ The New Plays

BLOOD, SWEAT, AND STANLEY POOLE is a peacetime Army comedy in which the laughs are in the Sergeant Bilko vein and the moral, or lack of it, quite questionable. Darrin McGavin heads a cast of GI types ranging from the naïve to the shrewd, from the unbelievable to the recognizable. Most are involved in a private-enterprise operation stealing supplies which they sell to a crooked captain. There are numerous laughs and even more implausible twists as the caricatures strive to make the nonsense palatable. McGavin is good as a blustering supply sergeant, and Henry Fonda's son, Peter, makes an engaging debut as a "brain" who coaches his superiors. The problem here is: no play!

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING is a problem for the marquee, but not for the audience. It is a hilarious farce-satire, aiming humor-tipped arrows at the heart of industrial empire. It is the most successful and, with some reservation, the most amusing musical we've had in ages. The principal figure, a young window washer (Robert Morse) with ambitions to "make it big," sets out to conquer business with a paperback "do-it-yourself" as guide. Starting as mail boy, he finagles his way up the ladder to the board chairmanship. En route, the libretto pauses for excellent satiric jibes at the foibles and complexities of office life in the upper strata. There is a clever, Frank Loesser score, which includes "Coffee Break," "Happy to Keep His Dinner Warm," the title song, and a thrust at business ethics in "The Brotherhood of Man." The songs are skillfully woven into the plot, and the choreography is spirited and agile. On the debit side are the excessive profanity and a few suggestive scenes with a showgirl whom the president hires in a night club. Rudy Vallee plays the prexy who knits himself a sweater when the going is rough. He is superb in an assignment that calls for considerable underplaying and bland eccentricity. Morse is perfect for the role of the cocky climber. This is one "how-to" which really does succeed.

Less spectacular, but enjoyable, is **LET IT RIDE**, a musical version of the perennial *Three Men on a Horse*. This time it is TV's George Gobel who plays the greeting-card poet who has the ability to pick winners at the track and is taken in tow by a tinhorn gambler. This is the framework for a show which occasionally gallops but is more inclined to post, despite all that wistful Gobel and belligerent Sam Levene can do for it. They are handicapped by a story that is familiar and just not sturdy enough to bear repetition. The musical portions of the package are far better, though flecked with suggestiveness, and the opening sequence, "Run, Run, Run," is a fast-paced number which is not equaled in later events.

THE CARETAKER is an intriguing, though not necessarily meaningful, import from London, where it has enjoyed tremendous success. Playwright Harold Pinter has tossed a mass of words at his three-man cast, but they are not always intelligible. Two brothers, one a recent asylum inmate, live together in a dilapidated, decaying house. They

give shelter to a derelict and give him the title of caretaker, though there is little to care for in their ramshackle mansion. As the play progresses, the caretaker's attitude changes from offhand gratitude to arrogance, and in time he pits his benefactors against each other. In due course, they turn him out, and the play is over. It would seem that Pinter is attempting to convey the idea that a lack of communication between individuals is at the core of the widespread unrest in the human spirit. His parable mixes the tragic with the wildly funny. It is almost sardonic in tone, and it has originality. Pinter's monologues and the cumulative effect of his dialogue contribute to the dramatic effectiveness of his play. Where it all takes the audience is difficult to determine. Donald Pleasance, in the title role, gives one of the most beautifully shaded and shattering impersonations of recent memory. Robert Shaw and Alan Bates are just a shade less brilliant in a play that has brief flashes of wisdom, though little comprehensible meaning.

Afficionados of the mystery-murder tomes will find **WRITE ME A MURDER** a novel and freshly conceived story. Written by Frederick Knott, author of *Dial M for Murder*, it compares favorably with that highly popular thriller. This is set in an English estate, just sold by its owners to a boorish, *nouveau riche* couple by the brothers who own it. The young brother is a novelist and immediately falls in love with the new lady of the manor. They plan to murder her husband, and the blueprint for murder is an intriguing one which cannot be disclosed here. A taut and absorbing play in which the mystery is carefully concealed to the final moment, it also benefits from the fine company assembled. It includes Kim Hunter, James Donald, Torin Thatcher, Denham Elliott, and Ethel Griffies.

Julie Harris essays a radical change of pace in **A SHOT IN THE DARK**, in which she portrays an amoral French maid who is charged with the murder of her chauffeur sweetheart. Set in the office of a young Paris magistrate, the play moves along at sparring pace as the loquacious maid, her haughty employer, and a scattering of sideline farceurs act out a tedious charade. The tone is suggestive throughout, ignoring the morality of the issue and striving for leering laughs, in the manner of the Gallic farce. Miss Harris is always a deft actress, and Walter Matthau, William Shatner, and Gene Saks are restrained in contrast. Justice, festooned with gags, is the butt of this joke.

Noel Coward's **SAIL AWAY** just drifts over the horizon like a wisp of fog. It lacks humor, rhythm, and any semblance of the brilliance too often attributed by his claque to the crotchety Mr. C. This is a glimpse of life on a cruise ship, the dull and the hectic, the vulgar and the utterly probable. It is a conglomeration of half-developed characters, a collection of half-written songs, and generally water-logged in its efforts to be witty and perceptive. Elaine Stritch belabors a series of scenes as a cruise directress and participates in an unbelievable romance with young James Hurst. This is certainly no ad for the travel trade.

MILK AND HONEY is a musical with an Israeli background for novelty, Robert Weede and Mimi Benzell to sing a brace of bright songs, and Molly Picon for laughs and nostalgia. Although the story and concept are routine, the mood is merry as it follows a group of widows who cruise to Israel in the hope of finding autumnal spouses. The production is handsome, the principals attractive, and the choreography, especially as interpreted by Tommy Rall, is memorable. One can only wish that the story line measured up to their abilities.



Spiritual Thought for the Month

Christmas

A man who has lost his sense of wonderment is indeed a strange man, for man is made to wonder. The appetite of his heart to seek his good is infinite, and the appetite of his mind to know is never satisfied. But, of course, we can blunt and dull the edge of these appetites; we can lose our taste for wonder. The mind that should leap beyond all limits, by choosing to ignore the thought of what lies beyond its routine horizon, can narrow and confine its life in an unnatural boredom. Christmas should restore to us the power to wonder—not as a child wonders, but as an adult wonders, pondering the deep issues of life, reflecting on the existence of those limits whose very limitations proclaim the existence of someone unlimited.

Each Christmas we call to mind the same facts. The same event, the birth of God according to the flesh, is set before our faith. God has entered our world as man. Surely this is cause for wonderment. Man is aware of himself as separated from God by his nature, unable to know Him fully, but, even more, thrust out of the world of God by sin. And at Christmas, once again, he hears the Church's self-same proclamation. The goodness and kindness of God our Saviour have appeared. A Child is born to us today, a Son is given to us today. One of our race, with a traceable human ancestry, at a definite time and a definite place, has come into our history, and he is Emmanuel, God with us.

Out of the majesty of infinite silence, the eternal World of God is uttered again, in time, as one of us, born of the Virgin Mary, conceived of the Holy Spirit. The Church does not deduce this event from some principle of logic; she proclaims it on the word of the same God whom she offers to our wondering gaze in the manger. She appeals to us, not for understanding but for belief, for the surrendering of mind and heart to this marvelous happening: a Saviour is born to us who is Christ, the Lord, eternal God. The eternal Word of God has chosen to live as a man in finite time, subject to our world's conditions, feeling the pain of human existence, affected by the sin of our common lot.

The Child held in Mary's human arms is the One who upholds the universe by the word of His power. A Child in a manger shivers in the cold of a wind He has made. The God of majesty, great and terrible above all, seeks human warmth. In Heaven, the angels form his throne; here, only straw. This is He who sitteth upon the cherubim; here, He is lying in a manger. He, the flashing forth of His Father's divinity, is here, in the primitive darkness of our

earth, for us and for our salvation. Truly, this is cause for fresh wonder.

How has this come to be? That the eternal God should suffer the stings of time, that the Maker of the universe, the Creator of men, is now found as a man, is now lying in a manger, in a certain town of Judea, at a definite moment in history?

In proclaiming this mystery, the Church appeals to faith; no response except faith and love could possibly approach this event. The reality we touch at Christmas remains today as much an appeal for faith as it was two thousand years ago. To the shepherds, to those who heard the shepherds' message, it was the same hard appeal to faith. No logic could prove that this event was a necessity. It is an act of love, wholly free, wholly unforeseeable. We must accept it as an event of love for us and for our salvation. Unless we penetrate to the depth of wonderment and faith, Christmas will be just another historical event. The right way to look at it is as something without parallel, beyond anticipation: the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ according to the flesh for man's salvation.

The capacity to wonder here leads us to ask two questions: what is God that He should love in this fashion? And what am I that this event should come to be for my salvation?

Before the tremendous reality of this event, the weariness and boredom and the weight of the trivial should disappear and the wonder felt by the witnesses of the first Christmas be restored to our souls. With it comes energy, convictions, deep peace. The restless mind that seeks the unlimited beyond every limit is confronted with the source of its desires, the term of its search, only to discover that it was sought before it searched. Magnetized by God, the mind accepts with faith a God who has become immanent to human history for love of man.

The tender season of Christmas is not simply a pause in our workaday world. It is not simply a prompting to return to our human depths—to be kind, to be open, to be fully human. It is not simply a family feast, a forgetting of feuds, a momentary peace in the cold war, an undeclared truce in human hostility. Christmas is a divine invitation to a faith which has momentous consequences. For the only possible meaning of Christmas on the level of historic Christianity is the fact of God become man.

The time required to accept this fact, in the atmosphere of Christian faith, and what it means for us personally is a measure each one must determine for himself.

By ROBERT W. GLEASON, S.J.

FOR THE LAST TEN WEEKS OR SO, television has been bringing us a succession of new programs based on the idea that laughter is a desperately needed ingredient in a world beset by crises and threats of disaster. The results of this comedy trend are already calculable and they provide no real surprises. It has long been established in TV, the movies, and the stage that good comedy is a rare commodity. For every entertainer who has been able to warm the hearts of an audience with inspired fun-making, there have been dozens of ordinary clowns whose material and delivery have little appeal for discriminating people.

In TV the attrition rate among comics has been high. The greedy demands of the medium have smothered, after a time, all but a handful of entertainers, such as Red Skelton and Jack Benny. Most of the others have lasted for a while and then found that they were falling short of the demands of their sponsors—usually because their estimated weekly audience was not thought to be sufficiently large.

The roster of performers who started out this season with their own comedy shows included some

names long associated with broadcasting and others whose success had been achieved previously in other branches of entertainment. By now it seems unlikely that many of them will establish themselves strongly enough to be regarded as fixtures for next season. Quite a few will be casualties before the arrival of the first soft days of spring.

Here is an appraisal of some of this season's weekly network comedy programs:

The Bob Newhart Show. Those who have admired this thirty-two-year-old entertainer's work in his popular record albums looked forward eagerly to his arrival in a regular TV series. On the basis of early returns, there is no reason for them to be disappointed.

Newhart is an intelligent and imaginative master of satire and topical humor. His low-pressure style of delivery is in refreshing contrast to the raucous horseplay perpetrated by some of his contemporaries. He is at his best when using material that he has written. In his Wednesday night series on N.B.C., he is required at times to rely on the contributions of other writers and to appear in sketches with other players. But the role of monologist is the one in which he excels. On his opening show, for example, he was at his best impersonating a methodical clerk representing an imaginary, privately-operated fire department. Here was a bright and caustic commentary on the trend toward bureaucracy in American business.

The less successful moments of the Newhart show have been those in which he has donned costumes and become involved in "sight gags"—depending for their effect on visual foolishness. Less of this sort of thing and more of the pure Newhart style, unfettered by props and gimmicks, can make this one of the outstanding comedy shows in TV's history.

Hazel. N.B.C. and the sponsors of this Thursday night series, based on Ted Key's magazine cartoons, can be grateful that Shirley Booth is playing the title role. For the comedy situations here often have represented TV tomfoolery at its worst. As the insolent domestic of the title, Miss Booth has been required to place-kick a football to the top of a chimney of a nearby house and to engage in other exercises in nonsense. A less gifted actress would have perished quickly in the face of such preposterous demands.

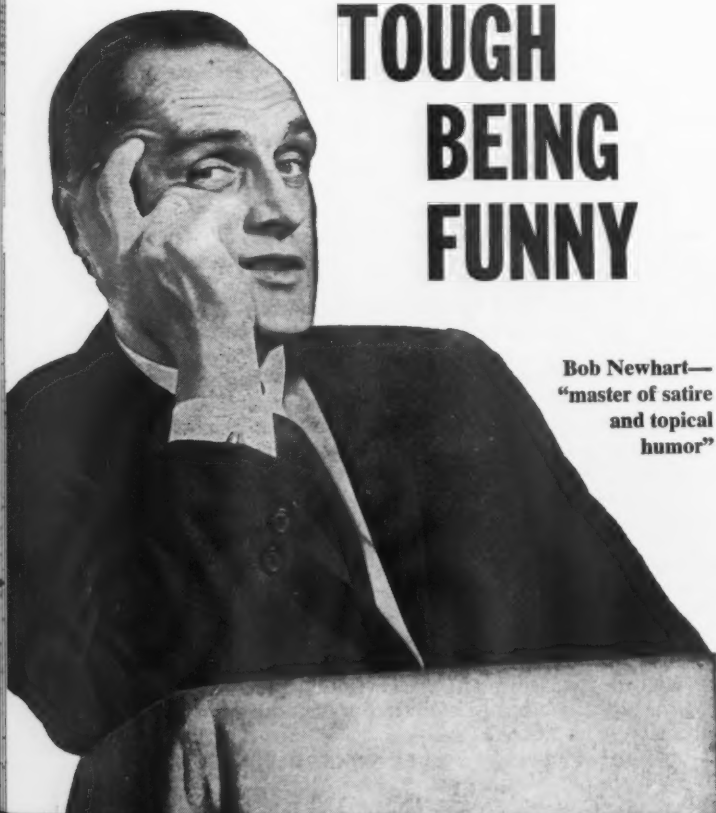
Her admirers, who remember Miss Booth for her outstanding acting in *Come Back, Little Sheba* and other stage and screen vehicles, will wince to see her used so shabbily in some of the "Hazel" situations. But her charm and warmth shine through the cloudy situations in which she is trapped. Perhaps before the season runs its course, she will be given a chance to work with more appropriate scripts. "Hazel" does not have to be a buffoon. If the character were made more believable, it would be greatly to the advantage of Miss Booth and the audience.

Car 54, Where Are You? This series about the adventures of a team of prowl-car policemen appeared, according to pre-season estimates, to be a promising attraction. It was conceived by Nat Hiken, whose "Sergeant Bilko" was one of the funniest

TELEVISION & RADIO by John P. Shanley

IT'S TOUGH BEING FUNNY

Bob Newhart—
"master of satire
and topical
humor"



shows e
however
elaborat

There
of the s
of polic
tested c
were se
the earl
the cha
genuine
of dull-
Keyston

The p
But it d
men in
increas
unfortun
been fla
authorit
of the c

Father
series b
same ti
Leon A
this seri
social a
which i
and a y

But u
one occ
story co
Warrick
respecti
the Br
it is wh

Mrs. C
of adm
fondness
fans wil
latest c
widow
enrolls
caustica
But Mr
favorabl
English
wicke.
through
hold a

The St
television
ago, wh
became
New Y
one ya
night se
that, alt
fellow,
his mist
member
viewer,
cluded
Allen ar

shows ever brought to TV. In its early installments, however, "Car 54" looked like one of the most elaborate disappointments of the year.

There was nothing wrong with the original premise of the show. The idea of depicting the lighter side of police life was novel and attractive. A couple of tested comedy actors, Joe E. Ross and Fred Gwynne, were selected for the leading parts in the series. In the early episodes, however, it became evident that the characters, instead of being believable and genuinely amusing, were being presented as a pair of dull-witted clods right out of Mack Sennett's Keystone Comedy Kops.

The program does not glorify crime or corruption. But it does depict a group of New York City policemen in a way that hardly can be expected to increase respect for the law. This is particularly unfortunate at a time when bands of hoodlums have been flagrantly displaying their contempt for the authority of the police in New York and other parts of the country. (Sunday, N.B.C.)

Father of the Bride. This is a C.B.S. Friday night series based loosely on a book and movie of the same title. It has to its advantage the presence of Leon Ames, as the parent of the title. The father in this series is not infallible. He makes his share of social and tactical errors in heading a household which includes his wife, their betrothed daughter, and a young son.

But unlike so many of television's fathers, this one occasionally turns out to have been right. The story content is usually light and nonsignificant. Ruth Warrick and Myrna Fahey are attractive in the respective roles of mother and daughter. "Father of the Bride" does not represent a TV milestone, but it is wholesome and often quite amusing.

Mrs. G. Goes to College. There is a loyal band of admirers of Gertrude Berg who still recall with fondness her radio role as Molly Goldberg. These fans will undoubtedly find much satisfaction in her latest characterization. Mrs. G. (for Green) is a widow in her fifties who, after raising her family, enrolls in college. A young co-ed, seeing her, says caustically, "Wouldn't she look cute in a pony tail?" But Mrs. G. is determined to succeed. She makes a favorable impression on an exchange professor of English from Cambridge, played by Cedric Hardwicke. It's all rather simple, lightweight stuff, but through the force of Mrs. Berg's appeal, it should hold a substantial audience. (Wednesday, C.B.S.)

The Steve Allen Show. The decline of Allen as a television personality began to set in several seasons ago, when he started a Sunday evening program. It became more acute when he moved the show from New York to the West Coast. After an absence of one year from TV, he has returned in a Wednesday night series over A.B.C. It is regrettable to report that, although Allen is an intelligent and personable fellow, his latest series shows no improvement over his mistakes of the past. Hilarity abounds among the members of the cast. But it does not reach the viewer, who feels, somehow, that he is being excluded from a series of private jokes among Mr. Allen and his confederates.

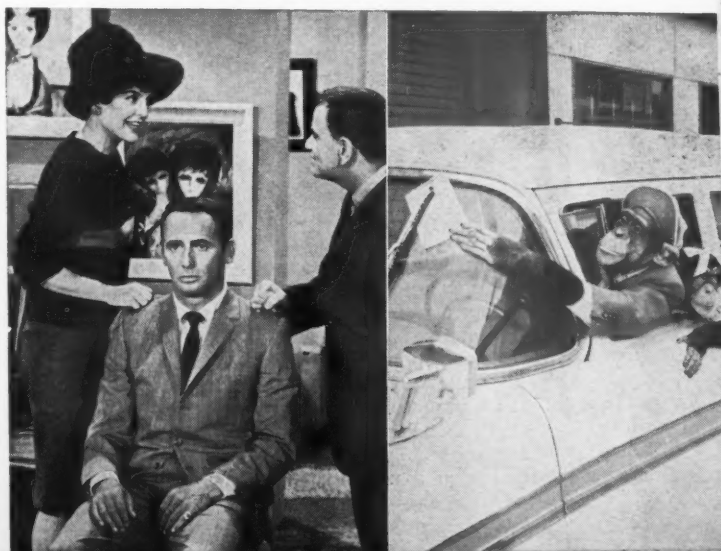
The Hathaways. During many appearances on the "Jack Paar Show," Peggy Cass demonstrated that she can be an amusing chatterbox. It was decided, therefore, to cast her in a weekly situation comedy. Miss Cass and the other humans in this series are, however, secondary to the Marquis chimps, a trio of simian clowns who can mimic people with devastating results. In "The Hathaways," the chimps make a great deal more sense than the humans. Miss Cass and Jack Weston, who portrays her husband, refer to the chimps as "the children." It's a strained idea that quickly becomes tiresome. (Friday, A.B.C.)

The Joey Bishop Show. The star of this N.B.C., Wednesday night series also owes his prominence to a number of appearances on the Paar program. Bishop's deadpan style and his quick rejoinders in unrehearsed conversations brought him widespread popularity. He does as well as can be expected in his own show, in which he impersonates a public relations man who is constantly in trouble despite good intentions. Joe Flynn contributes helpful support as a demanding brother-in-law. For one or two sittings this show can be mildly amusing. After that, the troubles of Joey become familiar and tedious.

The Bob Cummings Show. This series represents another go-round for Cummings, in a new setting but with almost identical developments. In his old TV series, he was a commercial photographer. Now he's a free-lance pilot. In both cases, the occupations were just an excuse to bring the hero into contact with an assortment of girls. The actresses are attractive. But despite Cummings' known dedication to health dieting and his remarkably trim waistline, one wonders if he isn't too old for this kind of silliness. (Thursday, C.B.S.)

• **Joey Bishop (with Marjorie Lord and Sid Melton)** is a publicity man in his mildly amusing TV series

• **Charley and Candy in "The Hathaways,"** in which the chimpanzees make more sense than the humans



Fly-tying has been celebrated
through the ages since the Greeks deceived
fish with "insidious food"

MY BEDRAGGLED ~~SALMON~~ FLY

BY RED SMITH



ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK EVERS

IN A BOOK entitled *Hints on Angling*, published in London in 1846, a terse and truthful fisherman named Robert Blakey expressed some of the prettiest sentiment known to English literature in a single concise sentence:

"When we have seen a poor wretch abandon himself to habits of unmitigated intemperance—when he has thrown off every feeling of decency and decorum—when we have perceived the reddened eyes, the blotched face, the trembling hand, the tottering step, the dull and idiotic air; when he has endured repeated attacks of 'delirium tremens,' and his liver has become enlarged and as hard as a Norfolk dumpling—when he has shivered all over with palsy—when he has had a hard, dry cough, one that comes by fits and seems to tear his emaciated carcass to pieces—when his breath has been like the exhalations of a rotten fen—when rising from his frowsy and restless bed, he has not been able to swallow a single mouthful, nor carry that mouthful to his head without previously drenching his stomach with bitters and brandy—when his legs have swelled as big as millposts and

surcharged with water—when tapping has grown useless by repetition, and belladonna has ceased to act—when his chest has been as full of bilge water as a leaky herring smack—when, in fact, he has become one incarnation of filth and disease, we have taken him by the hand, led him quietly to the banks of some pleasant stream, and put a rod into his languid grasp; and then, with the indispensable assistance of Father Matthew, have restored him with renovated health to his heartbroken family, and again made him a useful member of society."

Now, it occurs to me that this could be an accurate description of some of our friends and something ought to be done for them. Unfortunately the season is closed on all the pleasant streams in this neighborhood and we cannot go fishing. So, out of charity, I have decided to write about fishing—prettily, like Blakey.

"The Atlantic salmon," writes Raymond R. Camp, an authority, "is the most aggravating and capricious fish that swims."

"Salmon flies," writes J. Edson

Leonard, an acknowledged master, "which are fashioned from the plumage of the world's most beautiful and exotic birds, call for the ultimate in skill, artistic ability, and color sense on the part of the fly-dresser."

Testimony supporting both these statements abounds in literature. According to Homer, Greek anglers were deceiving fish with "insidious food" as far back as 1000 B.C. Around 300 B.C., the poet Theocritus wrote of "the bait fallacious." Claudius Aelian, the historian, tells of the Macedonians fishing the river Astraeus with artificial flies simulating the bee.

Fly patterns that are still in use were described by Dame Juliana Berners, a Benedictine prioress, in her *Treatyse of Fysshynge With an Angle*, whose first edition was hand-wrought because printing hadn't been invented. And, of course, the noble art of fly-tying has been celebrated down through the centuries from Izaak Walton to Ed Zern.

If anyone doubts that it is an art calling for rare cunning, let him consider the ingredients which the fly-dresser is expected to assemble taste-

fully on a quarter-inch shank of steel to create the lure called the Jock Scott:

"Twist of silver tinsel, lemon-yellow floss silk, crest of golden pheasant, feather of Indian crane, wisp of black ostrich, black silk floss, flat silver tinsel, black rooster hackle, guinea hen hackle, white-tipped turkey, peacock sword feather, feather of swan dyed red, blue, and yellow, barred feather of teal, bronze mallard feather, eyed feather of jungle cock neck, feather of orange toucan, kingfisher, and a blue and yellow feather from a macaw."

If I seem to emphasize the point that creation of a fly that will attract the wary salmon demands a special skill, it is because I wish to tell of an experience I had last summer on the Gander River in Newfoundland, on the first salmon expedition of my life.

I had, of course, read most of the standard works on this contrary fish—how love-starved boy and girl salmon, quitting the sea for a tryst in the stream where they were born, do not feed from their entrance in the river until they return to the ocean months later, yet can be induced to rise for a fly and bite it. For centuries scholars have debated whether it is atavistic instinct that causes the rise, the memory of how good bugs tasted years ago when the salmon was a parr in this stream, or simply that the salmon is an ill-natured bully who hits the fly because he's bigger than it is.

FOR SOME YEARS I have prized an inscribed author's copy of *The Salmon and the Dry Fly* by George M.L. LaBranche, who invented the salmon, and I am proud to be a friend of Lee Wulff, who taught the critter to swim. Mr. LaBranche used a fourteen-foot, two-handed rod weighing about eighteen ounces. When, years later, Lee Wulff landed a big salmon on a five-ounce rod, disciples of the LaBranche school swore that it couldn't be done.

Lee is a rough customer in a argument. When he was told that any self-respecting grilse (young salmon out on his first date) would smash such light tackle on his first leaping run, he replied by taking a thirty-pounder on a rod weighing two and a half ounces.

This brought a spate of scholarly dissertations on what was the lightest possible weapon that could be used

against the Atlantic. Lee, one of the very few masters of the "double haul" who can cast a fly by hand, promptly killed a big salmon with no rod at all, and the bottom fell out of the market for scholarly dissertations. He now uses a rod weighing an ounce and three-quarters, and if challenged to do so, will hook, play, and land his fish using only the tip joint.

All this I knew on arrival in Newfoundland, but I had never seen an Atlantic salmon outside a fish market. In the next four days I saw many, but none without a sneer on his ugly face. There were salmon in all the pools, leaping and splashing and loftily ignoring every combination of fur and feathers on the menu.

THERE WERE SEVEN fishermen in camp, and in four days we made tens of thousands of casts with every blessed pattern in every blooming flybook. It seemed pretty obvious that we didn't have the right lures, but there was no Abercrombie & Fitch around the corner to solve the problem. There isn't a trail of any kind through those forests; the only thoroughfare is the broad, swift, shallow, boulder-studded river; the nearest village is hours away by outboard canoe, and it has no sporting-goods store.

The only man in camp who had ever tied a fly was Dick Wolters, of Ossining, New York. Every night the poor guy was lashed to his bench whipping up counterfeit insects for a scandalously critical clientele.

"My guide says we need some Black Moose," one angler would say, "kind of pot-bellied with exactly six moose hairs for wings, no more, no less."

"Six hairs," Wolters would say, plucking whiskers out of the beard of an obsolete moose, "and fat in the body. That about right?"

"That's it," Cyril, the guide, would say. "That's the fly took twenty-two fish in four days when they wouldn't rise to anything else."

On the fourth night, conscience-stricken, I said, "Dick, show me how I can do that for myself."

Bug-eyed with weariness, he tied a Silver Tip. "Now copy that," he yawned, and went to bed.

"Dexterous" is a word that can be applied to me only in the limited meaning of right-handed. For the next forty-

five minutes, I pawed and fumbled and potted over the vise like a longshoreman doing a brain operation. When I laid my creation down next to the model Wolters had left, no thrill of accomplishment stirred me.

The body was as misshapen as the fingers of an old catcher from baseball's spitball era. The moose-hair wings were as shabbily groomed as the poor slob on television who never heard of Vitalis. Somehow I had got black thread looped around the tinsel at the tail so that the silver tip was an untidy spiral. The whole thing was gooey with lacquer and a blob of the sticky stuff closed the eye of the hook.

"A poor thing, but mine own," I muttered and hit the sack.

Wolters was up and away before daylight. Rising later, I could find only one fly on the workbench, a neat, professional product. I took it along and broke the point of the hook off against a rock with a sloppy back cast.

WHEN WE all gathered at camp for lunch, Wolters was walking three feet off the ground, a remarkable feat for a man carrying a salmon that weighed more than fifteen pounds. It was, as well as could be ascertained, the biggest taken from the Gander all season. The fish had risen, Dick said, to a Silver Tip.

"Uh, Dick," I said, "I suppose you've got lots of Silver Tips in your book."

"Funny thing," he said, "I just had that one. Picked it up off the bench when I went out this morning. A second fish took it after I landed this one, but it tore out of his mouth. The fly's still on my rod down in the boat."

When nobody was looking, I went down to the boat. The fly was indeed there, paunchy, lumpy, bedraggled and unmistakable.

"Strict adherence to purity of pattern," J. Edson Leonard writes, "has made some of the traditions which govern the construction of these flies seem inexplicable. . . . Precedents have been so interwoven in the techniques of dressing salmon flies that even the slightest violation of any one of them is apparent to the connoisseur and, moreover, is considered intolerable. . . ."

All right, patients, if that dull and idiotic air hasn't vanished by now, better get back to the bottle.



NURSING THE SICK at home

NEVER HAS the question of where and how to nurse our sick faced us more pressingly than today—and for two reasons. First, the ever increasing age-span in all civilized countries, second, the ever increasing cost of hospitals and nursing homes.

Like most questions, it has at least two sides. For the utterly destitute or unattached, some institution seems inevitable. And for acute illness of uncertain diagnosis, for surgery, blood transfusions, etc., a hospital is the obvious, if temporary, answer. Also for severe mental cases in either children or adults, because mental disease needs specialized treatment.

The more normal case is the invalid—perhaps father or mother—within a family of moderate means. The invalidism may be temporary or permanent, or may be only a semi-invalidism needing supervision but not constant care. Up to half a century ago, home nursing would have been taken more or less for granted.

An extra room, or at least a bed, could be found in even a modest home, while various members of the family could be counted on for necessary services.

Today the prime difficulties are the smaller house or apartment and women working outside the home. These difficulties are real but seldom insurmountable. On the economic side, that extra room can be found or added and a practical nurse—with good luck, even one of our all-too-few Nursing Sisters—secured at less expense than most institutions require. It may mean that one member of the family must make the almost heroic sacrifice of a part-time job to collaborate with a part-time nurse. She—it is bound to be a she!—can learn much from one of the Red Cross Home Nursing Courses.

A general, but not too rigid, rule of life for the invalid, including exercise and outing, will be drawn up by the doctor. He must command the confidence of patient and family.

Then, beyond such fundamental necessities as comfort and cleanliness in the bedroom, regular medication and skin care, and simple but tasty meals at convenient hours, a large half of successful nursing falls into the psychological sphere. Saint Thérèse of Lisieux confessed that when caring for an old and difficult nun in her convent, she always tried to muster up her "best smile." So, a tiny flower on breakfast tray or window-sill and some piece of interesting news help to start the patient's day.

Letters and short visits from tactful friends—even from the family pets—are in order. Any congenial work which makes the invalid feel useful is much to be encouraged. And as he or she may also like to feel a little ornamental, it is wise to remember that a fresh hairdo or touch of lipstick lifts a woman's morale just as regular shaving does a man's. The immense possibilities of reading or being read to might fill an article in themselves. Radio and television—in moderation keep a shut-in in touch with the world outside.

Even more important is keeping in touch with the world above, since the sick need special graces as well as comforts. Most invalids love the rosary, and brief night or morning prayers said together by patient and nurse forge a peaceful bond.

It goes without saying that the parish priest is always glad to bring Holy Communion and hear a bedside confession or, in case of emergency, to administer Extreme Unction. So may be fostered the needed patience, fortitude, docility to God's will, and consideration for others—since a prime temptation of invalidism is to think only of ourselves.

This way may lie sainthood. There are special virtues and a possibility of sainthood, too, for the nurse! First, last, and always comes patience, then courage, and a realization that nursing well done includes practically all the works of mercy.

Of course, if the patient cannot cooperate, if senility or any other symptom increases so that it threatens to overwhelm household or caretaker, some carefully chosen nursing home may eventually be necessary.

God does not demand the impossible, as spiritual directors are always telling us. And it is not desirable to make two invalids instead of one. But if the burden can possibly be borne or shared, it will be a surpassing comfort for the sick to pass those final days in familiar surroundings, warmed with loving, unregimented care.

By KATHERINE BREGY

SIGNPOST

your questions answered

BY ADRIAN LYNCH, C.P.

Appearance of Blessed Virgin

The Church teaches that the Blessed Virgin Mary appeared several times as a beautiful lady—white, of course. I don't believe it for the following reasons: God never designated anyone as a lady or a white lady or a beautiful lady. To say that He did would make Him a social arbiter and a judge of a beauty contest. Most of the people of this world are colored—Negro, Indian, Chinese, etc. To say that she appeared as a white woman is to display racial discrimination. The Virgin Mary was socially not a lady but the wife of a mechanic.—JERSEY CITY, N. J.



The expression "beautiful lady" is not from the Church but from Bernadette and the three children of Fatima. That is the way she looked to them. As Mary was of the Jewish race, if she appeared in visible form naturally she would appear as of that race. There would be no reason for her to appear as black, red, or yellow. This would probably confuse those to whom she appeared.

There is no distinction of persons with God—that is, no distinctions of an invidious kind, based on color or skin, etc. The quality God is interested in is the state of one's soul. "Man looks at the face but God considers the heart." It is encouraging to remember that the blessed in heaven are of every tribe and tongue, which no man can number. (Apoc. 5:9)

Mary was, indeed, the wife of Joseph, a carpenter by trade, but both were of the house of David the king.

Cornea Donation

Are Catholics permitted to donate their eyes to the blind after they die?—CINCINNATI, O.

Donation of corneas—not eyes—after death is not only lawful but also laudable. This holds for all people, not only for Catholics. The late Pope Pius XII, in an address before the Italian Association of Donors of the Cornea in Rome, said, "From the moral and religious point of view there is no objection to the extraction of the cornea from a corpse." It is an act of charity toward one's neighbor, especially the blind and those losing their sight.

Eye banks in which the corneas taken from corpses are preserved for use in transplantation are in most of the states. The one in your vicinity is located at Cincinnati Eye Bank, Inc., Cincinnati General Hospital, Room 207, Cincinnati 29, Ohio. Communicate with this office for instructions about the manner of making the donation effective.

Others who are interested in this most useful operation are advised to consult the yellow pages of their telephone books or write to Eye Bank, Inc., 210 East 64th Street, New York, N. Y.

Meat Sandwich on Friday

A Catholic orders a meat sandwich and, while waiting for it, remembers that it is Friday. Would it be lawful for him to go ahead and eat it, when he gets it?—ELKHORN, NEB.

If he discovers his mistake before the sandwich is made, he should countermand the order. If after made and served, he should ask that it be taken back and abstinence food substituted. It will not be wasted, as it can be presumed that it will be ordered again. If trouble arises about it, a Catholic should be willing to pay for it, though he should not eat it. Positive laws of the Church, as abstinence on Fridays and other days, do not oblige when a grave inconvenience attaches to their observance, but merely changing an order of this kind does not seem to me to amount to a grave inconvenience, even though it is paid for but not eaten. Others, however, may be of a different opinion.

Forgiveness of Sins

Can one who has committed serious mortal sins regain sanctifying grace, even though they have been confessed?—ARIZ.

The effect of a contrite confession of sins in the sacrament of penance is their remission and the infusion of sanctifying grace, in accordance with our Lord's words when instituting this great sacrament: "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven." Never doubt the efficacy of these divine words, which have brought peace and joy to so many souls, including the angels. (Luke 15:10)

Sneezing After Communion

I sneezed and expelled saliva from my mouth into a handkerchief soon after receiving Holy Communion. What should I do, in order to be sure that I do not commit sacrilege?—JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

If you swallowed the sacred host immediately, there is little likelihood that any part of it was expelled into the handkerchief. If, however, this presumption is not verified and a piece of the Host is visible, you should fold the handkerchief and present it to the priest and he will take the necessary precautions.

Saliva for Baptism?

In the August issue, the question was asked, "What could be done if an infant was dying without baptism and there was no water or any other liquid available?" You gave a negative answer, which prompts me to ask if perhaps I was misinformed. I was taught in theology class that, if there was no water present, the saliva of a person could be used, provided the condition necessary for the baptismal ablution were carried out. Is this correct?—MICHIGAN CITY, IND.

Your question is one of a few which commented on the answer in the August issue. Each one asked if saliva might be used as the matter of baptism, when true water was lacking. Although the use of saliva in an emergency appeared invalid to me, my curiosity was aroused when you said you were taught in theology class that it could be used, when no water was available. I consulted eight or nine theological manuals to see if any one of them allowed saliva in an emergency. Every one of them listed saliva among invalid

matters and most of them added "certainly invalid." I did not pursue the search further.

One letter asked about tea and coffee. They could be used in an emergency with the condition, "If this is valid matter," because though they are flavored water, they are not water in the ordinary sense of the word, which is the way in which our Lord's word is to be understood.

Looking Back

Please tell me the meaning of the expression "No man putting his hand to the plough and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God."—MONESSEN, PA.

This is verse sixty-two of the ninth chapter of the Gospel according to Saint Luke. Verses 57-62 relate to those who expressed a wish to follow Jesus but were wanting in some way or other. With regard to verse sixty-two, to look back when ploughing would result in the plough not making a straight furrow. It may have been a proverb which our Lord used to enlighten the individual. The words of Jesus are austere and certainly uncompromising. The lesson is the important thing: we cannot give a divided or hesitating service to God. We must keep our eyes on the target of eternal life at all times.

Sterilization

Is it sinful in the eyes of the Church for a doctor to perform a sterilizing operation on men? Would dire poverty, poor health, and many children justify it?

Sterilization is a major mutilation of the human body, the effect of which is the impossibility of begetting offspring. It is of three kinds: therapeutic, eugenic, and punitive. The first is permitted, if it is an indirect result—not intended, but unavoidable—which results from some curative action for the total health of the body. Eugenic sterilization is directly intended to render the subject unable to propagate. The Church regards this type of sterilization as a "pernicious abuse" and gravely forbidden by natural law. No reason can justify it, according to Pope Pius XI. The end does not justify the means.

God's Power. Breast Feeding

(1) In your explanation of "Fatima and the Sun" in the June issue, the following sentence appears: "The only thing that God Almighty cannot do is what cannot be done." This statement puzzles me, and the more I contemplate it the more in error it seems to be. The catechism, in answer to the simple question "Can God do all things?" says, "Yes, God can do all things." Are we not to interpret that He alone can do the impossible things? Surely, your statement must mean something else or was just a grave misprint. Please explain. (2) What is the Church's view on the outgoing practice of breast-feeding infants? Hospital staffs, doctors, and nurses seem to discourage willing mothers.—YONKERS, N. Y.

(1) The meaning of the sentence can best be explained as follows: Can God Almighty make a square circle? No, He cannot, because such a question implies a contradiction in terms; it is not a thing, therefore God, though Almighty, cannot do it, because it cannot be done.

(2) The common opinion of Catholic theologians is that mothers have an obligation to nurse their infants at the breast, from which only a good reason will excuse, such as weak health, etc. This should be evident from their natural

make-up. The breasts have been given to women for the purpose of nursing their infants, not for mere ornamentation, as seems to be the attitude today. More and more physicians are coming back to the realization that mother's milk is intended by God to nourish infants. No other milk can equal it for their feeding, no matter how scientific it may claim to be. Dr. Grantly Dick Read, author of *Natural Childbirth*, makes a convincing argument for breast-feeding in his *Introduction to Motherhood*.

Obligation of Abstinence

Several of my Catholic relatives and friends are of the firm belief that abstinence from meat on Friday is not required of those over fifty-nine years. In each case they tell me they got this information from a priest. What is the law on this point? Are there places where there might be exceptions due to age? In other words, is this a law subject to exceptions by local priests or bishops?—BROOKLYN, N. Y.



The precept of abstinence from flesh meat on Fridays and other days begins to bind on the completion of the seventh year and lasts until the end of one's life. There is no exception on account of advanced age, as there is to the law of fasting, which begins to bind on the completion of one's twenty-first year and ceases to bind on the completion of one's fifty-ninth year. (Canon 1254). This is the common law. I know of no exception to the observance of abstinence merely on account of advanced years. It seems to be outside the power of local priests and bishops to dispense on account of age. Other reasons—for example, ill health—would be grounds for dispensation.

Dudley-Radziwill Marriage

Please explain the enclosed clipping, which states that the Earl of Dudley, sixty-seven years old, married Grace Radziwill, former wife of Polish prince Stash Radziwill, who is now married to the former Lee Bouvier, the latter being the sister of President Kennedy's wife and the god-mother of the latter's recent child. Why were the doors of the church locked during the marriage?

The above question represents the contents of several letters from women readers who ask for an explanation. The following information from the NCWC News Service offers what is requested. "The sixty-seven-year-old Earl of Dudley was married July 16 to Princess Grace Radziwill, thirty-eight-year-old former wife of Prince Radziwill, who now is married to a sister of Mrs. John F. Kennedy. The wedding took place in a Catholic church at Richmansworth, near London. Father Brendan Fox, pastor of the church, officiated. Both parties were previously married, but neither marriage was considered valid in the eyes of the Church. Lord Dudley, who is not a Catholic, was married in 1943 to a woman whose first husband was still living. Princess Grace, a Catholic, contracted an invalid marriage [with Prince Radziwill] in a register office. Lord Dudley was said to be taking instructions in the Catholic faith."

The *New York Times* account stated that Lord Dudley's first wife died in 1930 and his second marriage was dissolved in 1954. There were fifteen guests present at the ceremony. The doors of the church were locked presumably to prevent a circus atmosphere. Both parties were notable people.

Rational Animal

In one of your answers you referred to man as a rational animal. Does this mean that you consider us animals? I have always been under the impression that we are humans and not animals. Shouldn't the expression "rational animal" be outlawed by the Catholic Church, since we are not animals but human beings?—HACKENSACK, N. J.

Human being and rational animal are interchangeable terms. It is well known that a human being is a being with an animal body and a rational soul. Hence, to call such a one a rational animal is according to truth. It must be admitted, however, that many times human beings appear more animal than rational. "Man when he was in honor did not understand; he is compared to senseless beasts and is become like to them." (Ps 48:13). "Who walk after the flesh in the lust of uncleanness . . . as irrational beasts, naturally tending to the snare and destruction." (2 Pet. 2:10, 11).

Excommunication

What is the policy of the Catholic Church toward those who have been excommunicated? To whom can these people turn besides God?

Excommunication is an ecclesiastical penalty or censure which deprives the person of benefits of membership in the Church. Most censures are medicinal in character, that is, for the correction of the obstinate. When the delinquent repents of his crime, to which the censure was attached, he will be absolved in confession and a fitting penance imposed. This will restore him to good standing in the Church.

Solo Singing in Church

Is it permitted for a Catholic lay person to sing a solo, such as the Ave Maria, during a Catholic church wedding? I am of the opinion that it may be forbidden to sing solos during church weddings and funerals in certain dioceses in the U.S.A., by order of the bishop of his respective diocese, but that it does not apply to all churches by edict from Rome. Is this correct?—HAMMOND, IND.

Solo singing is not in harmony with the liturgical prescriptions on church music, except an occasional and incidental solo during the Gloria or Credo. Hence, it is not allowed to sing a solo, such as an Ave Maria, during a church wedding.

This prohibition derives from Church law, as the *Motu Proprio* of Pope Pius X, #12, and applies universally. Liturgical Commissions in individual dioceses usually indicate the particular compositions which may not be rendered solo. This is an application of the general principle.

Secular Societies

What is the Church's view of various organizations, as the Elks, Moose, Eagles, etc., which are not absolutely forbidden to Catholics? Wouldn't it be best for a Catholic to avoid becoming affiliated with such groups?—TEMPLE, TEXAS.

The Church declares the faithful who join associations erected or approved by her as worthy of praise. She warns them against joining associations that are secret, condemned, seditious, or suspect, or which designedly withdraw from the

legitimate vigilance of the Church. (Canon 684) Some associations are neither approved nor condemned, as those listed above, at least by general law. In a negative sense, at most, they are open to Catholics. Whether or not it is best for Catholics to avoid them will depend on the effect on their attitude toward the Church.

Baptism of Fetus in Miscarriage

Your answer in the July 1961 issue, that baptism of water is absolutely necessary for the salvation of infants who die in infancy, prompts me to ask if miscarriages should also be baptized and, if so, how does one confer baptism?—PITTSBURGH, PA.



The law of the Church declares that every aborted fetus, no matter at what period of gestation it is aborted, shall be baptized absolutely, if it is certain that the fetus is alive; if there is doubt that it is alive, it shall be baptized conditionally. (Canon 747) An accidentally aborted fetus is called a miscarriage. It has an immortal soul and is destined for eternal life. But it must be baptized. The manner of baptizing it is as follows: the fetus should be placed in a basin of warm water and the membrane or blood clot broken with the thumb and forefinger, so that the water will flow over the head of the fetus. At the same time, the form of baptism should be pronounced, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." If there is doubt that the fetus is alive, the following condition should preface the above words, "If you are alive."

Baptized fetuses should be buried in a Catholic cemetery. This may be arranged by consulting one's pastor, who will indicate what should be done for a suitable disposal of the fetus. A leaflet describing the procedure for baptizing in emergencies, whether of adults or miscarriages, may be obtained from Hill Stockroom, 553 North 25 Street, Omaha 31, Nebraska, for one cent a leaflet. A pamphlet entitled *Mothers With Empty Arms—Is Miscarriage a Misfortune?*, by Father John J. Regan, offers sound advice and consolation in this grave occurrence. (Queen's Work, 3115 S. Grand Boulevard, St. Louis 18, Missouri. Fifteen cents net.) The baptism of miscarriages is a vital matter, and the method of baptizing them should be known by all mothers.

Van, Vanne, Vaughn

Please let me know if Van or Vanne or Vaughn are Christian names. An expectant mother claims that her mother saw the name in an old missal, but I cannot find it anywhere.—NEW YORK, N. Y.

The following entry is found in *The Book of Saints* compiled by the Benedictine Monks of St. Augustine's Abbey, Ramsgate, England, third edition, 1934. "Vaune (Vanne, Vitonius). A bishop of Verdun, honored among the saints, who departed this life A.D. 525. Very little else is known about him. Feast day, November 9." This saint is not included in the Roman Martyrology.

Another entry in the same source is St. Vauge or Vaughe, otherwise known as St. Vorech. The latter was an Irish priest from Armagh, who lived as a hermit in Cornwall, Wales, until his death in A.D. 585. He is the patron saint of Llanlivery. His name, also, is not included among those in the Roman Martyrology; hence, they are not officially recognized by the Church.

WINTER JOURNAL of Junior Books

There is scarcely a children's book in the store, at Christmas time, that doesn't seem to reflect some of the excited color of the season. Under their fetching, glossy covers, however, the books are individual items of great variety. Somewhere in that variety is the book your child would enjoy. We can tell you, here, about only a small portion of the books for children which were published during the past year. Our books have been selected primarily for their worth-plus-appeal: high standards of writing and understanding of what excites a young reader's attention

BY MARY LOUISE HECTOR

★ **The Bronze Bow**, by Elizabeth George Speare. An eighteen-year-old Israelite boy wants only one thing from life—the opportunity to help destroy the Roman conquerors of Israel. Daniel has few misgivings about his motivating hatred until he encounters Jesus of Nazareth, a commanding Leader who preaches love. It is soon obvious that the Master is not going to activate the long-dormant revolt of Israel, and Daniel, disappointed, turns away. But he finds that the carpenter's Son has started a ferment in his soul that cannot be killed, even by cherished hatred. The portrait of Jesus in His times is as convincing as though it were actually a contemporary report, full of simultaneous devotion and wonder. (Houghton-Mifflin, \$3.25, ages 12-up.)

The Incredible Journey, by Sheila Burnford. Three animals, two dogs and a Siamese cat, set out for home from a household where they have been boarded temporarily. A two-hundred-and-fifty-mile stretch of Canadian wilderness faces them. They meet it with instinctive courage, cunning, and concern for each other, as long-time fellow pets of their master. Each animal is an individual, but the characterizations are done with restraint and absolute respect for fact. (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.75, ages 12-up.)

Out of the Mines, by Frederick Grice. A British coal-miner bravely declares that his two sons may have all the education they want and do not have to



follow him into the mines. But a long strike breaks the family's spirit. Richard, the younger boy, becomes a pitman and experiences the nightmare disaster of being trapped underground. This is an excellent realistic novel, especially appropriate for the youngster who is looking beyond the usual for his reading. (Watts, \$2.95, ages 12-16.)

Orimha of the Mohawks, by Charles Norman. A famous, seventeenth-century, French-Canadian explorer, Pierre Esprit Radisson, was captured and adopted by Indians when he was in his late teens. He later wrote a journal of his experiences, and that document

George
laelite
life—
y the
el has
vating
is of
who
at the
long-
aniel,
finds
ted a
killed,
portrait
ncing
mpor-
devo-
iffin,

Sheila
s and
from
been
dred-
wild-
with
con-
ellow
is an
s are
spect
\$3.75,

Grice.
clares
edu-
ve to

furnishes the material for Orimha of the Mohawks. It is not a long book, but it has power—the direct force of an incredible personal experience tersely told. (Macmillan, \$2.75, ages 12-16.)

Sea Captain from Salem, by Leonard Wibberley. One day during the American Revolution, a stern Salem fisherman, Captain Peace of God Manley, reports to Benjamin Franklin in Paris. Franklin assigns him a job: to capture British ships and sell them as prizes of war in French harbors. Peace of God calls on his forty years' experience at sea to carry him through a succession of rugged adventures. High-school boys



as a group will love the high spirits of *Sea Captain from Salem* and charge out to find other historical adventures by this author. (Ariel, \$2.95, ages 12-16.)

The Slave's Apprentice, by Captain Frank Knight. Slaving is an honest British trade at the end of the eighteenth century, and it is only by chance that the ship's boy Septimus is led to consider its possible evils. The slave's single passenger is, of all things, an abolitionist; he has been sent to write a firsthand report for his co-workers. The little man is capable, courageous, and scholarly and becomes Septimus' good friend and teacher. The humorous touch here is expertly adapted from Dickens. (St. Martin's Press, \$3.25, ages 12-16.)

long
hard,
n and
er of
is an
y ap-
book-
ding.
Charles
-cen-
ierre
and
n his
al of
ment

Girls, too, have a new book from this outstanding author, Frank Knight—**The Last of Lallow's**. A fifteen-year-old girl of seventeenth-century England is caught up in the bitter warfare between Cavalier and Roundhead. Margaret's men folk have opposed loyalties, and her determination to preserve the ancestral home at Lallow's is broken when the war reaches out to include the once-peaceful farming village. *The Last of Lallow's* is the best sort of history lesson, a painless one that blows the dust off facts and shows how they shine and move. (St. Martin's Press, \$3.25, teen-age girls.)

Looking for Orlando, by Frances Williams Brown. Some ten years before the Civil War, seventeen-year-old Sam Chase, who has always casually approved the opinion that slavery is ordained by Providence, arrives in a Pennsylvania Quaker community to spend the summer on his grandfather's farm. It cannot long be hidden from the boy that the farm is a station on the Underground Railroad, nor long spared him that the Negro in flight and fear suffers as does any other man. *Looking for Orlando* has the suspense of a chase, against a vivid historical background that is most effective because it is as tense to the spirit as it is pleasant to the eye. (Criterion, \$3.50, ages 12-15.)

The Mystery of the Phantom Ship, by Helen O'Clery. The independent inhabitants of a small island off the Irish coast resent any interference by mainland authority. When the local police sergeant arrives on the island to try to find out what happened to an illegal, French, fishing vessel which has disappeared, the islanders meet him with a clannish wall of cheerful evasiveness. A young mainland boy, whom the islanders mystically accept, is a fascinated witness to this clash and to much of the sea adventure which takes place before the mystery unravels. (Watts, \$2.95, ages 12-up.)

Sixteen and Other Stories, by Maureen Daly. This is a collection of nine superior short pieces, of which eight are fiction. Miss Daly was just about sixteen herself when the title short story appeared. Her *Seventeenth Summer*, a chapter of which is included in this collection, is a classic adolescent novel. Readers who aspire to be writers will find these stories encouraging and perhaps tutorial. (Dodd, Mead, \$3.00, ages 13-up.)

Pirate Queen, by Edith Patterson Meyer. Grania O'Malley was a contemporary of Elizabeth I of England and, like her, a reigning queen. But Grania's throne was a nominal one: she was chieftain of her clan in western Ireland. After years of fighting off English domination, Grania went to Elizabeth herself to explain the Irish side of the long conflict. This fictional biography catches the incredible vitality and the strong individuality of its subject. (Little, Brown, \$3.50, ages 14-up.)

A Touch of Magic, by Betty Cavanna. The lovely Shippin girl of colonial Philadelphia who became the wife of General Benedict Arnold is one of the people from life who are characters in this bright historical romance. The magic life of the wealthy Shippin girls is quietly admired by the novel's heroine, Hannah, a plain Quaker girl whose mother is a seamstress to the fashionable. The long Revolutionary War is kinder to Hannah than it is to the

Shippens, although she works all through it (once, to her own amazement, as a spy) while they play. (Westminster, \$2.95, ages 12-15.)

Pick a New Dream, by Lenora Mattingly Weber. This is the newest title in a popular series of stories about a capable and very likable girl named Beany Malone. The books shape into a running biography of Beany. In the present one, she has just finished high school and is looking forward to college. Her cherished dreams evaporate, and she is shortly picking new ones, of which the most surprising is romantic. (Crowell, \$3.50, ages 12-16.)

Mystery Clouds the Canyon, by Annette Turngren. A brother and sister search in a decaying mountain lodge for their friend, an art student who has become dangerously involved with a gang of art counterfeiters. The clues are spooky and well-snarled, and the mountain background adds to the nervous mood of mystery. (Funk and Wagnalls, \$2.95, teen-age.)

The Great Constitution, by Henry Steele Commager. This is an expertly



written sketch of the Constitutional Convention, with memorable descriptions of its leading members. It may do no more than clarify the pages of his schoolbook for a young reader, but it is capable of doing infinitely more than that: of making the rare drama of creating a nation live again; of communicating the delegates' faith in God; of demonstrating the efficient intricacies of the great constitution itself. (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.50, ages 8-12.)

Submarine Pioneer, by Frank Morriss. One of the "Catholic Treasury Books," this is a biography of the almost unknown inventor of the submarine, John Philip Holland, an Irish-American schoolteacher, was absorbed

in an idea which had taken hold of him when he read about the battle between the first of the ironclads. Holland reasoned that an underwater vessel would be the only weapon against the ironclads and set about perfecting plans for such a "submarine." This is a good, clear narrative that is always interesting and should provide youngsters with some satisfying curious facts. (*Bruce, \$2.50, ages 8-12.*)

Tiger in the Bush, by Nan Chauncy. The Lorennys, sole residents of a remote, unmapped, Tasmanian valley, want to keep their place secret because the freedom it gives them ideally matches their independent spirit. Only the youngest Lorennny, the boy Badge, is happy when an American relative, who is a professional naturalist, arrives to study the valley. Badge cannot help boasting of a special secret; he realizes, too late, that it could shatter the peace of the valley. This very good story, a prize-winner in Australia, is enhanced by its setting of wildness and intense beauty. (*Watts, \$2.95, ages 9-12.*)

A very special gift would be a package of two books, *Tiger in the Bush* and its sequel *Devils' Hill*. The sequel, in an upside-down publishing move, appeared in America a year before *Tiger in the Bush*. It has the same setting, style, and general excellence as its predecessor, and a serious adventure that involves the whole Lorennny family. (*Watts, \$2.95, ages 9-12.*)

Robert's Rescued Railway, by Rosemary Weir. An ancient, narrow-gauge railway in Wales employs Robert's father as engineer. When the company threatens to abandon the line, Robert and friends organize a preservation society. There is bounce and humor in the story, the attractions of a zestful travelogue, and, of course, a bonus for train fans. (*Watts, \$2.95, ages 10-14.*)

The Majesty of Grace, by Jane Langton. Grace Jones, a little girl of the Depression era, is convinced that she is the true heirress to the English throne. She sometimes practices at being royal, but most of the time she is too busy enjoying herself in an active and imaginative way that youngsters will know is truly real. Families who read aloud for the good fun of it ought to have *The Majesty of Grace*. (*Harper, \$2.95, ages 8-12.*)

Emily's Runaway Imagination, by Beverly Cleary. Whenever Emily's imagination leads her into a ludicrous situation, the whole town (Pitchfork, Oregon) seems to hear about it immediately, and folks begin to tease the little girl. But it is kindly, and it is not Emily's greatest problem. That is, rather, the lamentable scarcity of books in the town. Emily and her mother work to establish a town library, but in the meantime Emily goes on having homely and tease-worthy adventures, all of them flavored with a

warm, old-fashioned touch from the 1920's. (*Morrow, \$2.95, ages 8-12.*)

The Little Dark-House, by Edythe Records Warner. This graceful essay about the sport of spear-fishing through ice is nature-writing for children at its best. Information is relayed by a young narrator, who also strikingly conveys his and his brother's feeling for the outdoors, and for the wonderfully patient and wise grandfather who teaches them about it. (*Viking, \$2.25, ages 6-10.*)

My Village in Switzerland, by Sonia and Tim Gidal. An oversize book, this contains more than eighty superb photographs taken in a Swiss valley, with members of a typical Swiss family appearing in them to illustrate facts and to carry on the pleasant, slight storyline. The authors have found everything interesting and unusual about a child's life in Switzerland. (*Pantheon, \$3.50, ages 9-13.*)

The Book of the Twelve Apostles, by Josef Quadflieg. A talented reworking for children of New Testament material, this is a readable narrative in a trim and attractive format. The illus-



trations, by Johannes Gruger, are simple and pleasing, with firm line and good color. Josef Quadflieg is the author of an earlier book which would be a happy addition to every Catholic home where children read—**The Saints and Your Name**; this, a collection of seventy-three very short biographies, is rich in small stories that impress themselves on the mind with their neatness, point, and recountability. (*Pantheon, \$3.00, each, ages 9-12.*)

Pasquale of Santa Ynez Mission, by Florence Wightman Rowland. A young Indian girl whose family has been converted to Catholicism is kidnapped from the mission by her pagan uncle and forced to return to the tribe. An exciting and lovely story, this is based on an actual incident in the history of the California missions. (*Walck, \$3.00, ages 8-12.*)

MARY LOUISE HECTOR is the children's book editor for *The Critic* and a member of the New York Times book review staff.

Benito, by Clyde Robert Bulla. Benito is an orphan who works hard and conscientiously on his uncle's California vegetable farm, while he dreams of drawing pictures and carving in wood. *Benito* is an excellently balanced, easy-to-read book, with enough events to hold attention surely and careful technical simplicity to match beginning skill. (*Crowell, \$2.95, ages 7-10.*)

Frosty, by Clare Turlay Newberry. A beloved author-illustrator has a wonderful story here about a family that sets out to obtain its first dog, insisting on a small animal, and cannot resist the overwhelming charm of the biggest dog in the animal shelter, an Alaskan Malamute. Beautiful, soft-lined drawings accompany the winning story. (*Harper, \$2.50, ages 6-10.*)

The Cricket in Times Square, by George Seldan. A musical cricket from Connecticut becomes the pet of an Italian newsboy in New York. The cricket adapts to big-city life but can't stay out of trouble and can't remain obscure. This modern fable is another good read-aloud book, with originality and humor to spare, for all members of the family. (*Ariel, \$3.50, ages 9-up.*)

Elizabeth, by Mary Harris. A new "Patron Saint" book, this biography of St. Elizabeth of Hungary reads like a fine story that has the perfect princess for its heroine, beautiful and charming and impressively courageous. The book is generously illustrated with good storytelling pictures. (*Sheed & Ward, \$2.00, ages 5-9.*)

Robert, by M. K. Richardson. St. Robert Bellarmine, Jesuit and cardinal, was a small and friendly man who took lightly his abilities and his specialness. This charming biography is an interesting and, sometimes, a funny story; its importance comes through clearly. (*Sheed & Ward, \$2.00, ages 5-9.*)

Belling the Tiger, by Mary Stolz. The twins, smallest and least important members of the mouse colony, are ordered by the dictator-mouse to hang a bell around the cat's neck. Before they get very far in their mission, they are sidetracked to a foreign land where they have an inflating adventure with a wild animal. (*Harper, \$2.50, ages 6-10.*)

The Golden Treasury of Caroline and Her Friends, by Pierre Probst. This is the American version of a favorite French picture-book about a managing little girl and her crew of small animal friends. The happenings don't pretend to be sensible, but they are always fun. The larger portion of the book is illustrations—brightly-colored, lively, and humorous. (*Golden Press, \$3.95, ages 4-8.*)

BOOK REVIEWS

Books that Radiate the Christmas Message

By WILLIAM AND MARY HOLUB

is strange. In an age of distractions that discourage reading, more people are reading than ever before.

Many have turned to reading from the pap of most television fare. Others are seeking light in a time permeated with gloom. Still others have rediscovered the pleasures of reading for its own sake.

The publishers are eagerly satisfying this growing demand by producing thousands of books for varied tastes and interests.

This is the *big* season for new books. This is also the time when in addition to looking for what you would like yourself, you will be selecting books as gifts.

Few gifts are as appropriate or as economical as a good book. In giving a book, you give more than a thing. You share your appreciation of an author's ideas with your friends. You offer intellectual pleasure. You supply spiritual stimulation.

One of our activities is to scan advance proofs of new books on Christian living and to evaluate their merits for a general review service. THE SIGN invited us to select a list from the more recent which help to radiate the splendor of the Christmas message through their application of Christ's teaching to particular situations.

In choosing a book as a gift, you will want to keep in mind the personal tastes, needs, and interests of the recipient. To do so, you must obviously know what the author is trying to say and how well he succeeds.

With these observations in mind we offer the following books for your consideration.

The Head of the Family (Regnery, \$5.00), by Clayton Barbeau, outlines clearly what it means to be the man of the house. The writing is mature, intelligent, and literate (obviously worthy of the head of the family) and creates a penetrating and large-screen view of fatherhood today. It's one of the best we've read. Mothers can "clue" the

children that this is the perfect gift for dad.

Strangers in the House (Sheed & Ward, \$3.50), by Father Andrew Greeley, is the most enlightening book that parents of teen-agers will read this season. After a searching, compassionate look at the behavior of these uncommunicative, mysterious, half-adults, the author offers some "far from easy" so-

lutions to the problems confronting both generations.

Love and Live (Bruce, \$1.25, \$1.35, \$1.50), by Father Joseph T. McGloin, S.J., is an admirable trilogy for teen-agers. The three short volumes have special aims. *Learn a Little* instructs them in the love and service of God. *Yearn a Little* urges them onward to nobler things and offers practical advice on modesty, purity, dating, and drinking. *Burn a Little* goads them to reach for sanctity, man's highest achievement. Parents and relatives will find here a "must" gift for young people.

An Examination of Conscience for Modern Catholics (Longmans, Green, \$3.50), by Father L. J. Lebrét and Theodore Suavet, is different. Breaking completely with those routine exams found in prayer books, this comprehensive guide spotlights daily duties and responsibilities in all areas of life. For religious and laity, this makes an excellent book to dip into when formulating resolutions—not just for the new year—but for life.

Offbeat Spirituality (Sheed & Ward, \$3.95), by Pamela Carswell, is one of the best books yet on "spirituality for the average layman." Despite the title, it is not written for beatniks, although any beatnik wishing to join the human race could find it very profitable reading. Neither pietistic nor ponderous, this is a book that will be read and reread by earnest people working toward spiritual maturity.

St. Teresa of Avila (Doubleday, \$3.95), by John Beevers, is as fascinating to read as a good novel. Its completely compelling, real-life heroine, the great Spanish mystic, dominates every page as a woman of infinite charm, courage, perseverance, and endless energy.

Robert Bellarmine, Saint and Scholar (Newman, \$5.75), by Father James Brodrick, S.J., is a classic study of an inspiring saint who was the outstanding, controversial cleric of his day. His works have been the basis of nearly all serious studies of Church-State relationships since the seventeenth century.

Christianity in Modern Art (Bruce, \$5.00), by Frank and Dorothy Getlein, takes an objective look at modern Christian art in a beautifully illustrated, well-written, lucid book. Both neophyte

SIGNSURVEY

OF BEST SELLING BOOKS

Reported for the December issue by leading Catholic book stores across the nation.

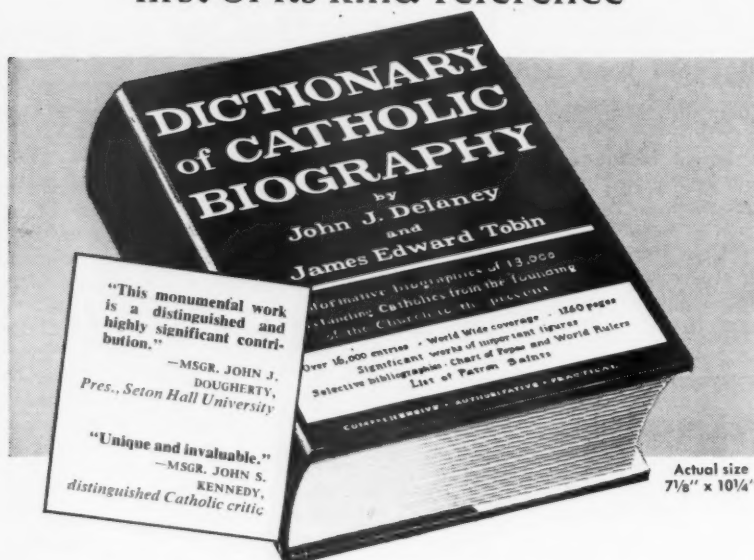
1. **THE EDGE OF SADNESS.** By Edwin O'Connor. \$5.00. Atlantic-Little, Brown
2. **TO LIVE IS CHRIST.** By Robert W. Gleason, S.J. \$3.00. Sheed & Ward
3. **NOW!** By Father M. Raymond, O.C.S.O. \$4.25. Bruce
4. **THE CATHOLIC MARRIAGE MANUAL.** By Msgr. George A. Kelly. \$4.95. Random House
5. **THE DIVINE MILIEU.** By Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. \$3.00. Harper
6. **MONSIEUR VINCENT.** By Daniel Rops. \$3.95. Hawthorn
7. **THE POOR OLD LIBERAL ARTS.** By Robert Gannon, S.J. \$4.00. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy
8. **MARY WAS HER LIFE.** By Sister M. Pierre. \$3.95. Benziger
9. **ROBERT BELLARMINE, SAINT AND SCHOLAR.** By James Brodrick, S.J. \$5.75. Newman
10. **FOUNDED ON A ROCK.** By Louis De Wohl. \$3.95. Lippincott

MR. HOLUB is General Manager of America Magazine. He and his wife Mary review the Catholic publications for Virginia Kirkus Review Service.

We shall be pleased to fill your book orders

THE SIGN • DECEMBER, 1961 61

Act now to get a special discount on this indispensable, first-of-its-kind reference



One giant volume with complete biographies of 13,000 history-making Catholics

THIS monumental reference was five years in the making—and two weeks after you buy it, you'll wonder how you ever managed without it! If you have children in school, you'll find this is one of the most important purchases you'll make—because they, as well as you, will turn to it constantly, and appreciate its unique authority, readability, and convenience. The authors have painstakingly cut out waste words... kept strictly to the facts... omitted much-covered living figures... ruled out all editorializing. They have insisted on many special features—a minimum of abbreviations; oversize pages and large print; thousands of cross-references; alphabetically arranged entries in eye-saving double columns; and an extra-rugged spine to keep the book lying open flat. Check these aids to quick information:

- 13,000 fact-filled biographies
- Important works of writers, theologians, etc.
- Legendary and apocryphal material identified
- Bibliographies for major figures
- Saints' feast days and symbols in art
- 12-page chart correlating papal and secular reigns
- Patron saints listed according to place and occupation
- Doubtful dates identified

Take advantage of this special introductory price—and at the same time examine this magnificent volume for yourself with no obligation. Mail the coupon below and keep this reference in your home, for 10 days. Experience its unique usefulness and enjoy its handy format. If you are not completely satisfied, you may return the book without charge. Special pre-publication price \$16.50. (Thumb-indexed \$17.95.) After December 8, 1961, \$18.50. (Thumb-indexed, \$19.95.)

Send today — offer expires December 8

To your bookseller, or
DOUBLEDAY & COMPANY, INC.
Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me... copy(ies) of **Dictionary of Catholic Biography**

☐ Regular edition (\$16.50)
☐ Thumb-indexed edition (\$17.95)
☐ Payment enclosed*
☐ Please bill me

I understand that I may return the book within 10 days without charge.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE...STATE....

*POSTAGE FREE if you enclose check or money order. Same return privilege.

and art expert will treasure this absorbing study.

Dictionary of Catholic Biography (Doubleday, \$18.50; thumb-indexed \$19.95), by James E. Tobin and John J. Delaney, makes a very practical and impressive gift for writers and researchers, as well as pleasant reading for browsers. It will be indispensable for personal and general reference libraries. Its 13,000 concise sketches cover virtually every outstanding deceased Catholic figure in the history and culture of the Catholic Church.

Sanctified in Truth (Sheed & Ward, \$3.50), by Father Leo Trese, is addressed exclusively to the author's fellow priests. Short essays on spiritual growth exemplify "our common ideas, our goals, and obstacles." This book could well be the solution to your problem of what to give your parish priest.

Prayer (Sheed & Ward, \$5.00), by the internationally respected scholar Hans Urs Von Balthasar, is a joyous and very practical book to help Catholics become more capable of achieving reality of union with God. It clearly demonstrates how to unlearn artificial, forced ways of prayer and how to substitute the natural ways that make praying as basic to the soul as breathing is to the body.

Against the Goad (Bruce, \$3.75), by James Mullen, is that rarity in books—a truly excellent conversion story. The author writes dispassionately and brilliantly about the tortuous route he took into the Church. Recent converts and "cradle Catholics" will equally enjoy it.

As you consider books for possible gift selections, don't forget that gift subscriptions to your favorite magazines are equally welcome and appropriate.

And as for how to get a book when there is no local book dealer handy, THE SIGN Magazine is always ready to handle your orders.

THE CHURCH: A PICTORIAL HISTORY

By Edward Rice. 268 pages
Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. \$10.00

This book is an authentic and documented account of the history of the Church from the "awesome moment when Christ, looking upon Peter and calling him "the rock upon which I found my Church," led to a radical transformation of human history "as spread across the Western World with the power of an exploding Sun."

Accompanying the admirable text and complementing it superbly, there are more than 250 carefully chosen contemporaneous illustrations in a variety of media, consisting of beautiful



give the finest . . .
give Bruce books!

DOGMA FOR THE LAYMAN

By THOMAS J. HIGGINS, S.J.

Concise, competent summary of the truths of the Faith presented in a non-argumentative fashion. Excellent gift for the layman interested in knowing and explaining his Faith, and a natural for the priest engaged in convert work.

\$3.95

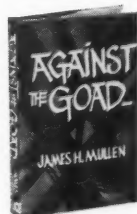


AGAINST THE GOAD

By JAMES H. MULLEN

A modern day spiritual autobiography told with compassion and skill that makes a perfect gift for anyone on your list. "Both instructive and refreshing . . . a steadfast and workmanlike book . . . must be read to be savored." — *The Critic*

\$3.95



CHRISTIANITY IN MODERN ART

By FRANK and DOROTHY GETLEIN

Outspoken and crisply objective, adorned with more than 100 reproductions of great works of art, this is the incomparable Christmas gift. Two experts examine the relationship between the Church and art today and tomorrow.

\$5.00

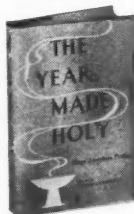


THE LIVING MASS

By the REV. HAROLD J. WICKEY

What should the Mass mean to modern man? Is it basically a gift or a sacrifice? These and many other fascinating aspects of the Mass are treated in this series of appreciative, inspiring essays on the Holy Sacrifice.

\$3.75



THE SUNDAY EPISTLES

By RICHARD T. A. MURPHY, O.P.

Priests, especially, will appreciate this careful, line-by-line examination and thorough interpretation of each Sunday's Epistle. Places each Epistle in its liturgical and historical context. Virtually constitutes a competent study of Pauline theology.

\$5.00

THE YEAR MADE HOLY

By MSGR. MATTHIAS PREMM

Perfect preparation for every Sunday Mass and for many special feast days. Msgr. Premm offers the complete picture by explaining all the variable parts for each Mass covered.

\$3.50

MARY IN THE BIBLE

By SALVATORE GAROFALO

Free from pious guess and sweetness, this is a realistic biography of Our Lady using the Bible as sole source. Here is Mary as she really lived and should be remembered and honored.

\$3.00

At your bookstore.

THE BRUCE PUBLISHING COMPANY
212 Bruce Building
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

The Christening Party Adult Confirmation First Holy Communion
 Non-Catholic Clergymen Naming the Baby Telephone Manners
 Wedding Invitations Steady Dating
 Wedding Expenses Menus
 Blind Dates

American Catholic Etiquette

by Kay Toy Fenner

At last—a guide defining and explaining correct social behavior on such occasions as weddings, christenings, ordinations, and funerals. Kay Fenner discusses in detail the social aspects of these ceremonies and, in addition, gives thorough coverage to Catholic home life, raising a family, the duties of a parishioner, and guidance for teen-agers. **\$5.95**

Wherever good books are sold

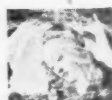
THE NEWMAN PRESS, Westminster, Maryland

IF & WHEN You Move, Please Remember to Send
 Your OLD AND New Address to THE SIGN

SECRET CODE

for solving Catholic

Christmas gift problems



Call Her Blessed

• CALL HER BLESSED

Charles B. Broschart 4.95
 Book of rare beauty in design and content. Tells the origin and history of many of Our Lady's titles, the variety, beauty and sincerity of devotion to her.

□ BEYOND SPACE

Rev. Dr. Pascal P. Parente 3.50
 Shows the reality of the spirit world and its meaning for us.

■ PRAY WITH ME

Sr. M. Rosamond Walsh 3.50
 Blank verse reflections on living with Christ in the liturgy.

♦ SPIRITUAL DIRECTION

Rev. Dr. Pascal P. Parente 3.50
 Concise analysis of subject and practical manual for directors.

* TO OBEY IS TO REIGN

Fr. F. X. Ronsin, S.J. 3.95
 Optimistic appraisal of religious life and guide to its fulfillment. Best gift for Sister.

Any Catholic
 Lay Teacher
 High School Boy
 Mom Dad
 Priests Sisters



Complete Doctrine of St. Theresa

* COMPLETE SPIRITUAL DOCTRINE OF ST. THERESA

Rev. Francois Jamart, O.C.D. 5.50
 The Little Flower found a sure path to heaven. Here's the full picture of her "little way."

+ THE CLOISTER CAT

Audrey Wight 2.95
 Cloister and cat ensnarl police when Sister superior disappears.

○ IN THE WHOLE CHRIST

Most Rev. Emile Guerry 4.00
 Shows man's union with Christ in labor, in love, in the world.



Buy at
 Your Bookstore

SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL
 STATEN ISLAND 14, NEW YORK

drawings, paintings, murals, frescoes, mosaics, ceramics, sculptures, illuminations from precious books, and photographs of reliquaries and of buildings in their historic settings. Each illustration has a detailed caption, supplementing, enriching, and further vivifying the text in a special way. All the illustrations are meticulously reproduced on gloss and gloss-free paper that brings out the delicate detail and the appearance of the originals.

With scholarship of high order, the author develops a dynamic account of Christianity over its nearly two thousand years of history, indicating the cycles of the rise, development, and leavening which affected the social, economic, and intellectual thought that revolutionized society.

Although the text is brief, there are succinct accounts of the early Church, of the sacraments and liturgy, of the Latin and Greek fathers, of the rapid emergence of contemplative life, and of art and music. So it is with Byzantium, Scholasticism, Cluny Reform, the "Flowering of the Middle Ages," the building of the Gothic Cathedral of Chartres, and the recurring Ecumenical Councils. A few of the great names that pass in review are St. Benedict, St. Gregory, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Dominic, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Teresa of Avila, Dante Alighieri, Luther, Calvin, and Zwingli. The Counter-Reformation and many other fascinating topics are well-handled. In the author's discussion of the role of the popes in the last hundred years, the emphasis is on peace, social justice, and ecumenical unity.

Written in a lucid style, this book will delight and enthrall its readers.

CATHERINE R. KANE

IMAGES AND SYMBOLS

Mircea Eliade.
 Sheed & Ward.

189 pages.
 \$3.50

Study of the religions of the world has reached its finest moment in the work of Mircea Eliade. After a period of difficulty, the critical study of religion, like the critical study of the Bible, has entered into a period of wonderful insight into the vast spiritual revelation that God has made to man through a symbolism that includes the entire natural and historical orders. The cosmos is real enough, but its symbolic value is as important to man spiritually as its material reality is to man physically.

The importance of these studies on symbolism done by Professor Eliade can hardly be exaggerated. Symbols are not superstitious, deceptive, or unworthy



Mircea Eliade

ALL
SAINTS
PRESS

18

FAVORITE BOOKS FOR CATHOLIC READERS

Ideal Christmas Gifts presented in beautiful, low priced paperbound editions to round out home, church or school libraries

The drama—the humor—the meaning and purpose of Catholic life are explored in these 18 favorite books selected from leading publishers by ALL SAINTS PRESS. Covering subjects that range from meatless cooking hints to the dedicated faith of a devoted nun in a leper colony, this special ALL SAINTS collection has been compiled to offer information, entertainment, and wholesome reading pleasure to Catholics of all ages and interests. Now, you can choose the books for your home and your friends that you would most enjoy, or find most helpful and at little more than the price of a Christmas card itself. If your bookseller does not have these titles fill out the coupon and indicate the selections you would like sent to your home, school, or church.



- AS•201 **THE LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO** by Giovanni Guareschi. Hilarious, warm-hearted story of an Italian parish priest with a formidable temper who battles a Communist mayor. 50¢
- AS•202 **DON CAMILLO AND HIS FLOCK** by Giovanni Guareschi. When hot-tempered Don Camillo meets Communist Mayor Peppone again it takes the whole village to separate Church and State. 50¢
- AS•203 **EVERYBODY CALLS ME FATHER** by Father X. Father X tells of his first five years as a curate—a light and humorous story, filled with deep significance. 50¢
- AS•204 **THE MAN WHO GOT EVEN WITH GOD** by M. Raymond, O.C.S.O. The fabulous, best-selling story of John Henry Greening, a violent vindictive cowboy who "got even" with God as a Trappist brother. 50¢
- AS•205 **THE MEATLESS COOK BOOK** by Irma Rhode (originally titled *Cook Book for Friday and Lent*). Attractive, economical recipes for feeding the family on days of fast and abstinence, with an introduction by Father Robert Gannon, S.J. 50¢
- AS•206 **MURDER TAKES THE VEIL** by Margaret Ann Hubbard. A psychopathic murderer masquerading as a nun brings tense drama to a Louisiana convent school. 50¢
- AS•207 **A PRACTICAL CATHOLIC DICTIONARY** by Jesse Corrigan Pegis. All terms relating to the church are defined and explained. Indispensable for any clear study or discussion of the Catholic Church. 50¢
- AS•208 **WHITE FIRE** by Rev. E. J. Edwards, S. V. D. A novel about a leper colony in which a dedicated scientist and a devoted nun clash over treatment of their patients. 50¢
- AS•209 **THE WOMAN SHALL CONQUER** by Don Sharkey. The complete story of the appearances of the Blessed Virgin Mary at Fatima, Lourdes and ten other places, illustrating their meaning for the modern world. 50¢
- AS•700 **THE MASS OF BROTHER MICHEL** by Michael Kent. An historical novel in which a handsome young nobleman, maimed in a boar hunt, grows from isolated bitterness to love and faith. 75¢
- AS•210 **THE SCARLET LILY** by Edward F. Murphy, S.S.J. The best-selling novel about Mary Magdalene, the sinner who became a friend of Christ. 50¢
- AS•211 **SHEPHERD'S TARTAN** by Sister Mary Jean Dorcy, O.P. The remarkable autobiography of a nun who is an artist, a writer and a teacher. 50¢
- AS•212 **TO MARRY WITH LOVE** by Virginia and Louis Baldwin. A couple with five children talk sense about courtship and marriage. 50¢
- AS•213 **THE NUN** by Margaret Trouncer. A novel about St. Margaret Mary Alacoque to whom Christ revealed the message of His Sacred Heart. 50¢
- AS•214 **THE WONDER OF GROWING UP** by Louisa Guarnero. A sensible, sensitively-written guide for the girl growing into womanhood, which reveals the facts of life within a background of family and church life. 50¢
- AS•701 **FACTS OF THE FAITH** by Msgr. J. D. Conway. An amazingly clear and full explanation of the Catholic faith. 75¢
- AS•1 **ROADS TO ROME** edited by John A. O'Brien. The inspiring personal stories of well-known men and women who found the meaning and purpose of life in their conversion to the Roman Catholic Church. 60¢
- AS•2 **A SHORT HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH** by Denis Meadows. A clear presentation of the founding and progress of the Catholic Church to its present state of existence that is exciting and readable. 60¢

To your bookseller or:

All Saints Press, Inc.
Dept. G, 11th floor
1 West 39 Street
New York 18, N. Y.

Please enclose retail price plus 5¢ a book for postage and handling.

If you wish books sent to addresses other than your own, attach a separate sheet with your name at the top followed by additional orders and addresses in sequence. Enclose money as described above.

Please send books as marked:

— AS•201 — AS•202 — AS•203 — AS•204 — AS•205 — AS•206
— AS•207 — AS•208 — AS•209 — AS•700 — AS•210 — AS•211
— AS•212 — AS•213 — AS•214 — AS•701 — AS•1 — AS•2

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ \$ _____ Check ☐ \$ _____ Money Order

Please do not send cash or stamps.

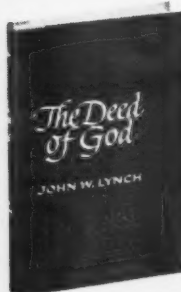
For information, entertainment, and wholesome reading pleasure fill out this coupon.

A superb new book
by the author of
*A Woman Wrapped
in Silence*

THE DEED OF GOD

by John W. Lynch

Father Lynch's new verse-meditation—on the life of Christ and the history of the Mass—is "deeply moving . . . Richly merits wide critical acclaim."—VIRGINIA KIRKUS



\$2.95
at your
bookstore

**SHEED
& WARD**
New York 3

Clear thinking on an explosive subject **CATHOLIC VIEWPOINT ON OVER- POPULATION**

Father Anthony Zimmerman, S.V.D., a recognized authority in the field of population study, is completely objective, scientific and temperate in his approach to this explosive controversy. He shows that the world's population problem stems more from failure in the distribution of goods than from lack of resources. An important addition to the Catholic Viewpoint Series. \$3.50 at all booksellers. **DOUBLEDAY**

modes of knowing. They are, rather, the natural, instinctive, highest and most sublime development of the human mind and the means whereby the human intellect attains its supreme intuitions of spiritual reality. This understanding of symbols brings about a completely new thought situation, with importance not only for the study of religion but also for other areas of study, particularly for philosophy and theology.

It is in the study of religion, however, that the full force of this change is experienced, for in religion, more than in any other area of human life, we are dependent on symbols. For Christianity, it means that we are finally released from excessive attachment to scientific modes of thought derived not from revelation but from the analytical thought traditions of the Greeks. Our splendid Scriptural visions and our ancient Christian liturgy can now recover their vitality, their richness of meaning, and be placed in a context infinitely more significant than that of Greek rationalism.

THOMAS BERRY, C.P.

THE JEWS AND THE GOSPEL

By Gregory Baum, O.S.A. 288 pages.
Newman. \$4.50

The thesis of this book is "there is no foundation for the accusation that a seed of contempt and hatred for the



Strength in Unity

► A group of medical students accompanied a surgeon on his hospital rounds. Pausing at a bedside, the surgeon directed each student to examine the patient and make a diagnosis as to the necessity of operating.

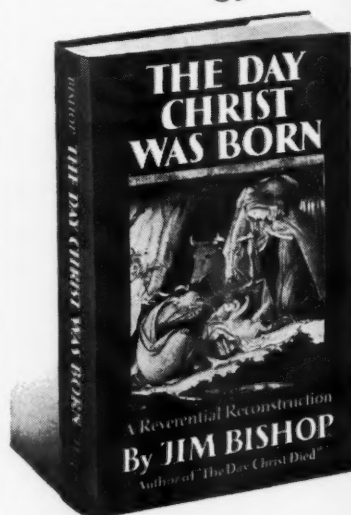
All three concluded that an operation was not required.

"I'm sorry, gentlemen," the surgeon said, "but you are all wrong. Tomorrow morning I must operate on this man."

"Oh, no," exclaimed the patient, silent until now. "Let me out of here. Three to one is good enough for me."

—Alfred Wheeler

For every
Catholic home...
the ideal
Christmas gift



The story of the first
Christmas, superbly
told by the author of
THE DAY CHRIST DIED

Jim Bishop drew on his research into ancient Jewish customs, and on his first-hand observations while traveling in the Holy Land, to write this moving and reverent account of the birth of Our Lord.

THE DAY CHRIST WAS BORN is magnificently illustrated with four full-color reproductions of art masterpieces and with eight pages of photographs of Jerusalem today.

THE DAY CHRIST WAS BORN

A Reverential Reconstruction

BY Jim Bishop

At all bookstores • \$3.50

ASK FOR THE IMPRIMATUR EDITION
HARPER & BROTHERS

ews can be found in the New Testament." The writings of the four evangelists are examined separately, along with the Acts of the Apostles. The Epistles of St. Paul are considered collectively. It is not a critical, exegetical study, though the author darts in and out of biblical problems in the manner of a PT boat in the center of a mine field, under crossfire from scripture scholars on both sides, Jewish and Christian.

Father Baum has written this book by way of atonement for the lectures in which he once perpetuated thoughtless clichés on the subject of relations between the Catholic Church and the Jews. If the young author's boldness in protesting against the "majority of commentaries" does nothing more than provoke the reader to re-examine his claims for the sake of refuting them, it will have achieved a good purpose. For such an undertaking will lead many to see that there is often a world of difference between Christian teaching and teachings of a Christian.

The study of the Gospel of Matthew is the most satisfactory of the four evangelists, whereas that of John leaves much to be desired. The Johannine emphasis on the fulfillment of Jewish feasts, such as Passover, Tabernacles, Dedication, and Pentecost, is left neglected. The claim is made in several places that "Christ never once speaks to a Gentile in the whole (fourth) Gospel." Pontius Pilate refuted this assertion by his indignant reply to Christ: "Am I a Jew?" (John 18:35) Surely our Lord's discourse to that Gentile as told in John's Gospel, on the subject of His Kingship, established one point of Father Baum's book that is irrefutable: The attitudes which Christians take toward the institution of Judaism reveal their own understanding of the Kingdom of God."

VICTOR J. DONOVAN, C. P.

FAMOUS POEMS AND THE LITTLE-KNOWN STORIES BEHIND THEM

By Ralph L. Woods. 336 pages. Hawthorn. \$5.00

In a season of literary tedium and of highly tangential judgments as to what distinguishes the truly gifted writer from the author who is merely eccentric or precocious, particularly in the field of poetry, it is a delightful relief to be offered an anthology so soundly conceived and so refreshingly worked out as this one.

Having chanced upon an account of the setting and circumstances which inspired Wordsworth's sonnet "It Is a Beautiful Evening, Calm and Free," Mr. Woods discovered, upon then re-reading the poem, that there had been

DIRECT from The VATICAN MUSEUM!

and Sistine Chapel in Rome, Italy
Momentous and Distinctive

Christmas Cards

You may now order authorized reproductions of world-famous art masterpieces in exquisite full color, never before available except at the Vatican. You and your friends will treasure these superb masters. Faithful color prints of paintings by Michelangelo, Raphael, etc., suitable for framing. Luxuriously mounted on fine vellum folders inscribed "Christmas Greetings." Set of 12 cards, two each of 6 subjects, 5x7 inches, \$3.00 complete with envelopes; 24 for \$5.50; 48 for \$10.00. Please add 25¢ per set of 12 for postage and handling. LEECRAFT, Dept. V-SN, 300 Albany Ave., Brooklyn 13, N.Y. Sold by mail only. Prompt delivery!



IF & WHEN You Move, Please Remember to Send
Your OLD AND New Address to THE SIGN



ST. PAUL EDITIONS

The Daughters of St. Paul—international, papal congregation—uses the most modern means of communication (press, radio, motion pictures, and television) to spread the Word of God.

Yes, you, too, can give the Word of God on Christmas by making the Holy Bible first on your shopping list!

THE HOLY BIBLE

The New Pocket Edition published by the Daughters of St. Paul

- Imprimatur by His Eminence Richard Cardinal Cushing
- Official new English translation (The Prophets included)
- Sharp, clear, easy-reading type on the finest quality Bible paper
- Numerous, carefully-selected illustrations by the well-known modern sculptor F. Nagni
- Sixteen colored maps
- Each book of the Bible is prefaced by an introduction highlighting its purpose and theme
- Precise, enlightening footnotes — guides to correct understanding
- Attractive family record pages, ideal for every home
- Handy pocket-size for student and traveler

1671 pages 5"x7" cloth binding red edges \$3.95

40% discount to dealers

20% discount to Religious

ASK FOR BOOK CATALOG.

Daughters of St. Paul
50 St. Paul's Avenue
Boston 30, Massachusetts

REMEMBER TEACHER

IMPROVED!
Automatic pencil for chalk

Encourage teacher's efforts with this practical token of your appreciation: new HAND-GENIC, the automatic pencil that uses any standard blackboard chalk. Ends forever messy chalk dust on hands and clothes. No more recoiling from fingernails scratching on board, screeching or crumbling chalk. At the push of a button, chalk ejects or retracts. It makes chalk writing or drawing a smooth pleasure. Because HAND-GENIC makes chalk last over twice as long, it saves money for school.

DIFFERENT GIFT
OF LASTING USEFULNESS

Every teaching hour teacher will bless HAND-GENIC . . . and your child. The engraved holy cross, highlighted in silver, makes it a particularly proper gift for a religious teacher. And what an impressive jewel-like appearance! Beautifully silver plated cap contrasts with onyx-black barrel. Distinctive to use, thoughtful to give. 1 YR. WRITTEN GUARANTEE. Send \$2.50 for 1, only \$6 for set of 3 (one for each color chalk). Individually gift boxed. Free Postage. For Air Delivery add 20¢ ea. Satisfaction or money back. Same day shipment. ORDER TODAY.

MAIL ORDER EXCLUSIVE!
NOT SOLD IN STORES

HAND-GENIC CO., Dept. 420
2384 W. Flagler St., Miami 35, Fla.



TIRED ARMS, LEGS, etc?

Feel better. Feel stronger. Wake up listless muscles with a soothing WAHL massage.

The Wahl Home Vibrator delivers a perfect massage stroke — and has special applicators for face, scalp and body use. Only \$6.95.



#915

DELUXE
BARBER KIT

\$12.75

#914

BUDGET
BARBER KIT

\$10.25

Barber Shears
\$1.25
Barber Comb
10c

At all leading stores or order direct from
WAHL CLIPPER CORP. Dept. TS-1 STERLING, ILL.

WITNESSES OF THE GOSPEL

by Henry Panneel

A distinguished French author depicts the life of Christ in unique fashion: Forty witnesses of the Gospel tell us the tale of what they personally saw and heard during the earthly life of Jesus. Provides new insights into the Gospel narrative.

\$3.75

SAINT PAUL

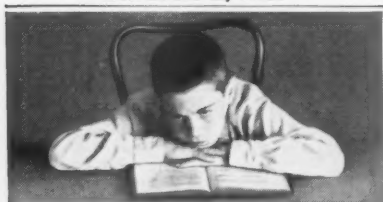
by Leon Poirier

No one can help but be caught up in this intense historical novel of the life of St. Paul. We meet here the proud and bitter Saul, and watch him become the humble but fiery soldier of Christ and spiritual leader of nations.

\$3.95

At your bookstore

Herder of St. Louis
17 South Broadway
St. Louis 2, Mo.



If Your Child is a Poor Reader

See how **The Sound Way to Easy Reading** can help him to read and spell better in a few weeks. New home-tutoring course *drills* your child in phonics with records and cards. Easy to use. University tests and parents' reports show children gain up to *full year's grade* in reading skill in 6 weeks. Write for free illustrated folder and low price. **Bremner-Davis Phonics, Dept. R-44, Wilmette, Ill.**

opened to him new insights and a deeper share in the poet's experience. It was through this "happy initial thought," as he puts it, that he conceived the idea of turning out an anthology which, while singling out great poems, would shed light upon "the lives and times of those men and women who had the gift of turning their deepest experiences into song." For Mr. Woods this was an exhilarating task, as is clear from his description of the process as "a pleasant pursuit through hundreds of books about and by the eighty-seven poets whose one hundred and fifty-one poems are here given with accounts of their origin in the lives and experiences of the poets."

In his selections, Mr. Woods shows discerning scholarship, freedom from pedantry, and an admirable catholicity of recognition. Here one finds not only long-loved masterpieces from poets like Milton, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Byron, Burns, and the Brownings, not only the well-remembered best of Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, Poe, Emerson, and Whitman, but also enduring utterances from poets of our own era—from figures as modern as Emma Lazarus, Emily Dickinson, William Butler Yeats, Robert Frost, and Dylan Thomas. Catholic poets are represented with Coventry Patmore, Abram Joseph Ryan, Francis Thomp-

son, and others. But get the book. It will give you a sharper feel of their poetic fire and of the flints from which that fire was struck.

CLIFFORD J. LAUBE

CONVERSATIONS WITH CASSANDRA

By Sister Madeleva, C.S.C. 133 pp.
Macmillan. \$3.50



Sister Madeleva

The original admonitory Cassandra has not come down in history with a quite attractive reputation, but in this small yet weighty volume, we meet a Christian and cheerful Cassandra. One of our most distinguished living Catholic writers, Sister Madeleva is always worth listening to in her poetry or her prose.

"Who Believes in Education?" is the provocative subtitle of this book which deals particularly with educating Catholic women in and for our modern world. The author discusses education in general, especially the usual college course, with its possibilities, its failures, and its achievements. During those four years the author sees the young student exposed to a "ballistic exploration of



"I think I understand your problem, sir."

book. It
of their
from which
LAURE
33 pp.
\$3.50

space"—while too often emerging
from what E. A. Robinson described
as "a spiritual kindergarten where
millions of infants are trying to spell
God with the wrong blocks." So we
come to the Catholic college, which
Sister Madeleva envisions as providing
the right blocks: building the arts and
sciences upon the foundation of in-
telligent Christian belief—even upon
that theology which she herself in-
troduced as a graduate program during
her presidency of St. Mary's College,
Notre Dame.

The chapters, which close with an
idyllic appendix on the fourteenth-cen-
tury mystic, Dame Julian of Norwich,
may leave some of us wishing further
discussion of certain points in Sister
Madeleva's transcendental optimism:
perhaps also of the college woman
destined for single life or of the girl
who—like her brother recently de-
scribed by Father Gannon—is not col-
lege material at all. But the book as a
whole is so profound and so practical
that it merits a place in every college
library and will particularly enrich
every Catholic student who reads it.

KATHERINE BREGY.

AMERICAN CATHOLICISM AND THE INTELLECTUAL DEAL

Ed. by Frank L. Christ and Gerard
E. Sherry. 318 pages.
Appleton-Century-Crofts. \$2.35

This book was inspired by the influen-
tial article of Msgr. John Tracy Ellis
"American Catholicism and the Intel-
lectual Life," which appeared in
Thought, Autumn issue, 1955. Mon-
signor Ellis indicated that the current
discussion of Catholic intellectualism is
merely a high point in a continual
dialogue that began in early American
Catholic history and is not yet con-
cluded.

Professor Christ and Editor Sherry
have succeeded admirably in document-
ing that conclusion. Their book pro-
vides material for the reader to ex-
plore the questions: What are the past
aspirations, present trends, and future
prospects of American Catholic intel-
lectualism; what are the causes or
deterrents of American Catholic intel-
lectualism? It is a collection of 150
excerpts, arranged chronologically,
from writings of men who were im-
mersed in their times and who raised
their voices in discussion of the Catho-
lic intellectual ideal. The writings in-
clude pertinent Thomistic documents,
papal pronouncements, quotations from
sermons and convention addresses, pas-
torals of the American hierarchy, and
selections from books by both Catholic
and non-Catholic writers.

There are two excellent appendices:



christ is christmas

..... express the true spirit
of Christmas giving
with a memorable
religious gift as created
by internationally
famous
Creed
designers.



ask for
Creed
WORLD'S FINEST RELIGIOUS GIFTS
Unsurpassed religious gifts from \$2.00 to \$300.00

ROSARIES • MEDALS • CHARM BRACELETS • KEY CHAINS • HOLY WATER BOTTLES
AND FONTS • SICK CALL SETS • CONSTANT COMPANIONS • RELIGIOUS JEWELRY

If you are unable to find that special Creed item of your choice, ask your religious store to order it for you.

All charm designs are copyrighted.

IF & WHEN You Move, Please Remember to Send
Your Old AND New Address to THE SIGN

At last—THE DOLLAR BIBLE

"This is the Bible for the people" (PIUS XII)

The complete Douay Bible, beautifully bound and printed,
can be yours for only \$1 including postage to U.S.

Just clip this coupon and mail it with a \$1 bill for each copy
to:

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY
39 ECCLESTON SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.1. ENGLAND

Please send copies of the C.T.S. Bible to:

NAME

ADDRESS

ST-12/61





**My Victory over
DEAFNESS**
... a real life story

"It's so wonderful to hear again!"

"I never watched TV because I couldn't hear it. The day after I got my Beltone Hearing Glasses I went to visit friends. They turned on the TV and asked me, 'Is it loud enough?' I answered, 'It's too loud. It will disturb the neighbors.' My friends were amazed until I told them about my Beltone.

"It's wonderful to be with a group of people and understand what they say. It's

even more wonderful to hear the preacher explain the Bible in Church. If people are hard of hearing, they should call Beltone now and not wait like I did."

(An actual letter typical of enthusiasm of countless Beltone users)

FREE BOOK—Write to address below for valuable **FREE BOOK**, sent in plain wrapper. It reveals what newest Beltone may do for you.

Beltone

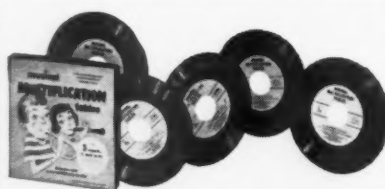
Beltone Hearing Aid Company, Dept. 4-317,
2900 W. 38th Street, Chicago 32

If Hearing is your problem, Beltone is your answer



"STAINED GLASS" MANGER SCENE

This lovely manger scene glows in "Stained Glass" brilliance when colored with ordinary crayons or marking pens. Designs lithographed on special paper that blends the colors into radiant panels. Life size 34" x 44" Manger Scene framed by 8 individual 8½" x 11" patterns. Can group to fit your window. Send as gift! \$2.00 ppd. Stained Glass Craft, Box H-39, Delafield, Wis.



**Now Johnny can
learn to multiply!**

Get these new **Musical Multiplication Records**—and see his marks in arithmetic go up, quickly! All the Multiplication Tables from 2's through 12's have been set to music on 5 records. Each table has its own catchy tune and musical quiz. Children love to play them. Used in thousands of schools. Parents and teachers report wonderful results. Write for free folder. Send name to—**Bremner Records, Dept. R-44, Wilmette, Ill.**

MARIA LAACH NATIVITY SET



EIGHT-INCH FIGURES
IVORY FINISH PLASTER

\$9.50 plus postage

Send for free catalogue

ABBAY ART STUDIOS
SAINT MEINRAD, INDIANA

(1) questions for discussion and (2) carefully selected bibliography.

Bishop John Wright has contributed the Foreword. He states: "If declaration of our ideal premises and highest hopes in education and in the intellectual life generally were all that were needed, this book would constitute ground for complete assurance concerning the past aspirations, present trends, and future prospects of Catholic American intellectual vitality."

DORIS DUFFY BOYLE, PH. D.

AND WE THE PEOPLE

By Tim O'Neill.
Kenedy.

248 pages
\$4.95

Irish-born Father O'Neill, Missionary of the Sacred Heart (M.S.C.), served in the Territory of Papua-New Guinea from 1946 to 1956.

He describes his travels to some of the sixty-five villages in his parish of 2,000 square miles through jungle that "has no roads, no towns, no hotels, no store where one can buy things, no food, no means of transport, nothing but an abundance of sharp-faced mountains, turbulent unbridged rivers, rocky trees, foul undergrowth, fetid swamps . . . and human beings."

Members of the Peace Corps in underdeveloped countries would benefit by the advice of a Christian realist such as Father O'Neill. He warns that it is easy for primitive tribes to mistake the intentions of civilized peoples and "for us to mistake theirs," and yet there is scarcely a belief or custom known to civilized people which he did not find "either in identical or in parallel form." He even discovered creatures in Mena mythology similar to Ireland's leprechauns and banshees!

Father O'Neill writes with humor and an affection for his South Sea parishioners. He takes a dim view of war—primitive or civilized. "For headhunters and skull-crashers I have no time at all. They just kill and leave the body there to rot. Some do it with a Butu (a wooden weapon) and others with a bomb. The result is the same. Skull-crashers, both kinds, might be cured. They were forced to eat the dead bodies. There is a lot to be said for cannibalism."

ANNA RUSSELL

THE WAY WE WORSHIP

By Milton Lomask & Ray Neville
Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.

\$2.95
126 pages

Plain, old, human curiosity is a powerful force, and it often settles its gaze on the smallest details. With all the commendable attention that is being paid to the "inner life" of the Church

liturgists may understandably overlook some of the "externals" which the Church so realistically provides for her earthbound children.

The Way We Worship is a book—it could be used as a textbook—on the externals of the Church, directed primarily, I would think, to high-schoolers and the upper grades. The church buildings, the altar and its appurtenances, the visible elements of the sacraments, the externals of the Mass, the sacramentals, and finally the Church year—all are explained in a clear, easily understandable text. The abundant illustrations reflect some of the best elements in contemporary as well as traditional religious and ecclesiastical art.

The authors demonstrate an awareness of the historical accidents or design that produced the multiple and meaningful paraphernalia that accompanies and assists Catholic worship. Their explanations integrate simply, and without tedium, the historical significance with the practical utility of these externals.

The Christmas shoppers might find this book a pleasant and useful gift for the youngster in the in-between years.

ALBERT D. MOSER, C.S.P.

THE SACRAMENTS

By Cecily Hastings. 217 pages.
Sheed & Ward. \$3.50

This is a book about the sacraments. It is designed for the Catholic whose education is sufficient, and desire high enough, to carry him through a rather difficult, although nontechnical, explanation.



Life of the Party

► A gay and glamorous, au-burn-tressed woman was the center of attraction for all the men, married and single, at the country-club dance.

"I understand she's celebrating her twenty-fourth birthday," remarked one of the onlooking women.

"Why not?" the other neglected wife purred: "Better late than never."

—Charlotte Matthews

"THE WEDDING RECORD" WHOM GOD HAS JOINED

The complete Catholic Wedding Ceremony (according to the new Ritual) with music and High Mass sung by the Bonaventura Choir.

Readings and Narration in English.

An inimitable, highly artistic rendition fulfilling the highest ideals of a properly celebrated Nuptial Ceremony.

Married, Single, Religious, Engaged, Catholics, Non-Catholics—all should hear and know the prayers of the Nuptial Mass.



33 1/3 LP, 12 in., hi-fi (monaural)

For

• Brides (and Grooms) to be, that they might anticipate the beauty and dignity of the ceremony and prepare for it properly.

• Married Couples, that they may relive their Wedding Day and revalue the spiritual forces of their Sacrament.

• Everybody who is interested in a wider knowledge and appreciation of the Sacraments.

• Lovers of good church music. Gregorian Chant and polyphony rendered impeccably by a choir of lay people.

Gregorian Chant Nuptial Propers

High Mass Ordinary — Casali's Mass in G
Organ Music of Handel, Widor, and Bach

The Epistle, Gospel, and Propers also read in
ENGLISH for the edification of the listener.

Ideal Gift for Christmas, Weddings, Showers, and Anniversaries.

Order your record now — \$4.98

World Library of Sacred Music

1846 Westwood Avenue
Cincinnati 14, Ohio

Please send me record albums for the Whom God Has Joined record @ \$4.98 each plus 35¢ for mailing and handling. I understand if 2 or more records are purchased the mailing charges are free. Enclosed is (check or money order) in the amount of \$.....

Name

Address

City Zone State

MORRIS SCHOOL

Post Office Box 137, Searcy, Arkansas
For Boys — Conducted by the Franciscan Brothers

Located near the foothills of the Ozarks; ideal climate. Modern buildings including a large gymnasium and indoor pool; private lake; all major sports. Accredited Junior High with Elementary grades fifth and sixth.

MARMION Military Academy

Military training, combined with sound Catholic education, builds men. Accredited four-year high school (college preparation only). New 200-acre campus. Small classes. Under Benedictine Fathers. Sports for all. 27th year. One hour from Chicago. Father Joseph, 112 Butterfield Rd., Aurora, Illinois. Catalog.

SAINT MARY'S, NOTRE DAME

Fully accredited liberal arts college for women. Established 1844.

Conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross. Courses leading to degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, Bachelor of Fine Arts, Bachelor of Music. Interdepartmental major in Christian Culture, Graduate School of Sacred Theology. Write for catalog.

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE, BOX 5
Notre Dame, Indiana

MARIAN COLLEGE

CATHOLIC COEDUCATIONAL COLLEGE

Fully accredited. B.A., B.S. degrees. Liberal arts, sciences, teacher training, pre-professional courses, business administration, home-making, medical technology. Modern buildings; spacious campus; stimulating social and sports program. Write for Catalog.

Box 14, 3200 Cold Springs Rd., Indianapolis 22, Ind.



Books Make Wonderful CHRISTMAS GIFTS

...certain to be enjoyed
and appreciated

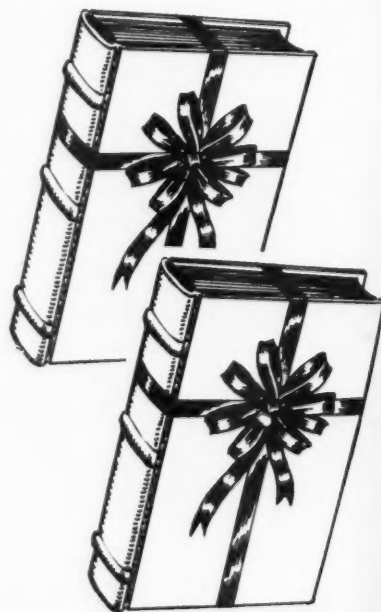
... and it's so easy to order your gift books from
THE SIGN's Book Department

■ **YOU CAN DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING IN THE COMFORT OF YOUR HOME** when you order books from **THE SIGN's Book Department**. It's a special service for readers to help you get the books your favorite bookstore doesn't have.

■ **WE'LL INCLUDE AN ATTRACTIVE GIFT CARD INSCRIBED WITH YOUR NAME**, and send the book directly to your friends, or if you prefer, we can send books to you. You **NEED SEND NO MONEY NOW**, as we will be glad to bill you and you can pay later.

■ **JUST SEND THE NAME OF THE BOOK AND AUTHOR'S NAME AND WE'LL DO THE REST.** You can order any book from the hundreds of books reviewed annually in **THE SIGN's Book Review** section . . . or advertised in **THE SIGN** . . . or any book you may see advertised or reviewed anywhere.

■ **USE THE HANDY COUPON TODAY** . . . to do your Christmas shopping by giving books to your friends and relatives.



THE SIGN—Book Department, Union City, New Jersey

Rev. Dear Father:

Please send the following:

(Title of book)

(Author and Publisher's name, if you know it)

TO NAME _____

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

If the book is a gift, please indicate how card should read:

TO _____ FROM _____

MY NAME _____

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

TO ORDER MORE
THAN ONE BOOK,
merely attach a sep-
arate sheet with in-
structions same as
the above.

nation of the life of grace within the Church.

The book is difficult, not because it is enormously profound, but because the language, or, more correctly, the prose, is hard reading. The problem lies mostly in the convoluted sentence structure, a situation which is hard to explain in an author who is described as a speaker for the Catholic Evidence Guild and a newspaper columnist.

The approach is from the general to the specific. The first part of the book deals with man as a man, partially material, partially spiritual. These two sides of man are not meant to be in conflict. They are tied together in a common destiny. This is the basis of true religion and true sanctity.

The second part of the book considers each sacrament singly and concludes with a treatment of the Eucharist and the Mass. There are two appendices, one providing the New Testament references to the sacraments, the other giving the Patristic references of the first two hundred years of Church history.

These appendices merely underline, however, the general approach to the subject. For every chapter is filled with such references. This, together with the fact that the point of reference is constantly the community, liturgy, and the



Advice Heeded

► A small-town merchant was engaged in a court suit which he was very anxious to win.

"Suppose I send a nice present to the judge," he suggested to his attorney.

"Don't you dare," said the shocked counsel. "It would only prejudice the judge against you."

A short time later, the case went to court and the verdict was in favor of the merchant.

"It must have been the gift I sent," he remarked to his lawyer.

"You mean you dared to send that gift after all?" the attorney asked in amazement.

"Yes," admitted the client. "But after what you said I decided to put the defendant's name on it."

—James Cox

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE

A Cosmopolitan College Directed by the Assumptionist Fathers

■ With educational institutions in twenty-eight countries, the Assumptionist Fathers conduct a Catholic college in America that reflects a spirit as rich and wide as the world itself. Backed by a long French tradition, the cosmopolitan spirit at Assumption College takes shape in many outstanding offerings.

■ The School of Foreign Affairs presents a concentration of study in foreign customs, languages, economics and geography

for the young man who will represent American business abroad. At Assumption College's

Modern Language Laboratory he may

learn French, German, Spanish, Russian. For the major in Philosophy

or French there is the opportunity to take the Junior Year in Belgium at

Louvain University. ■ Intellectual development is fostered by independent

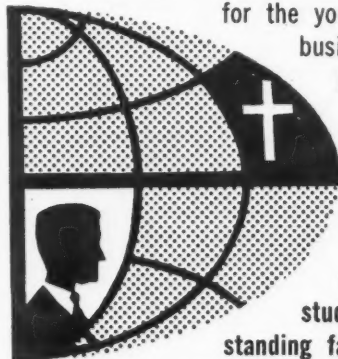
study and individual attention from an outstanding faculty. Throughout his four years the

student benefits from an integrated program of Theology and Philosophy and a unique lecture series in Foreign Affairs, French Culture and the Humanities. ■ Assumption is for the

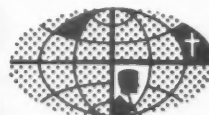
global-minded young man who thinks for himself and enjoys the Christian way of life. ■ Assumption offers important

majors in Economics, English, Foreign Affairs, French, History and Government, Natural Sciences (including pre-medical and

pre-dental), Modern Mathematics, Philosophy. ■ Small classes, sports. 96-acre campus. Write Admissions Office for catalog.



ASSUMPTION COLLEGE



(Member of New England Association of Colleges & Secondary Schools)

501 Salisbury Street, Worcester, Mass.

URSULINE COLLEGE

Liberal Arts College for Women
In one of Louisville's most attractive suburbs
Conducted by Ursuline Sisters of Louisville
Majors in 19 areas, including med. tech.,
speech correction, educ., home ec.
10 to 1, student-faculty ratio
Four-year, fully accredited
Residence and day students
Write: Dir. of Adm., Box 2
3105 Lexington Rd., Louisville 6, Ky.

Saint Mary-of-the-Woods

Liberal Arts College for Women

Campus tradition of charm and friendliness since 1840.
Fully accredited, B.A., B.S., B.F.A. degrees. Majors in
20 depts. including music, art, journalism, home econom-
ics, speech and drama, business, teaching. Extensive
campus. Interesting cultural, athletic, social programs.
Conducted by the Sisters of Providence. Catalog.
Box 41 SAINT MARY-OF-THE-WOODS, IND.

ST. BENEDICT'S COLLEGE, ATCHISON, KANSAS

A Benedictine Liberal Arts College for Men

A distinctive residence college . . . highly accredited . . . designed to develop student leadership and responsibility. Ideal faculty-student ratio. Seventeen major programs of study leading to B.A., B.S. and B. Mus. Ed. Preparation for teaching. Cooperative plans in Math-Engineering. Electronic language laboratory. Opportunities in art, drama, and music . . . extra-curricular activities . . . social program . . . intercollegiate athletics.

For Catalog Write REGISTRAR, ST. BENEDICT'S COLLEGE, ATCHISON, KANSAS

NAZARETH COLLEGE "Louisville's Downtown College"

Four-year, fully accredited college for women conducted by the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, A.B. in 12 liberal arts fields, B.S. in educ., home ec., med. tech., nursing. Master's in education, library science, theology. Air-conditioned residence hall. Write: Director of Admissions, Box 14.

85; South 4th St., Louisville 3, Ky.

ST. FRANCIS COLLEGE

Conducted by the Franciscan Fathers

A small 4-year liberal arts college for men. B.A. degree. Majors in six fields. Glee Club, dramatics, discussion Clubs. Athletics: baseball, basketball, tennis, soccer. Spacious campus on Maine coast. Less than two hours from Boston. Reasonable fees. Write for catalog. Dir. of Adm., 594 Pool St., Biddeford, Me.

COLLEGE OF SAINT ELIZABETH

Founded in 1899 by the Sisters of Charity

CONVENT STATION, N. J.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

BALTIMORE 10 MARYLAND

conducted by
the School Sisters of Notre Dame
fully accredited
Program leading to A. B. degree
Arts and Sciences

Teacher Training • Pre-Medical

For catalog and further information
address the Director of Admissions

SIENA HEIGHTS ADRIAN MICHIGAN A CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Fully Accredited. Conducted by Sisters of St. Dominic. Bachelor Degrees in Arts, Science, Philosophy, Music, Home Economics; Teacher Training; Dramatics; Medical Technology; Two Year Terminal Course in Secretarial Work. Exceptional Opportunities in Art.

Beautiful Buildings Interesting Campus Life
For Further Information Address the Dean

IF & WHEN You Move
Please Remember to Send
Your Old And New Address
to THE SIGN

College of New Rochelle

New Rochelle, New York

Conducted by the Ursuline Nuns

Westchester County—Sixteen Miles From Grand Central Station, New York City

COLLEGE OF MOUNT SAINT VINCENT

Mount Saint Vincent-on-Hudson, New York 71, N. Y.

Fully Accredited Catholic Liberal Arts College for Women

Offers Advantages of City and Country

Write for Bulletin

GOOD COUNSEL COLLEGE

WHITE PLAINS
NEW YORK

Conducted by the Sisters of the Divine Compassion. FULLY ACCREDITED B.A. and B.S. Degrees. Standard Courses in Arts and Science, pre-medical, journalism, teacher training, secretarial studies, fine arts.

Unusually beautiful location. Extensive campus. In Westchester County. Forty minutes from New York City.

ST. MARY OF THE SPRINGS

College for Women

Conducted by Dominican Sisters

- Bachelor of Arts
- Bachelor of Science

in Education—in Home Economics—in Music Education

Address REGISTRAR Columbus 19, Ohio

COLLEGE OF MOUNT ST. JOSEPH-ON-THE-OHIO

Beautifully located near Cincinnati, Ohio

Conducted by Sisters of Charity, devoted to Higher Education of Women. Recognized courses leading to B.A., B.S., B.Mus., and B.S. in Music Education. Prepares for teaching in Art, Business, Health and Physical Education, Home Economics, Library Science, Music, and Speech. In co-operation with the Good Samaritan Hospital, Cincinnati, a four-year course leads to degree of B.S. and Diploma of Graduate Nurse. Prepares dietitians and medical technologists.

For Prospectus address THE DEAN, MOUNT ST. JOSEPH, OHIO

Gilmour Academy

A CATHOLIC PREPARATORY
SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Fully accredited four year college preparatory courses for resident and day students conducted by the Brothers of Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Indiana. Beautiful 133 acre campus in suburban Cleveland with easy access to all social and cultural activities. Excellent facilities. Wide range of sports. Small classes, Counseling and guidance.

SSA Tests Required
Office of Admissions

Box E Gates Mills, Ohio

IMMACULATA COLLEGE

Immaculata, Pennsylvania

- a four-year liberal arts college for women
- fully accredited
- conducted by the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary

Address inquiries to:
The Registrar, Box 8
Immaculata College, Immaculata, Pennsylvania

SETON HILL COLLEGE

Greensburg, Pennsylvania

Four-year liberal arts college for women. Regional and national accreditation. Pre-professional training for medicine, law, social service. Elementary and secondary teacher education; art, music, home economics education. 289-acre campus in foothills of Allegheny Mts. east of Pittsburgh. All sports. Catalog on request. Write Box 23-S.

Mystical Body, will indicate that it is a thoroughly up-to-date treatment of a subject which is getting more and more attention.

JOHN J. KIRVAN, C.S.P.

TRAGIC ISLAND: HOW COMMUNISM CAME TO CUBA

By Irving P. Pflaum. 196 pages.
Prentice-Hall. \$3.95

We are being visited by an increasing number of "expert" opinions on Cuba: our current national sore spot. Among them have been 90 Miles From Home, Red Star Over Cuba, The Cuban Story, and now Tragic Island. The quality of each effort obviously differs, but for sharpest contrast, and a meaningful insight into the confusion and oppositeness of analysis attendant on the Castro issue, Herbert Matthews' *The Cuban Story* (reviewed in the November, 1961 issue of THE SIGN) and Pflaum's *Tragic Island* merit the most attention. Irving Pflaum is a knowledgeable and experienced student of Latin America. As teacher, journalist, and area consultant for the American Universities Field Staff, he has studied Cuba and Castroism at close hand. He is careful, observant, and unemotional in his recitation of the now fairly familiar facts of the rise of Castro and the destruction of his own revolution. With Matthews he is in accord with the basic reasons for the Castro success, for the need for dramatic social change in Cuba, and for the creeping popularity of Castroite revolutionary spirit throughout Latin America. But the comparison ends there. Where Matthews unequivocally places Fidel in the great-man category, Pflaum confesses somewhat more realistically, "I do not know who or what the Cuban leader is. I know only what he seems . . ." And he seems Communist. Pflaum also speaks good, practical sense on the nature of revolution: "There is no novelty in the dynamics of social revolution and it shouldn't surprise anyone . . . that authoritarian socialism has taken the place of democratic humanism." Pflaum, in terms much less emotional than Matthews, favors the Cuban revolution of reform with justice while rejecting completely Castro's revolution of repression without justice. He gives his reader interesting facts about Cuba, about our relations with Cuba, and about our future with Cuba. He is stimulating in urging us to gamble on recapturing the initial Cuban revolution by derring-do and a Latin American policy of imagination. Yet he is resolute in realizing Castro must go. It's a good book without recrimination. It is marred mainly by the publisher's book jacket, which claims for the book answers to questions which Pflaum, the

seasoned observer, knows better than to respond to categorically.

ROBERT F. DELANEY.

JOAN OF ARC

By Johanna Johnston. 88 pages. Doubleday. \$2.95

This is a well-told, beautifully illustrated version of the story of the young maid of France chosen by God in the fifteenth century to liberate her country from the invading English. Her tale begins with the simple home life of a peasant child, tending the sheep and doing the usual things of the period and place in which she lived.

But the foot of the oppressor was on Joan's very doorstep. The war with England was an everyday part of life in France, as it had been for seventy-five years. Now, the awesome part of it all was that a young girl was called upon by God to liberate her country and keep the French crown from being worn by an English king.

How the heavenly voices of the saints, Michael, Catherine, and Margaret, directed Joan makes a strange but completely believable story. Urged on by the voices, she secured soldiers to accompany her into battle, a sword for herself, and a banner to carry in triumph. Though the voices foretold her capture by the enemy, her greatest bravery came in accepting defeat and the cruelty of those who tried her as a witch and deceiver. Condemned to death by fire, she remained faithful to the Lord, whose name, Jesus, was on the ring she wore, the banner she carried, and in the heart that remained

true to Him until the last flame died.

This makes thrilling and inspiring reading for today's children, especially as presented in this beautiful book.

CATHERINE BEEBE.

A SUMMARY OF CATHOLIC HISTORY. VOL. I. By Newman C. Eberhardt, C.M. 879 pages. Herder. \$12.00. Doubtless the coming ecumenical council will awaken a desire on the part of many Catholics for a volume on Church history. This present *Summary of Catholic History* will effectively supply this need. It is the first of two volumes and covers from the beginning of the Church down to 1453, shortly after the definitive stage of the schism of the Eastern churches from Rome had set in.

Some summaries of Church history can weary a reader with mere recital of facts. Detached facts of Church history, coldly related, can not only weary but even scandalize the average reader. The author is aware of this and constantly has tried to set the important events of the history of the Church in proper perspective.

Father Eberhardt is professor of Church history at St. John's Seminary, Camarillo, California. Serious students of special periods will want to pursue many subjects further for greater clarification and detail—but for general readers, here is an excellent *Summary of Catholic History*.

LOVE AND CONTROL. By Leon-Joseph Suenens. 200 pages. Newman. \$3.25. Canon Suenens' excellence as a theologian will not suffer from this splendid essay on the problems of love.

After exposing the confused state of relative ethics, the author analyzes

SAINT FRANCIS

Offers your boy in grade 9-12 a real opportunity under the Franciscan Fathers to strengthen his mind, soul and body and be fully prepared for college and life. 70-acre campus, new classroom building. All major varsity and intramural sports. Summer Institute.

Write for catalog.
Father Frederic J. Pazo, T.O.R.
Box D, Spring Grove, (York Co.), Pennsylvania

MOUNT ST. CHARLES ACADEMY

Boarding School for BOYS Woonsocket, R. I.
Directed by the Brothers of the Sacred Heart
High School, State Accredited Classical, Scientific, Commercial, and General Courses. Very moderate rates. Write for catalog.

SACRED HEART MILITARY ACADEMY

Boys, grades 5 to 8. Conducted by the Brothers of Holy Cross. Trains boys to become true Christian gentlemen. Well-balanced program. Solid foundation in the fundamental skills. Individual attention. Small classes, guidance. Creative skills encouraged. Sports: football, basketball, baseball, hiking, tobogganing. Dormitories, 40 miles from Milwaukee. Write for folder: Brother Dominic Elder, C.S.C., Headmaster, Box 395, 745 West Main Street, Watertown, Wisconsin.



BE A FRANCISCAN PRIEST

Imitate Christ in All Things

Do HIS work in Parishes, Schools, Home & Foreign Missions
Write Vocation Director
FRANCISCAN FATHERS,

St. Bernardine's Monastery, Box 177, Hollidaysburg, Pa.

St. Thomas More Clericacy,
650 Jackson St., N. E., Washington, 17, D. C.
St. Louis Monastery,
217 6th Ave., No., St. Cloud, Minn.



FOUR WAYS TO SERVE CHRIST

as a HOLY CROSS FATHER

• Priest-Teacher • Home Missioner
• Foreign Missionary • Parish Priest

For information about Holy Cross Fathers, or the Brothers who assist them, write to

Father Gerald S. Conny, C.S.C.
Holy Cross Fathers Seminary,
North Easton, Mass.

THE JOY OF CHARITY

An illustrated booklet on the Franciscan Missionary Brothers of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and their work among the sick and needy, will be sent to young men 17 to 35. Please state age. Write to:

REVEREND BROTHER SUPERIOR
ST. FRANCIS MONASTERY
Eureka, Missouri



PAULIST FATHERS Modern American Missionaries Dedicated to the Conversion of America

Send coupon to:

Director of Vocations

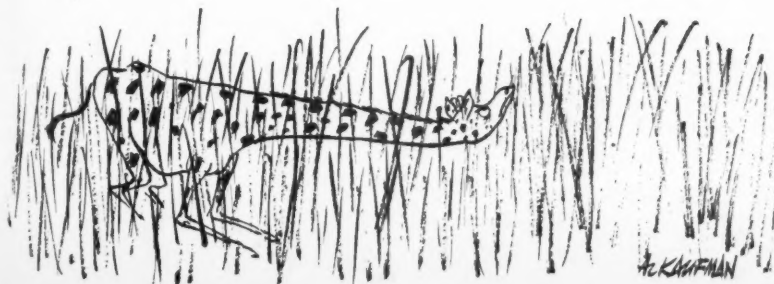
415 West 59th Street, N. Y. 19, N. Y.

DEAR FATHER: Please send me, without obligation, some of your vocational literature.

Name Age s

Address

City Zone State





HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS can follow Francis of Assisi in modern America as a priest in the Order of Friars Minor Capuchin.

● Novitiate entrance after Sophomore College ● Special attention to those needing Latin ● Vocation direction and full information available from:

REV. FR. JAMES, O.F.M. CAPUCHIN
220-37th STREET, PITTSBURGH 1, PA.

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____ Phone _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Serve The Sacred Heart As A Religious Brother!



If you are:
A high school student and will graduate soon.
Between the ages of 17 and 35.
Interested in technical and clerical trades.

Then get more information from:

Brother Camillus, S.C.J.
Sacred Heart Novitiate,
Sainte Marie 2, Illinois

Be a CARMELITE PRIEST

Mary's Oldest Order
A Life of Prayer and Activity
For Free booklet write to:
Fr. Raymond Dolan, O. Carm.
329 East 28th Street, N.Y. 16, N.Y.

Name _____ Grade _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____



MODERN APOSTLES

Boys and young men are invited to join the SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL as Priests or Brothers to spread the teachings of Jesus Christ through

- the press ● television
- radio work ● motion pictures

For a free pamphlet and further information write to:
VOCATION DIRECTOR
SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL
278 WARREN STREET
BROOKLINE 46, MASS.

WE, CHRISTIAN BROTHERS, ARE RELIGIOUS MEN AND PROFESSIONAL MEN ALSO



We are:

ADMINISTRATORS
ACCOUNTANTS
BIOLOGISTS
CHEMISTS
COACHES
COLLEGE PROFESSORS
COUNSELORS
DRAMATISTS

ECONOMISTS
ENGINEERS
HISTORIANS
LIBRARIANS
LINGUISTS
MATHEMATICIANS
MECHANICS
MUSICIANS

PHILOSOPHERS
PHYSICISTS
PSYCHOLOGISTS
SECRETARIES
TEACHERS
THEOLOGIANS
WRITERS

We use these talents for the glory of God and the salvation of souls in our 9 colleges, 84 high schools, 19 elementary schools, 4 welfare schools, 9 mission schools, 8 Novitiates, 7 Scholasticates, and 2 retreat houses for boys in 23 states and the District of Columbia in the USA and in 5 foreign countries.
We number 20,000 teachers, but this is not enough for the work to be done in the 76 countries in which the Brothers teach. We need 20,000 more.
We need generous, skilled, intelligent, and completely self-sacrificing men to join our ranks.
We offer in return the HAPPINESS that comes from serving God and His Church.

----- FOR FREE LITERATURE, CLIP AND MAIL TODAY -----

Brothers of the Christian Schools, P. O. Box 214-S, Winona, Minnesota
Name _____ Age _____
Address _____ City _____ Zone _____ State _____

BROTHERS OF ST. JOSEPH

A working Community engaged in Landscaping, Trades, Management, Public Relations and Clerical Work.
For information:

Brothers of St. Joseph
P. O. Drawer 248, Bethany, Oklahoma

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?



BE GOD'S MISSIONER—
LIKE JESUS, OUR LORD!

In Mission Lands, the old and young, the learned and ignorant, the poor, sick and dying need a Missioner—They need you.
To what better cause could you devote your life? (Special arrangements for delayed vocations)
THINK—PRAY—WRITE for information to:

XAVIERIAN MISSIONARY FATHERS
HOLLISTON, MASS.

FRANCISCAN FATHERS

THIRD ORDER REGULAR OF ST. FRANCIS

Foreign Missions Preaching
Teaching Home Missions

Aspirants to the Priesthood or Brotherhood are welcome to ask for information by writing to:

Father Leo, T.O.R.
Director of Vocations
Mount Assisi Monastery

Loretto Pennsylvania

BROTHERS OF CHARITY



TEACHERS
SOCIAL WORKERS
CRAFTSMEN

MODERN YOUTH NEED BROTHERS

For further information contact:
Brother Stephen Armstrong, F.C.
Our Lady of Charity Novitiate—Dept. A
7720 Doe Lane, Philadelphia 18, Pa.

the precise nature of love and self-control and their bearing upon chastity in marriage and the single state.

This book has all the right emphasis. The author's treatment of the ends of matrimony is superb, his remarks on the marriage of our Lady very sane, his cogent treatment of the problems of infidelity, sympathetic.

A second section is offered as a succinct guide for professional people who must deal with the facts and principles of love in personal, marital, and family counseling.

There is nothing abstruse about this book. Yet so compact is its expression that we are not surprised to find the author turning poet in a last magnificent tribute to marital love.

OUR REVIEWERS

CATHERINE BEEBE, Author 26 books for children. Consultant in establishing Catholic school libraries. Residence, Ridgewood, New Jersey.

REV. THOMAS BERRY, C.P., Ph.D. (Cath. Univ.); Lecturer at Institute of Far Eastern Studies, Seton Hall University, South Orange, N.J. Author of *The Historical Theory of Giovanni Battista Vico*.

DORIS DUFFY BOYLE, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Economics, Loyola College, Baltimore. Formerly head of Soc. Science Dept., St. Francis Xavier, Antigonish.

KATHERINE BREGY, Litt. D., Author and lecturer on Catholic ideals in literature. Educated at University of Pennsylvania.

ROBERT FINLEY DELANEY, lecturer, writer, U.S. Foreign Service Officer, Europe, America, and now in Caribbean.

REV. VICTOR DONOVAN, C.P., is Professor of Sacred Scripture at St. Ann's Monastery, Scranton, Pa.

CATHERINE R. KANE, M.A. (University of Michigan), lecturer on Christian Art. Residence, Dunkirk, New York.

JOHN J. KIRVAN, C.S.P., M.A., M.S.L.S., is Librarian at St. Peter's College, Baltimore, Maryland.

CLIFFORD J. LAUBE, Journalist and author, is poetry editor of *The Sign* and past President of The Catholic Poetry Society of America. His latest book, *Thy Music Is Mary*, is just off the press. (Montfort Publications.)

REV. ALBERT D. MOSER, C.S.P., (B.S. in English, Xavier U., Cin'ti.) M.F.A. in Drama, Fordham. Graduate Student at Univ. of Tor. now teaching English at St. Peter's College, Baltimore, Md.

ANNA RUSSELL, special interests in Irish Literature, Travel, and U.S. Civil War.

"MR. AND MRS. MARRIAGE"

(Continued from page 23)

CFM organization. He had been offered jobs in both cities. Told that one city did have the edge, he moved to that city. Changes of address are followed up by notices to the CFM group in the new town so that members may invite the couple who moved to join them.

Pat and Patty don't foresee any significant changes in CFM in the future, although a considerable increase in membership is likely. Enthusiasm for CFM among the clergy varies widely. Some priests promote it at every opportunity; others still aren't quite used to working with an educated and dynamic laity. "Many priests think that because CFM is a lay organization, it ought to grow on its own," said Pat. "But we need spiritual direction from our chaplains." There are whole dioceses where CFM is only now taking root. Overseas, CFM is beginning to spread on every continent.

By this time, the usual bedtime at the Crowleys—midnight—was approaching. Patty brought out a round of coffee. Sunk back in his chair, Pat was relaxed, with his black-rimmed glasses dangling loosely from his hand and a tuft of hair drifting upward atop his head. He observed that CFM is not for everyone. "Everyone is invited, but it doesn't appeal to introverts."

"And indifference holds a lot of people back," added Patty.

"Most people operate on about 10 per cent efficiency," said Pat. "They have so little to do, they think only about their own problems. If you make a real evaluation, you find that you waste an enormous amount of time. I know I do, although I try to waste less time than I used to."

Friends say that efficient direction of their time and energy is what makes it possible for the Crowleys to accomplish so much. They long ago gave up conventional social life. "People don't call up and ask us out any more," Patty explained with a smile. "Our friends are used to the idea that we can't come because of some meeting or other."

In such a bustling household, more social life is the last thing anyone needs. There is one non-CFM activity, however, that Pat always finds time for. Every Saturday for more than a year, he and his son, Patrick, have delivered packages to clients of the Little Brothers of the Poor. These are the destitute aged of Chicago's slums, typical of the unwanted, forgotten poor whom the Little Brothers have been serving since their brotherhood spread to Chicago from France in 1959. "It's Pat's second love after CFM," Patty said.



THE SOCIETY OF MARY

- Religious priests, Teaching Brothers, and Working Brothers.
- Consecrated to Mary by vow. • All living a common life.
- Engaged primarily in education—a modern social apostolate.

For more information send —P. O. Box 888, Santa Cruz, California.
this ad to the VOCATION —1101 S. Lindbergh Blvd., St. Louis 22, Mo.
DIRECTOR at address —Chaminade High School, Mineola, N. Y.

nearest you:
Name..... Age.....
Address.....
City.....Grade.....State.....Tel. No.....



Why not be "The Perfect Soldier for Christ?"

JOIN THE IMMACULATE HEART FATHERS

FOREIGN MISSIONS in all parts of the world, China, Singapore, Hong Kong, Formosa, Japan, the Philippines, the Republic of Congo, Indonesia, Haiti, Guatemala and the Dominican Republic. Also Home Missions in the U.S.A.

IMMACULATE HEART FATHERS Box BB Arlington 7, Va.



MISSIONARIES OF THE SACRED HEART (M.S.C.)

are interested in YOUR VOCATION. Be an M.S.C. PRIEST or BROTHER. Lack of funds no obstacle. Spread the love of the Sacred Heart here and abroad. Foreign mission work for volunteers only. 8th graders, high school and college men! INTERESTED? WRITE TODAY for information, giving age and school-grade! Men (18-35) interested in the Brotherhood may join as Lay Brothers.

Write to: Director of Vocations
SACRED HEART MISSION SEMINARY,
GENEVA 7, ILLINOIS

PIARIST FATHERS

(Order of the Pious Schools)

Become a Priest and Teacher! Join the Piarist Fathers! The Order, founded by St. Joseph Calasanz in 1597, is the first Teaching Order in the Church. They started the first free schools for everybody. The members of the Order make a special fourth vow to educate youth.

Write for further information to the

PIARIST FATHERS

1212 Monroe St., N.E., Washington 17, D. C.



For the
**PASSIONIST
BROTHERS**
it is the work
which is
important...
it is the life
dedicated
to GOD

Write for information

Father Vocational Director, Passionist Monastery (S), Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.
—OR Father Vocational Director, Passionist Seminary (S), Warrenton, Mo.



ALEXIAN BROTHERS . . . MODERN SAMARITANS



Brothers dedicated to the Honor and Glory of God caring for the ill in general hospitals and other institutions as Registered Nurses, Administrators, X-ray and Lab Technicians, Maintenance Workers, Accountants, etc., and operating a nationally accredited school of nursing for men. The Alexian Brothers are located in five States and Memorial Hospital, Boys Town, Nebraska. For information and literature write to:

Vocational Director—Congregation of the Alexian Brothers
1240 West Belden Ave., Chicago 14, Illinois

The CHRISTIAN BROTHERS of IRELAND

are educators of youth throughout North America. They need capable, generous, hard-working Catholic young men to expand their work.

THINK • PRAY • WRITE

for information, to: Rev. Br. E. C. O'Connor, 715 North Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.

COME, follow Me . . . as a TEACHING BROTHER



THE BROTHERS OF CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTION

Leaders of American Youth in the field of Education

For information write to:
Brother Cyprian, F.I.C.
Notre Dame Novitiate
Alfred, Maine



JESUIT BROTHERS

Serving Christ by prayer and work
(clerical-domestic-technical duties)

For particulars send to: BROTHERS' VOCATIONS

501 East Fordham Rd.
New York 58, N.Y.

2460 Lyon Street
San Francisco, Calif.

West Baden College
West Baden Springs, Ind.

226 St. George St.
Toronto 5, Ont. Canada

Name Age
Address
City Zone State

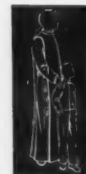


HEALING HANDS

of 4000 HOSPITALIER BROTHERS circle the globe in over 200 hospitals and mission areas.

Save souls as a noble and heroic HOSPITALIER BROTHER of St. John of God. Write:

Director of Vocations St. John of God Hospital, Los Angeles 18, California
Director of Vocations St. John of God Hospital, Brookline 46, Mass.



LEAD YOUTH TO CHRIST

BROTHERS of the POOR of ST. FRANCIS need dedicated men (17-35) for challenging careers for Christ. Be a TEACHER or TRADESMAN in boarding school work or in rehabilitation of problem boys. FREE FOLDER, write: Vocation Director, Dept. B-2, Mt. Alverno, Cincinnati 38, O.

Holy Cross Brothers



Serve God as a Brother in

- Teaching
- Youth Work
- Farming
- Foreign Missions
- Clerical Work
- Trades

Write for literature to

Brother Eymard, C.S.C. 218 DuJarie Hall Notre Dame, Ind.
or Brother Hyacinth, C.S.C. St. Joseph Juniors Valatie 9, New York

THE FATHERS OF OUR LADY OF MERCY

invite young men to join their Order to prepare for the Priesthood or Brotherhood. Write: Rev. Director of Vocations Saint Raymond Seminary Le Roy, New York

MARIST BROTHERS OF THE SCHOOLS

APOSTLES OF MARY

Teach teen-agers in America and in foreign missions.

For further information: Brother Cyril Robert, F.M.S. 156 East 38th Street New York 16, N. Y.

THE COLUMBAN FATHERS



Offer a challenge to young men of high school and college age to join them in their mission endeavors in Japan, Korea, Burma, the Philippines, the Fiji Islands and Latin America. One Columban priest has as many as 40,000 souls in his care in the Philippines. Thousands remain unbaptized in Korea because of the lack of priests. This is the challenge to every American boy. Will YOU meet this challenge and dedicate YOUR life to saving souls for Christ? God needs YOU. The Columban Fathers need YOU. What is your answer? FOR INFORMATION AND LITERATURE WRITE: Vocation Director—Box 5—The Columban Fathers—St. Columbans, Nebraska.



FOLLOW THE LEADER, CHRIST

St. Francis did. YOU can. Be a FRANCISCAN BROTHER and dedicate your life to Christ in the service of youth. For information write: Brother Michael, Franciscan Brothers, R.D.#1, Springfield, Illinois

Xaverian Brothers

TEACHERS OF YOUTH

Xaverian Brothers want generous young men who can lead a life devoted to Catholic education —

For further information: Brother Paul, C.F.X. Xavier College—Box 5 Silver Spring, Md.



ST. JOHN'S, MIDWEST CAMPUS

(Continued from Page 35)

church several times a day. Every day, our influence is felt all day long. That is why we remain close to the students."

Neither can St. John's ignore the realities of a booming college population, particularly in its home state of Minnesota. If St. John's merely stands still and continues to take the same share of Minnesota college students, it will add about one thousand students in the next ten years. To ensure maximum contact between Benedictine and Johnny, the number of prefects will be increased, along with chaplains, counselors, and advisors.

The core of the larger St. John's is the newly completed church, part of a master plan of nineteen buildings which will eventually replace 75 per cent of the present buildings. It is a hundred-year plan, far-ranging and Benedictine in outlook, as the abbot once told a *Time* magazine reporter: "After all, what are a few generations to the Benedictines?"

The abbey church was completed after a new monastery and a new dormitory; the latter, constructed with the aid of a government loan, caused a bureaucratic stir in Washington, when the monks from Minnesota actually sent back \$287,000 in leftover funds.

Some might say the humility, mixed with the brilliance of Architect Breuer, has been carried to an extreme in the startling church structure. A cantilevered concrete slab turned on its end replaces a bell tower, and the baptistry, unlike other churches built today, marks the church entrance. (A return to the "originally correct" church planning.) A wall of modernistic stained glass constitutes the front of the church, while on the inside, light, location, and design can bring together a congregation of 1700 to worship together as one family.

When the monks of St. John's invited twelve of the world's leading architects to travel to Collegeville to talk about building a church, they were surprised to find all twelve were interested and all but two ready to start for the drafting table. In that invitation, the abbot's statement recalled to many the spirit of Pope Urban II, the Benedictine who issued the call for the First Crusade: "The Benedictine tradition at its best challenges us to think boldly and to cast our ideals in forms which will be valid for centuries to come, shaping them with the genius of present-day materials and techniques."

Clearly, the monks of St. John's want a large picture window with a broad and commanding view of the outside world, into which they send students of their own special brand. It is just that the window glass must have a Benedictine glaze of humility and a one-way view—looking out.

THE CONSOLATA MISSIONS NEED YOU URGENTLY!



AFRICA:

- Kenya
- Tanganyika
- Mozambique

SOUTH AMERICA:

- Colombia
- Brazil
- Argentina

Write to: Consolata Fathers

5406 Colorado Avenue N.W., Washington 11, D.C.

Dear Fathers:

I am interested in becoming:

A Missionary Priest ☐ A Missionary Brother ☐

Please send me literature about the work of your Society:

Name.....

Age.....Grade.....

Street.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

LATE VOCATIONS GIVEN SPECIAL ATTENTION

CARMELITE FATHERS PRE-NOVITIATE LATIN COURSE

A one-year intensive Latin course for aspirants to the Carmelite Priesthood. At least a high school diploma required. No previous Latin necessary.

For information write: Fr. Raymond Dolan, O. Carm., 329 E. 28th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

THE ORATORIAN.....



You are invited to work for conversions in South Carolina with the priests and brothers of the Congregation of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. The Oratorians live a community life. They freely practice poverty, chastity and obedience without taking vows. They preach, teach, conduct parishes and do pioneer mission work at home. High school graduates are accepted as candidates for the priesthood and brotherhood. For complete information write—Rev. Director of Vocations, The Oratory, P. O. Box 895, Dept. 1, Rock Hill, S. C.

DIVINE WORD MISSIONARIES

Home and Foreign Missions

PRIESTS

Parishes
Seminaries
Colleges
Universities

BROTHERS

Trades
Office Work
Youth Work
Farming

- Boys accepted ready for High School.

DELAYED but NOT LATE!

- Special Courses for those in High School or beyond.

For information write to:

Father Sylvester, S.V.D.

Divine Word Seminary

Bordentown, New Jersey

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

School.....Grade.....

Priesthood.....Brotherhood.....

Father Reed, S.V.D.

Divine Word Seminary

Techny, Illinois

In HIS Service

- Teaching
- Nursing
- Home Missions

HOLY CROSS SISTERS

Merrill, Wisconsin



BROTHERS OF

THE SACRED HEART

Dedicate your life to God and youth as a teaching Brother in our high schools, grammar schools, orphanages, summer camps, and foreign missions. Write to:

Vocation Director
71-06 31st Ave.
Jackson Heights 70, N. Y.

Vocation Director
1137 Esplanade Ave.,
New Orleans 16, La.

Sons of Mary HEALTH OF THE SICK



A new community of Priests and Brothers with a unique new apostolate.

Our first mission South America

catechist social worker write Fr. John F.M.S.I.,
Sylvia Maria, Framingham, Mass.

THE WHITE CANONS OF PREMONTRE



Qualified young men are invited to identify themselves with Christ by becoming priests or brothers in an Order that combines the contemplative life with the active life in the teaching and training of youth. Applications now being considered for August entrance. Write to: Vocational Director, Norbertine Fathers, Dept. S. 506 Maryhill Dr., Green Bay, Wisconsin.

Missioners in the U.S.A. serving CHRIST in the

INDIANS and
COLORED PEOPLE

Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament

CORNWELLS HEIGHTS, PA.





HELPERS . . . THE WORLD OVER

Contemplatives in Action living the Rule of St. Ignatius as

- Missioners
- Social Workers
- Catechists
- Homemakers
- Nurses
- Secretaries

Are you able to offer yourself for souls on earth and in Purgatory . . . for the WHOLE of Christ's redemptive work?

Write: Vocation Directress, Helpers of the Holy Souls, Room 5, 303 Barry Avenue, Chicago 14, Illinois.

THE SERVANTS OF RELIEF FOR INCURABLE CANCER

DOMINICAN SISTERS, CONGREGATION OF ST. ROSE OF LIMA

Young women desiring to devote their lives to the religious service of Christ's afflicted poor are earnestly invited to write to Reverend Mother Superior at ROSARY HILL HOME, HAWTHORNE, N. Y.

THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

offer to generous young ladies who desire to make the Precious Blood fruitful in many souls the following activities: teaching in kindergarten, elementary and high school grades, and as catechists; nursing, dentistry; domestic science; music and art—in the home and foreign missions. If interested, please write to

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Precious Blood Convent, P. O. Box 43 Shillington, Pa.

"TO GIVE SOULS TO GOD . . . AND GOD TO SOULS"

As a Little Sister of the Poor you would be working among God's aged poor. By administering to the weary bodies and immortal souls of those who come to our door for aid, you combine the Corporal Works of Mercy and the Spiritual Works of Mercy—as you sanctify yourself by the exercise of the virtues and vows of Religion. Please write to Rev. Mother Prov. Little Sisters of the Poor 1200 Valley Street . . . Baltimore 2, Md. Bushwick & DeKalb Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2358 Sheffield Ave . . . Chicago 14, Ill.



MISSIONARY SISTERS OF ST. ANN OF PROVIDENCE

Invite Young Ladies who wish to consecrate their lives to the teaching of Christ's little ones in Nursery Schools, Parish Work, Catechism and many other forms of Apostolate at home or in foreign missions.

Write to: Mother Superior, Mount Saint Ann, Ebensburg, Pa. No Financial Obligations

MISSIONARY BENEDICTINE SISTERS

Young ladies who wish to join a life of prayer and apostolic work according to Benedictine ideals in home and foreign missions may write for information to

Reverend Mother Prioress

Immaculata Convent Norfolk, Nebraska

THE SISTERS OF THE SORROWFUL MOTHER

a Franciscan Community, conduct hospitals, schools, orphanages, homes for the aged and convalescent and are active in foreign missionary work. Age: 14 to 30. Write to Vocational Directress:

Mater Dolorosa Convent or Convent of the Sorrowful Mother
50 Morris Avenue
Denville, New Jersey 6618 N. Teutonia Ave. Waukegan 9, Wisconsin



MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, P. O. Box 1858 TS, Paterson 18, N. J.

Please send literature on home and foreign missions.

Name.....Age.....
Address.....
City.....State.....



Franciscan Sisters OF OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP

- Live according to the rule of the Third Order of St. Francis.
- Dedicate their lives to the service of God and their fellow-men.
- Teach in Elementary and High Schools.
- Nurse the sick in Hospitals, Sanatoria, and Homes for the Aged.

For additional information write to:

Reverend Mother General 201 Brotherton Lane St. Louis 35, Missouri



Mill Hill Sisters...

at home devote their lives to social work, parish work, secretarial work and domestic work in the Mill Hill Seminaries. In Africa and Europe they teach on all levels, nurse the sick, care for orphans and the aged. For information write to: Vocational Directress, Mill Hill Sisters, Slingerlands, N. Y.

A LIFE WITH MEANING . . .



To give love, understanding and service as a spiritual mother in a life filled with much joy and happiness—to the poor and suffering—this is the vocation of a "Springfield Franciscan". In the U.S. or Japan, as a nurse, pharmacist, medical or x-ray technician, physical therapist, dietitian, instructor, social worker, anesthetist, musician, etc.

For descriptive literature: Vocation Directress, Hospital Sisters of St. Francis, Box 42, Springfield, Ill.

MISSION HELPERS OF THE SACRED HEART



"Happy are they who dwell in Your house, O Lord; continually they praise you."

As a Mission Helper of the Sacred Heart let the praise of your prayer and good works rise continually to His Throne. Pray and work with Christ in His Church today! Mission Helpers of the Sacred Heart are primarily teachers of religion. Write:

Vocation Directress 1001 W. Jessa Road Baltimore 4, Md.

MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE MOST SACRED HEART OF JESUS

Home and Foreign Missions

Teaching Nursing Care of Aged
Technical & Domestic Work Care of Orphans

Write: St. Michael's Convent, Hyde Park, Reading, Pa.

THE SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE



INVITE YOU to become a Handmaid of the Lord in a life dedicated to the works of Charity to the neighbor. Write for literature to: Reverend Mother

Providence Mother House Holyoke, Massachusetts.

EPISODES FROM OUR PAST

He Lectured the Mob

"How can we shut our hearts against this proof of the Catholic religion to form great and good men?" asked William Ellery Channing, famous New England Unitarian. He referred to Jean Lefebvre de Cheverus, consecrated Boston's first bishop in 1810, who thought of himself only as a priest.

In November 1805, a man was murdered and the crime attributed to two transients in sailor's clothes, James Halligan and Dominic Daley, who denied guilt. They were tried at Northampton in an atmosphere of hostility toward the Irish and Catholics and sentenced to death.

The men wrote Father Cheverus for aid. This man of great learning and piety went to Northampton despite difficulties in being accepted as a lodger. He went daily to the jail to prepare the men for death and helped them with a final statement insisting upon their innocence.

On the fatal day, a vast throng gathered. The condemned requested that only Cheverus address the morbid mob. He took as his text: "Who-soever hateth his brother is a murderer." He expressed sorrow and repugnance at the mob's hatred and shame that death for them was an amusing spectacle. Then to the many women present the brave priest said: "Your eyes are full of murder. You have forgotten your sex; you have dishonored it." Most of the women thereupon left.

Spectators asked Cheverus, since he had heard the men's last confessions, if they were really guiltless. He seized this opportunity to explain the sacrament of penance and the seal of the confessional. Some listeners asked the saintly priest to remain among them. But he had missionary journeys to make through his vast New England territory.

After twenty-seven years at Boston, Bishop Cheverus returned to his native France where he was elevated to the rank of cardinal.

By RALPH L. WOODS